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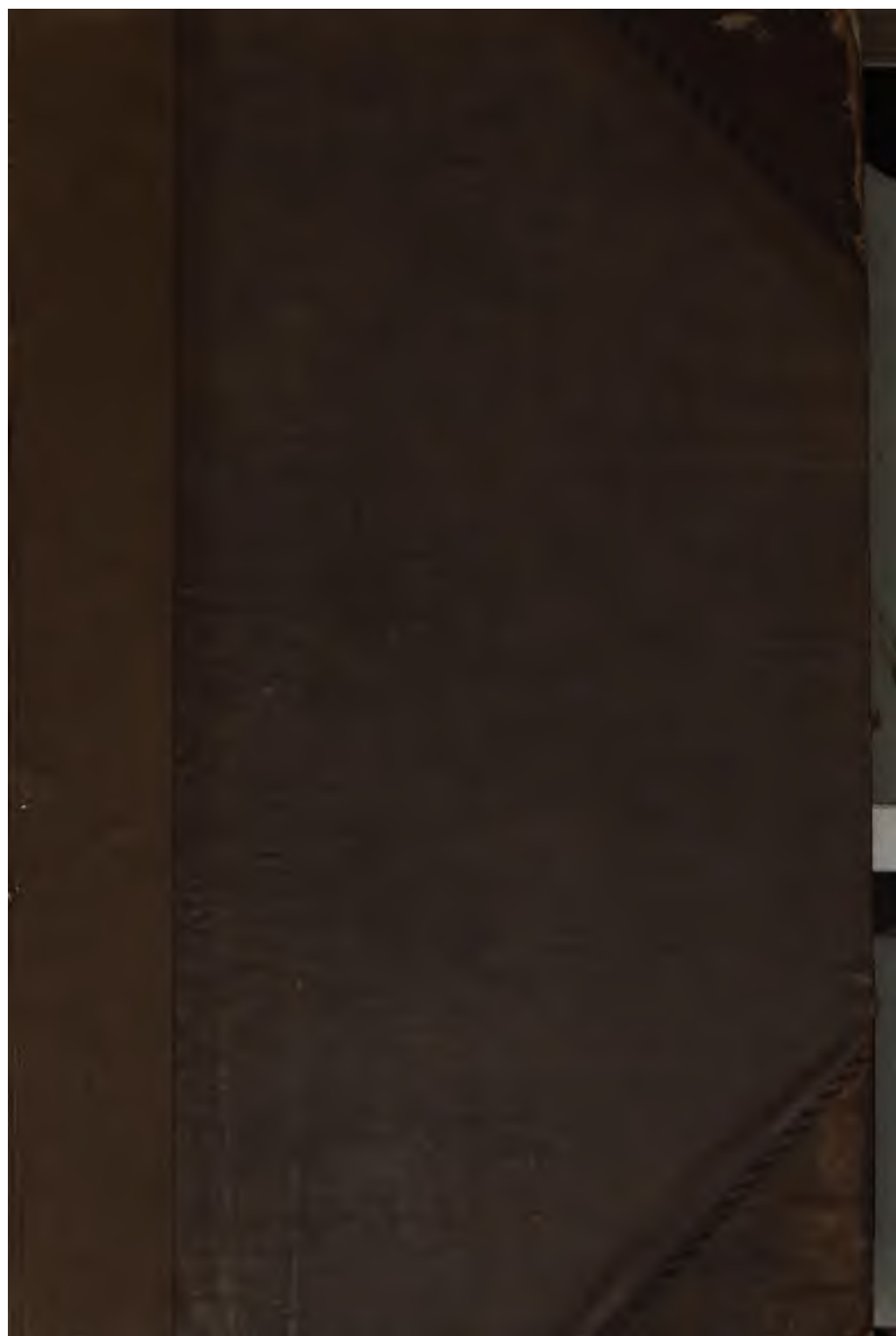
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VOL. I.

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ADDRESS.

IN completing the first Volume of this Work, the Proprietors take the opportunity of expressing their warmest acknowledgments for the great favour with which it has been received as issued in Monthly Parts. Nothing could possibly be more encouraging to them to proceed with energy and spirit in carrying on the publication—which the gradual development of those literary means peculiarly possessed by the Editor will, they confidently anticipate, enable them satisfactorily to do.

The peculiar purpose of the “ Library of Fiction,” is to put its readers in possession, at a moderate price, of a series of ORIGINAL Tales and Sketches, all carefully selected from among a host of candidates ; and many of them written by Authors of the very loftiest pretensions in the field of imaginative composition.

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It may be remembered that many of the most exquisite, as well as most celebrated efforts of Fiction, both in our own and other languages, have tended, by their dimensions, to realize the adage that "Brevity is the soul of wit." The Novelette has, indeed, from the days of Boccaccio to the present, been the favourite medium with gifted writers of pouring forth the spirit of passion, or striking out the flashes of mirth. Our aim is similar: we seek to reach, through its various points of access, that mysterious agent, the human heart; either to touch it with sympathy or brighten it by amusement. When we reflect on the distinguished names that have already graced our work, and that are pledged to grace its future pages, we cannot doubt of succeeding in this aim.

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LIBRARY OF FICTION.

THE TUGGS'S AT RAMSGATE.

(ORIGINAL.)

ONCE upon a time, there dwelt, in a narrow street on the Surrey side of the water, within three minutes' walk of the old London Bridge, Mr. Joseph Tuggs—a little, dark-faced man, with shiny hair, twinkling eyes, short legs, and a body of very considerable thickness, measuring from the centre button of his waistcoat in front, to the ornamental buttons of his coat behind. The figure of the amiable Mrs. Tuggs, if not perfectly symmetrical was decidedly comfortable; and the form of her only daughter, the accomplished Miss Charlotte Tuggs, was fast ripening into that state of luxuriant plumpness, which had enchanted the eyes, and captivated the heart, of Mr. Joseph Tuggs in his earlier days. Mr. Simon Tuggs, his only son, and Miss Charlotte Tuggs's only brother, was as differently formed in body, as he was differently constituted in mind, from the remainder of his family. There was that elongation in his thoughtful face, and that tendency to weakness in his interesting legs, which tells so forcibly of a great mind and romantic disposition. The slightest traits of character in such a being, possess no mean interest for speculative minds. He usually appeared in public in capacious shoes, with black cotton stockings; and was observed to be particularly attached to a black glazed stock, without tie or ornament of any description.

There is perhaps no profession, however useful, no pursuit, however meritorious, which can escape the petty attacks of vulgar minds. Mr. Joseph Tuggs was a grocer. It might be supposed that a grocer was beyond the breath of calumny: but no,—the neighbours stigmatized him as a chandler; and the poisonous voice of envy distinctly asserted that he dispensed tea and coffee by the quartern, retailed sugar by the ounce, cheese by the slice, tobacco by the screw, and butter by the pat. These taunts, however, were lost upon the Tuggs's. Mr. Tuggs attended to the grocery department, Mrs. Tuggs to the cheesemongery, and Miss Tuggs to her education. Mr. Simon Tuggs kept his father's books, and his own counsel.

One fine spring afternoon, the latter gentleman was seated on a tub of weekly Dorset behind the little red desk with a wooden rail, which ornamented a corner of the counter, when a stranger dismounted from a cab, and hastily entered the shop: he was habited in black cloth, and bore with him a green umbrella and a blue bag.

"Mr. Tuggs?" said the stranger, inquiringly.

"My name is Tuggs," replied Mr. Simon.

"It's the other Mr. Tuggs," said the stranger, looking towards the glass door which led into the parlour behind the shop, and on the inside of which, the round face of Mr. Tuggs, senior, was distinctly visible, peeping over the curtain.

Mr. Simon gracefully waved his pen, as if in intimation of his wish that his father would advance, and Mr. Joseph Tuggs with considerable celerity removed his face from the curtain, and placed it before the stranger.

"I come from the Temple," said the man with the bag.

"From the Temple!" said Mrs. Tuggs, flinging open the door of the little parlour, and disclosing Miss Tuggs in perspective.

"From the Temple!" said Miss Tuggs and Mr. Simon Tuggs at the same moment.

"From the Temple!" said Mr. Joseph Tuggs, turning as pale as a Dutch cheese.

"From the Temple," repeated the man with the bag; "from Mr. Cowers, the solicitor's. Mr. Tuggs, I congratulate you, sir! Ladies, I wish you joy of your prosperity! We have been successful." And the man with the bag, leisurely divested himself of his umbrella and glove, as a preliminary to shaking hands with Mr. Joseph Tuggs.

Now the words "we have been successful," had no sooner issued from the mouth of the man with the bag, than Mr. Simon Tuggs rose from the tub of weekly Dorset, opened his eyes very wide, gasped for breath, made figures of eight in the air with his pen, and finally fell into the arms of his anxious mother, and fainted away, without the slightest ostensible cause or pretence.

"Water!" screamed Mrs. Tuggs.

"Look up, my son," exclaimed Mr. Tuggs.

"Simon! Dear Simon!" shrieked Miss Tuggs.

"I'm better now," said Mr. Simon Tuggs.—"What! Successful!" And then, as corroborative evidence of his being better, he fainted away again, and was borne into the little parlour by the united efforts of the remainder of the family and the man with the bag.

To a casual spectator, or to any one unacquainted with the position of the family, this fainting would have been unaccount-

able. To those who understood the mission of the man with the bag, and were moreover acquainted with the excitability of the nerves of Mr. Simon Tuggs, it was quite comprehensible. A long-pending lawsuit, respecting the validity of a will, had been unexpectedly decided; and Mr. Joseph Tuggs was the possessor of twenty thousand pounds.

A prolonged consultation took place that night in the little parlour—a consultation that was to settle the future destinies of the Tuggs's. The shop was shut up at an unusually early hour; and many were the unavailing kicks bestowed upon the closed door by applicants for quarters of sugar, or half-quarters of bread, or penn'orths of pepper, which were to have been "left till Saturday," but which fortune had decreed were to be left alone altogether.

"We must certainly give up business," said Miss Tuggs.

"Oh, decidedly," said Mrs. Tuggs.

"Simon shall go to the bar," said Mr. Joseph Tuggs.

"And I shall always sign myself 'Cymon' in future," said his son.

"And I shall call myself Charlotta," said Miss Tuggs.

"And you must always call *me* 'Ma,' and father 'Pa,'" said Mrs. Tuggs.

"Yes, and Pa must leave off all his vulgar habits," interposed Miss Tuggs.

"I'll take care o' all that," responded Mr. Joseph Tuggs, complacently.—He was at that very moment eating pickled salmon with a pocket-knife.

"We must leave town immediately," said Mr. Cymon Tuggs.

Every body concurred that this was an indispensable preliminary to being genteel. The question then arose—Where should they go?

"Gravesend," mildly suggested Mr. Joseph Tuggs. The idea was unanimously scouted. Gravesend was *low*.

"Margate," insinuated Mrs. Tuggs. Worse and worse—nobody there but tradespeople.

"Brighton!" Mr. Cymon Tuggs opposed an insurmountable objection. All the coaches had been upset in their turn within the last three weeks; each coach had averaged two passengers killed; and six wounded; and in every case the newspapers had distinctly understood that "no blame whatever was attributable to the coachman."

"Ramsgate!" ejaculated Mr. Cymon, thoughtfully.—To be sure: how stupid they must have been not to have thought of that before. Ramsgate was just the place of all others that they ought to go to.

Two months after this conversation, the City of London Ramsgate steamer was running gaily down the river. Her flag

was flying, her band was playing, her passengers were conversing; every thing about her seemed gay and lively.—No wonder, the Tuggs's were on board.

"Charming, a'n't it?" said Mr. Joseph Tuggs, in a bottle-green great-coat, with a velvet collar of the same, and a blue travelling cap with a gold band.

"Soul-inspiring," replied Mr. Cymon Tuggs—he was entered at the bar—"Soul-inspiring!"

"Delightful morning, sir," said a stoutish, military-looking gentleman in a blue surtout, buttoned up to his chin, and white trousers chained down to the soles of his boots.

Mr. Cymon Tuggs took upon himself the responsibility of answering the observation. "Heavenly!" he replied.

"You are an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of Nature, sir?" said the military gentleman, deferentially.

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Cymon Tuggs. "Travelled much, sir?" inquired the military gentleman.

"Not much," replied Mr. Cymon Tuggs. "You've been on the continent, of course?" inquired the military gentleman.

"Not exactly," replied Mr. Cymon Tuggs, in a qualified tone, as if he wished it to be implied that he had gone half way and come back again.

"You of course intend your son to make the grand tour, sir?" said the military gentleman, addressing Mr. Joseph Tuggs.

As Mr. Joseph Tuggs did not precisely understand what the grand tour was, or how such an article was manufactured, he replied, "Of course." Just as he said the word, there came tripping up from her seat at the stern of the vessel, a young lady in a puce-coloured silk cloak, and boots of the same, with long black ringlets, large black eyes, brief petticoats, and unexceptionable ankles.

"Walter, my dear," said the young lady to the military gentleman.

"Yes, Belinda, my love," responded the military gentleman to the black-eyed young lady.

"What have you left me alone so long for?" said the young lady. "I have been stared out of countenance by those rude young men."

"What! stared at!" exclaimed the military gentleman, with an emphasis which made Mr. Cymon Tuggs withdraw his eyes from the young lady's face with inconceivable rapidity.

"Which young men—where?" and the military gentleman clenched his fist, and glared fearfully on the cigar-smokers around.

"Be calm, Walter, I entreat," said the young lady.

"I won't," said the military gentleman.

"Do, sir," interposed Mr. Cymon Tuggs. "They a'n't worth notice."

"No—no—they are not indeed," urged the young lady.

"I *will* be calm," said the military gentleman. "You speak truly, sir. I thank you for a timely remonstrance, which may have spared me the guilt of manslaughter;" and calming his wrath, the military gentleman wrung Mr. Cymon Tuggs by the hand.

"My sister, sir," said Mr. Cymon Tuggs: seeing that the military gentleman was casting an admiring look towards Miss Charlotta.

"My wife, ma'am—Mrs. Captain Waters," said the military gentleman, presenting the black-eyed young lady.

"My mother, ma'am—Mrs. Tuggs," said Mr. Cymon. The military gentleman and his wife murmured enchanting courtesies; and the Tuggs's looked as unembarrassed as they could.

"Walter, my dear," said the black-eyed young lady, after they had sat chatting with the Tuggs's some half hour.

"Yes, my love," said the military gentleman.

"Don't you think this gentleman (with an inclination of the head towards Mr. Cymon Tuggs) is very like the Marquis Carriwini."

"God bless me, very!" said the military gentleman.

"It struck me, the moment I saw him," said the young lady; gazing intently, and with a melancholy air, on the scarlet countenance of Mr. Cymon Tuggs. Mr. Cymon Tuggs looked at every body: and finding that every body was looking at him, appeared to feel some temporary difficulty in disposing of his eyesight.

"So exactly the air of the marquis," said the military gentleman.

"Quite extraordinary!" sighed the military gentleman's lady.

"You don't know the marquis, sir?" inquired the military gentleman.

Mr. Cymon Tuggs stammered a negative.

"If you did," continued Captain Walter Waters, "you would feel how much reason you have to be proud of the resemblance—a most elegant man, with a most prepossessing appearance."

"He is—he is indeed!" exclaimed Belinda Waters energetically: and as her eye caught that of Mr. Cymon Tuggs, she withdrew it from his features in bashful confusion.

All this was highly gratifying to the feelings of the Tuggs's; and when in the course of further conversation, it was discovered that Miss Charlotta Tuggs was the *fac simile* of a titled relative of Mrs. Belinda Waters; and that Mrs. Tuggs herself was the very picture of the Dowager Duchess of Dobbleton; their delight in the acquisition of so genteel and friendly an ac-

quaintance, knew no bounds. Even the dignity of Captain Walter Waters relaxed to such a degree, that he suffered himself to be prevailed upon by Mr. Joseph Tuggs, to partake of cold pigeon-pie and sherry on deck; and a most delightful conversation, aided by these agreeable stimulants, was prolonged until they ran alongside Ramsgate Pier.

"Good by'e, dear!" said Mrs. Captain Waters to Miss Charlotta Tuggs, just before the bustle of landing commenced; "we shall see you on the sands in the morning: and as we are sure to have found lodgings before then, I hope we shall be inseparables for many weeks to come."

"Oh! I hope so," said Miss Charlotta Tuggs, emphatically.

"Tickets, ladies and gen'l'm'n," said the man on the paddle-box.

"Want a porter, sir?" inquired a dozen men in smock-frocks.

"Now, my dear—" said Captain Waters.

"Good by'e," said Mrs. Captain Waters—"good by'e! Mr. Cymon!" and with a pressure of the hand that threw the amiable young man's nerves into a state of considerable derangement, Mrs. Captain Waters disappeared among the crowd. A pair of puce-coloured boots were seen ascending the steps, a white handkerchief fluttered, a black eye gleamed: the Waters's were gone, and Mr. Cymon Tuggs was alone indeed.

Silently and abstractedly did that too sensitive youth follow his revered parents, and a train of smock-frocks and wheelbarrows, along the pier, until the bustle of the scene around, recalled him to himself. The sun was shining brightly—the sea, dancing to its own music, rolled merrily in; crowds of people promenaded to and fro; young ladies tittered, old ladies talked, nursemaids displayed their charms to the greatest possible advantage, and their sweet little charges ran up and down, and to and fro, and in and out, under the feet, and between the legs of the assembled concourse, in the most playful and exhilarating manner possible. There were old gentlemen trying to make out objects through long telescopes, and young ones making objects of themselves in open shirt-collars; ladies carrying about portable chairs, and portable chairs carrying about invalids. Parties were waiting on the pier for parties who had come by the steam-boat; and nothing was to be heard but talking, laughing, welcoming, and merriment.

"Fly, sir?" exclaimed a chorus of fourteen men and six boys, the moment that Mr. Joseph Tuggs, at the head of his little party, had set foot in the street.

"Here's the gen'l'm'n at last!" said one, touching his hat with mock politeness. "Werry glad to see you, sir,—been waitin' for you these six weeks. Jump in, if you please, sir."

"Nice light fly, and a fast trotter, sir," said another; "'fourteen mile a hour, and surroundin' objects rendered invisible by hextreame velocity!"

"Large fly for your luggage, sir," cried a third. "Werry large fly here, sir—reg'lar bluebottle!"

"Here's your fly, sir!" shouted another aspiring charioteer, mounting the box, and inducing an old gray horse to indulge in some imperfect reminiscences of a canter. "Look at him, sir!—temper of a lamb and haction of a steam-ingin."

Resisting even the temptation of securing the services of so valuable a quadruped as the last named, Mr. Joseph Tuggs beckoned to the proprietor of a dingy conveyance of a greenish hue, lined with faded striped calico; and the luggage and the family having been deposited therein, the animal in the shafts, after describing circles in the road for a quarter of an hour, at last consented to depart in quest of lodgings.

"How many beds have you got?" screamed Mrs. Tuggs out of the fly, to the woman who opened the door of the first house, which displayed a bill, intimating that apartments were to be let within.

"How many did you want, ma'am?" was of course the reply.

"Three."

"Will you step in, ma'am?" Down got Mrs. Tuggs. The family were delighted. Splendid view of the sea from the front windows—charming! A short pause. Back came Mrs. Tuggs again.—One parlour, and a mattress.

"Why the devil didn't they say so at first?" inquired Mr. Joseph Tuggs, rather pettishly.

"Don't know," said Mrs. Tuggs.

"Wretches!" exclaimed the nervous Cymon. Another bill—another stoppage. Same question—same answer—similar result.

"What do they mean by this?" inquired Mr. Joseph Tuggs, thoroughly out of temper.

"Don't know," said the placid Mrs. Tuggs.

"Orvis the vay here, sir," said the driver, by way of accounting for the circumstance in a satisfactory manner; and off they went again, to make fresh inquiries, and encounter fresh disappointments.

It had grown dusk when the "fly"—the rate of whose progress greatly belied its name—after climbing up four or five perpendicular hills, stopped before the door of a dusty house, with a bay window, from which you could obtain a beautiful glimpse of the sea—if you thrust half your body out of it, at the imminent peril of falling into the area. Mrs. Tuggs alighted. One ground-floor sitting-room, and three cells with beds in them up stairs—a double house—family on the opposite

side—five children milk-and-watering in the parlour, and one dear little boy, expelled for bad behaviour, screaming on his back in the passage.

"What's the terms?" said Mrs. Tuggs. The mistress of the house was deliberating on the expediency of putting on an extra guinea; so she coughed slightly, and affected not to hear the question.

"What's the terms?" said Mrs. Tuggs, in a louder key.

"Five guineas a week, ma'am, *with* attendance," replied the lodging-house keeper. (Attendance means the privilege of ringing the bell as often as you like, for your own personal amusement.)

"Rather dear," said Mrs. Tuggs.

"Oh dear, no, ma'am," replied the mistress of the house, with a benign smile of pity at the ignorance of manners and customs, which the observation betrayed. "Very cheap."

"Such an authority was indisputable. Mrs. Tuggs paid a week's rent in advance, and took the lodgings for a month. In an hour's time, the family were seated at tea in their new abode.

"Capital shrimps!" said Mr. Joseph Tuggs.

Mr. Cymon eyed his father with a rebellious scowl, as he emphatically said "Shrimps."

"Well then, shrimps," said Mr. Joseph Tuggs. "Shrimps or shrimps, don't much matter."

There was pity, blended with malignity, in Mr. Cymon's eye, as he replied, "Don't matter, father! What would Captain Waters say, if he heard such vulgarity!"

"Or what would dear Mrs. Captain Waters say," added Charlotta, "if she saw mother—ma, I mean—eating them whole, heads and all!"

"It won't bear thinking of!" ejaculated Mr. Cymon, with a shudder. "How different," he thought, "from the Dowager Duchess of Dobbleton!"

"Very pretty woman, Mrs. Captain Waters, is she not, Cymon?" inquired Miss Charlotta.

A glow of nervous excitement passed over the countenance of Mr. Cymon Tuggs, as he replied, "An angel of beauty!"

"Hallo!" said Mr. Joseph Tuggs, "Hallo, Cymon my boy, take care—married lady you know;" and he winked one of his twinkling eyes, knowingly.

"Why," exclaimed Cymon, starting up with an ebullition of fury, as unexpected as alarming, "Why am I to be reminded of that blight of my happiness, and ruin of my hopes! Why am I to be taunted with the miseries which are heaped upon my head! Is it not enough to—to—to—" and the orator paused; but whether for want of words, or lack of breath, was never distinctly ascertained.

There was an impressive solemnity in the tone of this address, and in the air with which the romantic Cymon at its conclusion, rang the bell, and demanded a flat candlestick, which effectually forbade a reply. He stalked dramatically to bed, and the Tuggs's went to bed too, half an hour afterwards, in a state of considerable mystification and perplexity.

If the pier had presented a scene of life and bustle to the Tuggs's on their first landing at Ramsgate, it was far surpassed by the appearance of the sands on the morning after their arrival. It was a fine, bright, clear day, with a light breeze from the sea. There were the same ladies and gentlemen, the same children, the same nursemaids, the same telescopes, the same portable chairs; the ladies were employed in needle-work, or watch-guard making, or knitting, or reading novels: the gentlemen were reading newspapers and magazines, the children were digging holes in the sand with wooden spades, and collecting water therein: the nursemaids with their youngest charges in arms, were running in after the waves, and then running back with the waves after them: and now and then a little sailing-boat either departed with a gay and talkative cargo of passengers, or returned with a very silent, and particularly uncomfortable-looking one.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Tuggs, as she and Mr. Joseph Tuggs, and Miss Charlotta Tuggs, and Mr. Cymon Tuggs, with their eight feet in a corresponding number of yellow shoes, seated themselves on four rush-bottomed chairs, which, being placed in a soft part of the sand, forthwith sunk down some two feet and a half.—"Well, I never!"

Mr. Cymon, by an exertion of great personal strength, uprooted the chairs, and removed them further back.

"Why, I'm bless'd if there a'n't some ladies a-going in!" exclaimed Mr. Joseph Tuggs, with intense astonishment.

"Lor, pa!" exclaimed Miss Charlotta.

"There *is*! my dear," said Mr. Joseph Tuggs. And, sure enough, four young ladies, each furnished with a towel, tripped up the steps of a bathing machine; in went the horse, floundering about in the water: round turned the machine, down sat the driver, and presently out burst the young ladies aforesaid, with four distinct splashes.

"Well, that's sing'ler, too," ejaculated Mr. Joseph Tuggs, after an awkward pause. Mr. Cymon coughed slightly.

"Why, here's some gentlemen a-going in on this side," exclaimed Mrs. Tuggs, in a tone of horror.

Three machines—three horses—three flounderings—three turnings round—three splashes—three gentlemen, disporting themselves in the water, like so many dolphins.

"Well, *that's* sing'ler," said Mr. Joseph Tuggs again.

Miss Charlotta coughed this time, and another pause ensued. It was agreeably broken.

"How d'ye do, dear? We have been looking for you all the morning," said a voice to Miss Charlotta Tuggs. Mrs. Captain Waters was the owner of it.

"How d'ye do?" said Captain Walter Waters, all suavity; and a most cordial interchange of greetings ensued.

"Belinda, my love," said Captain Walter Waters, applying his glass to his eye, and looking in the direction of the sea.

"Yes, my dear," replied Mrs. Captain Waters.

"There's Harry Thompson."

"Where?" said Belinda, applying her glass to her eye.

"Bathing."

"Lor, so it is! He don't see us, does he?"

"No, I don't think he does," replied the captain.—"Bless my soul, how very singular!"

"What?" inquired Belinda.

"There's Mary Golding, too."

"Lor!—where?" (Up went the glass again.)

"There," said the captain, pointing to one of the young ladies before noticed, who, in her bathing costume, looked as if she were enveloped in a patent Mackintosh, of scanty dimensions.

"So it is, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Captain Waters.—

"How very curious we should see them both!"

"Very," said the captain, with perfect coolness.

"It's the reg'lar thing here, you see," whispered Mr. Cymon Tuggs to his father.

"I see it is," whispered Mr. Joseph Tuggs in reply. "Queer though—a'nt it?" Mr. Cymon Tuggs nodded assent.

"What do you think of doing with yourselves this morning?" inquired the captain.—"Shall we lunch at Pegwell?"

"I should like that very much indeed," interposed Mrs. Tuggs. She had never heard of Pegwell before; but the word "lunch" had reached her ears, and it sounded very agreeably.

"How shall we go?" inquired the captain; "it's too warm to walk."

"A chay?" suggested Mr. Joseph Tuggs.

"Chaise," whispered Mr. Cymon.

"I should think one would be enough," said Joseph Tuggs aloud, quite unconscious of the meaning of the correction.

"However, two chays, if you like."

"I should like a donkey so much," said Belinda.

"Oh, so should I!" echoed Charlotta Tuggs.

"Well, we can have a fly," suggested the captain, "and you can have a couple of donkeys."

A fresh difficulty arose. Mrs. Captain Waters declared it would be decidedly improper for two ladies to ride alone. The remedy was obvious. Perhaps young Mr. Tuggs would be gallant enough to accompany them.

Mr. Cymon Tuggs blushed, smiled, looked vacant, and faintly protested he was no horseman. The objection was at once overruled. A fly was speedily found; and three donkeys—which the proprietor declared on his solemn asseveration to be “three parts blood, and the other corn”—were engaged in the service.

“Kum up!” shouted one of the two boys who followed behind to propel the donkeys, when Belinda Waters and Charlotta Tuggs had been hoisted, and pushed, and pulled into their respective saddles.

“Hi—hi—hi!” groaned the other boy behind Mr. Cymon Tuggs. Away went the donkey, with the stirrups jingling against the heels of Cymon’s boots, and Cymon’s boots nearly scraping the ground.

“Way—way! Wo—o—o—o—!” cried Mr. Cymon Tuggs as well as he could, in the midst of the jolting.

“Don’t make it gallop!” screamed Mrs. Captain Waters, behind.

“My donkey *will* go into the public-house!” shrieked Miss Tuggs, in the rear.

“Hi—hi—hi!” groaned both the boys together; and on went the donkeys as if nothing would ever stop them.

Every thing has an end, however; and even the galloping of donkeys will cease in time. The animal which Mr. Cymon Tuggs bestrode, feeling sundry uncomfortable tugs at the bit, the object of which he could by no means understand, abruptly sidled against a brick wall, and expressed his uneasiness by grinding Mr. Cymon Tuggs’s leg on the rough surface. Mrs. Captain Waters’s donkey, apparently under the influence of some playfulness of spirit, rushed suddenly, head first, into a hedge, and declined to come out again: and the quadruped on which Miss Tuggs was mounted expressed his delight at this humorous proceeding by firmly planting his fore-feet against the ground, and kicking up his hind-legs in a very agile, but somewhat alarming manner.

This abrupt termination to the rapidity of the ride naturally occasioned some confusion. Both the ladies indulged in vehement screaming for several minutes; and Mr. Cymon Tuggs, besides sustaining intense bodily pain, had the additional mental anguish of witnessing their distressing situation, without the power to rescue them, by reason of his leg being firmly screwed in, between the animal and the wall. The efforts of the boys, however, assisted by the ingenious expedient of twisting the tail of the most rebellious donkey, restored order in a much shorter

time than could have reasonably been expected, and the little party jogged slowly on together.

"Now let 'em walk," said Mr. Cymon Tuggs. "It's cruel to over-drive 'em."

"Werry well, sir," replied the boy, with a grin at his companion, as if he understood Mr. Cymon to mean that the cruelty applied less to the animals than to their riders.

"What a lovely day, dear!" said Charlotta.

"Charming; enchanting, dear!" responded Mrs. Captain Waters. "What a beautiful prospect, Mr. Tuggs!"

Cymon looked full in Belinda's face, as he responded—"Beautiful, indeed!" The lady cast down her eyes, and suffered the animal she was riding to fall a little back. Cymon Tuggs instinctively did the same.

There was a brief silence, broken only by a sigh from Mr. Cymon Tuggs.

"Mr. Cymon," said the lady suddenly, in a low tone, "Mr. Cymon—I am another's."

Mr. Cymon expressed his perfect concurrence in a statement which it was quite impossible to controvert.

"If I had not been,"—resumed Belinda; and there she stopped.

"What—what?" said Mr. Cymon earnestly. "Do not torture me. What would you say?"

"If I had not been"—continued Mrs. Captain Waters—"If in earlier life, it had been my fate to have known, and been beloved by a noble youth—a kindred soul—a congenial spirit—one capable of feeling and appreciating the sentiments which—"

"Heavens! what do I hear?" exclaimed Mr. Cymon Tuggs. "Is it possible! can I believe my—Come up." (This last unsentimental parenthesis was addressed to the donkey, who with his head between his fore-legs, appeared to be examining the state of his shoes with great anxiety.)

"Hi—hi—hi," said the boys behind. "Come up, expostulated Cymon Tuggs again. "Hi—hi—hi," repeated the boys: and whether it was that the animal felt indignant at the tone of Mr. Tuggs's command, or alarmed by the noise of the deputy proprietor's boots running behind him, or whether he burned with a noble emulation to outstrip the other donkeys, certain it is that he no sooner heard the second series of "hi—hi's," than he started away with a celerity of pace which jerked Mr. Cymon's hat off instantaneously, and carried him to the Pegwell Bay hotel in no time, where he deposited his rider without giving him the trouble of dismounting, by sagaciously pitching him over his head, into the very door of the tavern.

Great was the confusion of Mr. Cymon Tuggs, when he was

set right end uppermost by two waiters ; considerable was the alarm of Mrs. Tuggs in behalf of her son ; and agonizing were the apprehensions of Mrs. Captain Waters on his account. It was speedily discovered, however, that he had not sustained much more injury than the donkey—he was grazed, and the animal was grazing—and then it *was* a delightful party to be sure ! Mr. and Mrs. Tuggs, and the captain, had ordered lunch in the little garden behind :—small saucers of large shrimps, dabs of butter, crusty loaves, and bottled ale. The sky was without a cloud, there were flower-pots and turf before them ; and the sea at the foot of the cliff, stretching away as far as the eye could discern any thing at all, and vessels in the distance with sails as white, and as small, as nicely got-up cambric handkerchiefs. The shrimps were delightful, the ale better, and the captain even more pleasant than either. Mrs. Captain Waters was in *such* spirits after lunch ; chasing, first the captain across the turf, and among the flower-pots, and then Mr. Cymon Tuggs, and then Miss Tuggs, laughing too, quite boisterously. But as the captain said, it didn't matter ; who knew what they were, there ? For all the people of the house knew, they might be common people. To which Mr. Joseph Tuggs responded, "To be sure," and then they went down the steep wooden steps a little further on, which lead to the bottom of the cliff, and looked at the crabs, and the seaweed, and the eels, 'till it was more than fully time to go back to Ramsgate again, and finally Mr. Cymon Tuggs ascended the steps last, and Mrs. Captain Waters last but one : and Mr. Cymon Tuggs discovered that the foot and ankle of Mrs. Captain Waters, were even more unexceptionable than he had at first supposed.

Taking a donkey towards his ordinary place of residence, is a very different thing, and a feat much more easily to be accomplished, than taking him from it : it requires a great deal of foresight and presence of mind in the one case, to anticipate the numerous flights of his discursive imagination ; while in the other, all you have to do is to hold on, and place a blind confidence in the animal. Mr. Cymon Tuggs adopted the latter expedient on his return ; and his nerves were so little discomposed by the journey, that he distinctly understood they were all to meet again at the library in the evening.

The library was crowded. There were the same ladies and the same gentlemen that had been on the sands in the morning, and on the pier the day before. There were young ladies in maroon-coloured gowns and black velvet bracelets, dispensing fancy articles in the shop, and presiding over games of chance in the concert-room. There were marriageable daughters, and marriage-making mammas, gaming, and promenading, and turning over music, and flirting. There were some male beaux doing

the sentimental in whispers, and others doing the ferocious in mustaches. There were Mrs. Tuggs in amber, Miss Tuggs in sky-blue, and Mrs. Captain Waters in pink. There was Captain Waters in a braided surtout: there was Mr. Cymon Tuggs in pumps, and a gilt waistcoat; and moreover, there was Mr. Joseph Tuggs in a blue coat, and a shirt-frill.

"Number three, eight, and eleven," cried one of the young ladies in maroon-coloured gowns.

"Number three, eight, and eleven," echoed another young lady in the same uniform.

"Number three's gone," said the first young lady. "Number eight and eleven."

"Number eight and eleven," echoed the second young lady.

"Number eight's gone, Mary Ann," said the first young lady.

"Number eleven," screamed the second.

"The numbers are all taken now, Ladies, if you please," said the first; and the representatives of numbers three, eight, and eleven, and the rest of the numbers, crowded round the table.

"Will you throw, ma'am?" said the presiding goddess, handing the dice-box to the eldest daughter of a stout lady, with four girls.

There was a profound silence among the lookers on.

"Throw, Jane, my dear," said the stout lady—an interesting display of bashfulness—a little blushing in a cambric handkerchief—a whispering to a younger sister.

"Amelia, my dear, throw for your sister," said the stout lady; and then she turned to a walking advertisement of Rowland's Macassar, who stood next her, and said, "Jane is so *very* modest and retiring; but I can't be angry with her for it. An artless and unsophisticated girl is so truly amiable, that I often wish Amelia was more like her sister."

The gentleman with the whiskers, whispered his admiring approval; and the artless young lady glanced across, to observe the effect of her most unqualified simplicity.

"Now, my dear!" said the stout lady. Miss Amelia threw—eight for her sister, ten for herself.

"Nice figure, Amelia," whispered the stout lady, to a thin youth beside her.

"Beautiful!"

"And *such* a spirit. I am like you in that respect. I can not help admiring that life and vivacity. Ah! (a sigh) I wish I could make poor Jane a little more like my dear Amelia!"

The young gentleman cordially acquiesced in the sentiment: and both he, and the individual first addressed, were perfectly contented.

"Who's this?" inquired Mr. Cymon Tuggs of Mrs. Captain Waters, as a short female, in a blue velvet hat and feathers, was led into the orchestra, by a fat man in black tights, and cloudy Berlins.

"Mrs. Tippin, of the London theatres," replied Belinda, referring to the programme of the concert.

The talented Tippin having condescendingly acknowledged the clapping of hands, and shouts of "bravo!" which greeted her appearance, proceeded to sing the popular cavatina of "Bid me discourse," accompanied on the piano by Mr. Tippia; after which Mr. Tippin sang a comic song, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Tippin, the applause consequent upon which was only to be exceeded by the enthusiastic approbation bestowed upon an air with variations on the guitar, by Miss Tippin, accompanied on the chin by Mr. Tippin.

Thus passed the evening: and thus passed the days and evenings of the Tuggs's, and the Waters's, for six weeks afterwards. Sands in the morning—donkeys at noon: pier in the afternoon—library at night; and the same people every where.

On that very night six weeks, the moon was shining brightly over the calm sea, which dashed against the feet of the tall gaunt cliffs with just enough noise to lull the old fish to sleep, without disturbing the young ones, when two figures were discernible—or would have been, if any body had looked for them—seated on one of the wooden benches which are stationed near the verge of the western cliff. The moon had climbed higher into the heavens, by two hours' journeying, since those figures first sat down, and yet they had moved not. The crowd of loungers had thinned and dispersed, the noise of itinerant musicians had died away; light after light had appeared in the windows of the different houses in the distance, blockade-man after blockade-man had passed the spot, wending his way towards his solitary post, and yet those figures had remained stationary. Some portions of the two forms were in deep shadow, but the light of the moon fell strongly on a puce-coloured boot and a glazed stock. Mr. Cymon Tuggs, and Mrs. Captain Waters, were seated on that bench. They spoke not, but were silently gazing on the sea.

"Walter will return to-morrow," said Mrs. Captain Waters, mournfully breaking silence.

Mr. Cymon Tuggs sighed like a gust of wind through a forest of gooseberry-bushes, as he replied—"Alas! he will."

"Oh, Cymon!" resumed Belinda, "the chaste delight, the calm happiness, of this one week of Platonic love, is too much for me."

Cymon was about to suggest that it was too little for him, but he stopped himself, and murmured unintelligibly.

"And to think that even this glimpse of happiness, innocent as it is," exclaimed Belinda, "is now to be lost for ever!"

"Oh, do not say for ever! Belinda," exclaimed the excitable Cymon, as two strongly-defined tears chased each other down his pale face—it was so long that there was plenty of room for a chase—"Do not say for ever!"

"I must," replied Belinda.

"Why?" urged Cymon, "oh why? Such Platonic acquaintance as ours is so harmless, that even your husband can never object to it."

"My husband!" exclaimed Belinda. "You little know him. Jealous and revengeful; ferocious in his revenge—a maniac in his jealousy! Would you be assassinated before my eyes?" Mr. Cymon Tuggs, in a voice broken by emotion, expressed his disinclination to undergo the process of assassination before the eyes of any body.

"Then leave me," said Mrs. Captain Waters. "Leave me, this night, for ever. It is late; let us return."

Mr. Cymon Tuggs sadly offered the lady his arm, and escorted her to her lodgings. He paused at the door—he felt a Platonic pressure of his hand. "Good night," he said, hesitating.

"Good night," sobbed the lady. Mr. Cymon Tuggs paused again.

"Won't you walk in, sir?" said the servant. Mr. Tuggs hesitated. Oh, that hesitation! He *did* walk in.

"Good night," said Mr. Cymon Tuggs again, when he reached the drawing-room.

"Good night!" replied Belinda; "and if, at any period of my life, I— Hush!" The lady paused, and stared, with a steady gaze of horror, on the ashy countenance of Mr. Cymon Tuggs. There was a double knock at the street-door.

"It is my husband!" said Belinda, as the captain's voice was heard below.

"And my family!" added Cymon Tuggs, as the voices of his relatives floated up the staircase.

"The curtain! the curtain!" gasped Mrs. Captain Waters, pointing to the window, before which some chintz hangings were closely drawn.

"But I have done nothing wrong," said the hesitating Cymon.

"The curtain!" reiterated the lady, frantically; "you will be murdered." This last appeal to his feelings was irresistible. The dismayed Cymon concealed himself behind the curtain, with pantomimic suddenness.

Enter the captain, Joseph Tuggs, Mrs. Tuggs, and Charlotta.

"My dear," said the captain, "Lieutenant Slaughter." Two iron-shod boots and one gruff voice were heard by Mr. Cymon to advance, and acknowledge the honour of the introduction. The sabre of the lieutenant rattled heavily upon the floor, as he



seated himself at the table. Mr. Cymon's fears almost overcame his reason.

"The brandy, my dear," said the captain. Here was a situation! They were going to make a night of it: and Mr. Cymon Tuggs was pent up behind the curtain, and afraid to breathe.

"Slaughter," said the captain, "a cigar?"

Now Mr. Cymon Tuggs never could smoke without feeling it indispensably necessary to retire immediately, and never could smell smoke without a strong disposition to cough. The cigars were introduced; the captain was a professed smoker, so was the lieutenant, so was Joseph Tuggs. The apartment was small, the door was closed, the smoke powerful: it hung in heavy wreaths over the room, and at length found its way behind the curtain. Cymon Tuggs held his nose, then his mouth, then his breath. It was all of no use—out came the cough.

"Bless my soul!" said the captain, "I beg your pardon, Miss Tuggs. You dislike smoking."

"Oh no; I don't indeed," said Charlotta.

"It makes you cough."

"Oh dear no."

"You coughed just now."

"Me, Captain Waters! Lor! how can you say so?"

"Somebody coughed," said the captain.

"I certainly thought so," said Slaughter. No; every body denied it.

"Fancy," said the captain.

"Must be," echoed Slaughter.

Cigars resumed, more smoke, another cough—smothered, but violent.

"Damned odd!" said the captain, staring about him.

"Sing'ler!" ejaculated the unconscious Mr. Joseph Tuggs.

Lieutenant Slaughter looked first at one person mysteriously, then at another; then laid down his cigar; then approached the window on tiptoe, and pointed, with his right thumb over his shoulder, in the direction of the curtain.

"Slaughter!" ejaculated the captain, rising from table, "what do you mean?"

The lieutenant in reply, drew back the curtain, and discovered Mr. Cymon Tuggs behind it; pallid with apprehension, and blue with wanting to cough.

"Ah!" exclaimed the captain furiously, "What do I see? Slaughter, your sabre!"

"Cymon!" screamed the Tuggs's.

"Mercy," said Belinda.

"Platonic," gasped Cymon.

"Your sabre!" roared the captain, "Slaughter—unhand me—the villain's life!"

"Murder!" screamed the Tuggs's.

"Hold him fast, sir!" faintly articulated Cymon.

"Water!" exclaimed Joseph Tuggs—and Mr. Cymon Tuggs, and all the ladies forthwith fainted away, and formed a tableau.

Most willingly would we conceal the disastrous termination of the six weeks' acquaintance. A troublesome form, and an arbitrary custom, however, prescribe that a story should have a conclusion, in addition to a commencement; and we have therefore no alternative. Lieutenant Slaughter brought a message—the captain brought an action. Mr. Joseph Tuggs interposed—the lieutenant negotiated. When Mr. Cymon Tuggs recovered from the nervous disorder into which misplaced affection, and exciting circumstances had plunged him, he found that his family had lost their pleasant acquaintance; that his father was minus fifteen hundred pounds; and the captain plus the precise sum. The money was paid to hush the matter up, but it got abroad notwithstanding; and there are not wanting those who affirm that three designing impostors never found more easy dupes, than did Captain Waters, Mrs. Waters, and Lieutenant Slaughter, in the Tuggs's at Ramsgate.

BOZ.

THE

CASTLE OF CLEVES; OR, THE WITNESS-HAND.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF CASTELLI.)

TOWARDS the close of the year 179—, a division of the twenty-second French brigade, in which Charles Surville had just entered upon service, was ordered to Cleves (the capital of the duchy bearing that name), there to establish its winter quarters. Up to the period we have specified that city had not been included in the league with France; but, according to a convention entered into with Prussia, the troops of the republic were to hold it in possession until articles of peace should be signed between the belligerent powers.

To almost any stranger the sojourn at Cleves could scarcely have failed to prove delightful. The hospitable welcome offered by the inhabitants, the enchanting scenery of the environs, together with the extremely moderate expense of living (to a soldier of fortune an object of material importance), rendered the quarters in every respect desirable. But, alas! how often do we feel that there is a "worm in the gourd"—a check to our

happiness, which neither change of climate, nor the most flattering circumstances, can dissipate or controul. And under such depression of mind was it the lot of poor Charles at this period to suffer. For, whilst in obedience to the call of his country, he was bending all his energies, and hazarding life itself, to preserve her rights and liberties, he learnt that the very same government which he was thus serving, had barbarously sacrificed the lives of his dearest relatives. Besides several junior members of the family, his aged parents themselves had, by an unjust and sanguinary decree, been consigned to the guillotine. Almost every post, indeed, brought him the harrowing detail of some fresh calamity; for the demon of the French revolution was at that period stalking about with bloody footsteps, and suggesting a continual succession of victims to satiate its fierce and unhallowed cravings.

Agonized and distracted by the list of horrors, the unhappy Charles tore open again a wound he had but recently received in a skirmish, and which was still unhealed; and in the depth of night he wandered forth from the hospital, big with the design of avenging himself deeply upon those whom he regarded as the murderers of his beloved relatives. This design was, however, nothing short of madness, and he had not proceeded far ere he became faint and exhausted, and his overwrought feelings overcoming his enfeebled frame, he sank down on the road-side completely powerless. Some of his comrades fortunately coming up almost at the moment, they lost no time in conveying back the sufferer to the asylum he had just quitted.

Several months passed before he recovered from the effects of this relapse, and acquired sufficient strength to resume active service. In doing so, however, he did not for a moment renounce or abandon the thoughts of vengeance. They haunted him night and day; and he lived on in the confident hope that an early time would arrive at which he might accomplish his cherished purpose.

It was shortly after his return to his regimental duties, at some distance from Cleves, that a young officer, George B——, who had been recently appointed to the same corps, joined his detachment. It was not long ere circumstances revealed to Charles that his new comrade was no other than nephew to one of the tyrants who had been mainly instrumental in butchering his kinsmen. The eyes of the enraged youth, when he first learnt this unexpected news, flashed with almost demoniacal joy; and as he contemplated the devoted sacrifice thus suddenly presented, he thanked kind fortune for so speedily granting the desire of his heart.

Accident soon brought the young men into collision, and a

dispute having arisen between them upon some trifling matter, swords were instantly drawn. They fought long and bravely; until at length the point of Charles's weapon pierced the heart of his adversary, who fell to the earth a corpse. Our hero, aware of the danger to which he was now exposed, repaired at once to the commandant, to whom he communicated the particulars of the fatal occurrence; and that officer, who entertained a very high opinion of Charles's character, and sincerely sympathized in his misfortunes, sanctioned and even aided his escape, providing him with a letter of introduction to the colonel of the twenty-second regiment, wherein he was strongly recommended to that officer's protection and favour.

Surville arrived safely at the head-quarters of the brigade at Cleves; and by his unassuming and modest demeanour, strict attention to discipline and courageous bearing, recommended himself to the respect of his superior officers, and the esteem of his comrades. He rarely joined the latter in their social hours, but was generally to be found in solitary contemplation, silently brooding over the horrid pictures his imagination drew of the fate of his friends; at times indeed he sought the calm converse of an amiable family wherein he had become an inmate. The members of this small circle consisted of the father, Mr. Müllner, an antiquary; his son, Gustavus, a secretary in an official office, and two daughters—Alexandria and Dorothea—the eldest of whom was 17 and the youngest 16 years of age. They were all much attached to Surville; and he endeavoured to retain their good-will by every means in his power: sometimes he would relate his travels to the old gentleman, and describe with all their technical peculiarities the various antiquities he had beheld; at others he was engaged in giving instruction to Gustavus in the French language; and again he would embrace opportunities of pleasing the fair sisters, by procuring from the master of his band select pieces of music, or getting from Cologne the most interesting works of the day, which he read to them. Thus the stranger became more and more intimately associated with the members of the family, and was at length almost looked upon as one of themselves.

The winter season had now nearly passed away; and it became observable that a tender attachment united the hearts of Charles and Dorothea. The maiden, candid and sincere, made no secret of her sentiments; while the young soldier, now bereft of the nearest ties of relationship—his hopes and expectations fixed upon the colours of his regiment, could not conceal the pleasure he derived from a prospect of forming so respectable an alliance. At length the brother, Gustavus, was commissioned by the lovers to be their messenger to his father, to whom he undertook to communicate their hopes and wishes, and to beg

the sanction of his blessing. The agent executed his task with all the warmth and ardour of an affectionate brother and sincere friend:—he did not however succeed in his object; the only reply he could obtain being, “When Surville can produce a captain’s commission, or can gain an adequate addition to his present income—*then* shall Dorothea become his wife.”

This sentence was received by Charles with dismay. The property of his family had been confiscated at the time of their execution; and he saw no prospect of promotion unless he could distinguish himself by some act of bravery—an event which opportunity alone could bring about, and of which he saw no chance for a length of time. Discouraged and sick at heart, he sat musing on his hard fate, when suddenly a thought struck him, no less singular than bold, which he instantly prepared to carry into effect.

The father of his Dorothea not only speculated in one particular class of antiquities, but whenever occasion presented itself, he also collected for his own use various rare and costly articles, so that he was now in possession of the most complete and choice collection of ancient relics to be found in the province. Charles, therefore, in order to administer to this taste, and conciliate the affections of the old gentleman, which, like those of the aged generally, had become wayward and capricious, formed a resolution to devote his leisure to the pursuit and discovery of specimens of *virtù*, which he determined to acquire even at the risk, if necessary, of his life—for it should be mentioned, that several natural curiosities, highly prized by the antiquarian, were attainable only at considerable personal hazard. It was now he recollected reports which had reached him, that under the ruins of the ancient castle of Cleves certain vaults existed, deeply hidden in the bowels of the earth, said to contain almost countless treasures in relics of ancient times.

Credulous of the truth of this rumour, the sanguine youth fixed all his hopes upon this enterprise. He hastened to get together the implements necessary to force a passage into the receptacle, and, without betraying his purpose to any one (not even to his beloved Dorothea herself), he set out on his momentous expedition.

Having effected an entrance into the cavern, he pursued his course through its subterraneous passages, until he arrived at the deep descent which conducted to the vaults. He began his labours at once, clearing away obstructions, and gradually saw the accomplishment of his wishes become nearer. For three successive nights did he resume his unremitting toil, till at length his exertions were rewarded by the effecting an opening, and he anxiously gazed round the long-unpenetrated cave wherein he

found himself. By the aid of his lantern, our hero saw that report for once had spoken truth: relics lay strewn around him, sufficient to captivate the hearts of a whole host of virtuosi. Charles selected what he deemed most suited to his immediate purpose, and then revisited the upper air, laden with sundry coins and medals, a helmet, and a shield.

On his arrival at home, he presented these valuable objects to the antiquary, who, astonished and delighted, ceased not to praise the young adventurer, and to express his gratitude for so important an addition to his catalogue. In high glee at this first result of his adventures, Charles would have repeated his visit that same day, had he not been compelled to resume his regimental duties, which engrossed his attention during the whole of the subsequent month.

No sooner was he again at liberty, than his urgent hopes prompted him to renew his labours: and, emboldened by success, he resolved to penetrate still deeper into the bowels of the earth, having hitherto explored only the most superficial of the vaults. In order, however, that the extended term of his absence (which he had fixed for three days and nights) might not produce anxiety in the mind of Dorothea, he decided to impart his secret to her. He accordingly explained his plan, and encouraged her with the certain prospect of their union being secured by the rich cargo he should be enabled to present to the world on his return. After many fruitless attempts to dissuade him from his purpose (although its object was to ensure their happiness) the agitated girl yielded to his arguments, and accompanied him to the mouth of the cavern. She was anxious even to follow her lover into the interior; but Charles persuaded her to leave him, and return home immediately, to prevent her absence being noticed. She quitted the spot, therefore, almost in despair lest she should never see him again, although she tried to console herself with the idea that he had already once encountered the hazards of the expedition (for the walls were everywhere crumbling, and ready to topple down), and had yet returned unhurt. In order, however, to diminish the danger as much as possible, she furnished him with a piece of string which might assist him in tracing his road back (the involutions of the subterranean ruins being perfectly labyrinthine), or guide her to him in case he did not appear at the expiration of the appointed time.

The second day of our hero's absence had not yet quite expired, when the Müllner family, and the whole town, were surprised by the unexpected arrival of the commandant of the division, with orders for the immediate march of the twenty-second brigade, to join the main body of the army, which had just taken its position on the banks of the Meuse. The drums sounded to

arms, the regiment formed in the square, and the muster-roll was called over, upon which it was found that Charles Surville was missing. All were at a loss to explain the cause of his absence. He was known to be a brave soldier, and a strict disciplinarian—tenacious of his honour, and incapable of abandoning his colours. Indeed, amongst the many evidences of this character he had from time to time given, was the fact, that although severely wounded in the right-hand, which was thereby deprived of its forefinger, and by which circumstance he had the option of abandoning the service, he had, notwithstanding, preferred to retain his commission, and had ever since continued on active duty.

In this instance, however, he was clearly absent without leave; and having been sought for throughout the town as sedulously as circumstances would permit, there remained no alternative but to report the unfortunate young man as a deserter. His regiment marched away without him, to the universal regret, mingled with astonishment, of officers, privates, and townsfolk.

It so happened, however, that counter orders overtook the corps, soon after it had left Cleves; in consequence of which the soldiers returned to that city, and having arrived once more at their barracks, the general of division felt himself bound to issue orders for the assembling of a court martial the following day to sit in judgment on the hapless Surville.

The third day of his disappearance had now drawn to a close, and no tidings were received of the absent officer. Poor Dorothea, in an agony of despair at the probable fate impending over her lover, waited until the family had retired to rest. Fortifying herself by fond remembrances of him, for the preservation of whose life she felt resolved, if necessary, to sacrifice her own, the intrepid girl set out alone for the ancient ruins. When she reached the entrance of the gloomy cavern, she was overcome with a sudden dread of Charles's fate, and was forced to rest herself upon a block of stone.

The silence and darkness which pervaded every thing around enhanced her excitement and her fears. Her imagination was tortured with the most gloomy images; and as she sat, bending her eyes on vacancy, spectral shapes began to flit before them, and the desolated fabric of the castle seemed to be metamorphosed into one vast tomb. At length her hand accidentally fell upon the thread which was to guide her to the arms of her affianced husband. She seized it with eagerness. It appeared to form a link between her and hope. Her courage and spirits revived; and holding the thread firmly between her fingers, she grasped the lantern she had brought with her, and, appealing to Heaven for support, proceeded to enter the obscure abyss.

As Dorothea passed onward, her steps grew steadier, her heart

found himself. By the aid of his lantern, our hero saw that report for once had spoken truth: relics lay strewn around him, sufficient to captivate the hearts of a whole host of virtuosi. Charles selected what he deemed most suited to his immediate purpose, and then revisited the upper air, laden with sundry coins and medals, a helmet, and a shield.

On his arrival at home, he presented these valuable objects to the antiquary, who, astonished and delighted, ceased not to praise the young adventurer, and to express his gratitude for so important an addition to his catalogue. In high glee at this first result of his adventures, Charles would have repeated his visit that same day, had he not been compelled to resume his regimental duties, which engrossed his attention during the whole of the subsequent month.

No sooner was he again at liberty, than his urgent hopes prompted him to renew his labours: and, imboldened by success, he resolved to penetrate still deeper into the bowels of the earth, having hitherto explored only the most superficial of the vaults. In order, however, that the extended term of his absence (which he had fixed for three days and nights) might not produce anxiety in the mind of Dorothea, he decided to impart his secret to her. He accordingly explained his plan, and encouraged her with the certain prospect of their union being secured by the rich cargo he should be enabled to present to the world on his return. After many fruitless attempts to dissuade him from his purpose (although its object was to ensure their happiness) the agitated girl yielded to his arguments, and accompanied him to the mouth of the cavern. She was anxious even to follow her lover into the interior; but Charles persuaded her to leave him, and return home immediately, to prevent her absence being noticed. She quitted the spot, therefore, almost in despair lest she should never see him again, although she tried to console herself with the idea that he had already once encountered the hazards of the expedition (for the walls were every where crumbling, and ready to topple down), and had yet returned unhurt. In order, however, to diminish the danger as much as possible, she furnished him with a piece of string which might assist him in tracing his road back (the involutions of the subterranean ruins being perfectly labyrinthine), or guide her to him in case he did not appear at the expiration of the appointed time.

The second day of our hero's absence had not yet quite expired, when the Müllner family, and the whole town, were surprised by the unexpected arrival of the commandant of the division, with orders for the immediate march of the twenty-second brigade, to join the main body of the army, which had just taken its position on the banks of the Meuse. The drums sounded to

arms, the regiment formed in the square, and the muster-roll was called over, upon which it was found that Charles Surville was missing. All were at a loss to explain the cause of his absence. He was known to be a brave soldier, and a strict disciplinarian—tenacious of his honour, and incapable of abandoning his colours. Indeed, amongst the many evidences of this character he had from time to time given, was the fact, that although severely wounded in the right-hand, which was thereby deprived of its forefinger, and by which circumstance he had the option of abandoning the service, he had, notwithstanding, preferred to retain his commission, and had ever since continued on active duty.

In this instance, however, he was clearly absent without leave; and having been sought for throughout the town as sedulously as circumstances would permit, there remained no alternative but to report the unfortunate young man as a deserter. His regiment marched away without him, to the universal regret, mingled with astonishment, of officers, privates, and townsfolk.

It so happened, however, that counter orders overtook the corps, soon after it had left Cleves; in consequence of which the soldiers returned to that city, and having arrived once more at their barracks, the general of division felt himself bound to issue orders for the assembling of a court martial the following day to sit in judgment on the hapless Surville.

The third day of his disappearance had now drawn to a close, and no tidings were received of the absent officer. Poor Dorothea, in an agony of despair at the probable fate impending over her lover, waited until the family had retired to rest. Fortifying herself by fond remembrances of him, for the preservation of whose life she felt resolved, if necessary, to sacrifice her own, the intrepid girl set out alone for the ancient ruins. When she reached the entrance of the gloomy cavern, she was overcome with a sudden dread of Charles's fate, and was forced to rest herself upon a block of stone.

The silence and darkness which pervaded every thing around enhanced her excitement and her fears. Her imagination was tortured with the most gloomy images; and as she sat, bending her eyes on vacancy, spectral shapes began to flit before them, and the desolated fabric of the castle seemed to be metamorphosed into one vast tomb. At length her hand accidentally fell upon the thread which was to guide her to the arms of her affianced husband. She seized it with eagerness. It appeared to form a link between her and hope. Her courage and spirits revived; and holding the thread firmly between her fingers, she grasped the lantern she had brought with her, and, appealing to Heaven for support, proceeded to enter the obscure abyss.

As Dorothea passed onward, her steps grew steadier, her heart

MR. FIREDRAKE FIDGET.

(ORIGINAL.)

HE who is so deplorably ignorant as to require to be told the locality of Bread-street-hill, must needs be all the wiser when we inform him that the premises appertaining to Mr. Firedrake Fidget were situated in that neighbourhood.

Mr. Firedrake Fidget was cautious, active, prudent, vigilant, and a drysalter—like his father. Indeed that worthy man had occupied the same tenement, and rented the very warehouses in which his son carried on so flourishing a business, and in which, seated on a high stool in his dark back counting-house, it had been his boast for many years that no bill had ever been presented for payment which had not been regularly taken up before five o'clock.

Now it might have been supposed, living in so very retired a spot, and almost incessantly perched upon his stool in the dingy counting-house, that Mr. Solomon Fidget would have been entirely overlooked and perhaps forgotten by death; but, so it was, that grim purveyor having a large bill of mortality to make up that quarter, waited upon the old gentleman rather suddenly for the only debt upon which it was possible to arrest his person, and taking him away, paid him into one of Nature's old established branch banks, commonly called a churchyard.

Mr. Firedrake Fidget, who now ascended the stool, was determined, on his accession, to emulate those characteristics which, displayed in his father's actions, had rendered him truly great. He managed his business on precisely the same principle, governed his household affairs in the same manner, entered the same pew at the same time, and sat on the same seat; and at the age of forty (his father had just turned that age), flung his eyes round the neighbourhood, fixed them at length on Miss Emily Grogram, eldest daughter of Old Grogram, Manchester warehouseman, of Friday-street; and after paying his addresses in regular and acceptable instalments, was permitted, in due time, to salute her as Mrs. Fidget.

Firedrake was now happy—for a time. Nobody could be more attentive, affectionate, obliging, than the husband; no one more complying, considerate, and obedient, than the wife. But, in a few months, the goings on of Mr. Fidget became altogether inexplicable, leading to the lamentable conclusion that he had dissolved partnership with his reason. He was frequently detected in the act of crouching upon the staircase; sometimes he

had been discovered airing his left eye through keyholes—not seldom suddenly emerging (to the terror of the household) from cupboards. The area was his nightly promenade; he had pounced upon the twopenny postman upon two several occasions, and once he was found in the coalhole.

These were facts that went far to unsettle the nerves of a newly-married wife. If Firedrake was really qualifying for a strait-waistcoat, and wanted to arrive by this new cut to the Lambeth asylum for lunatics, how strange she should not have remarked his peculiarities while yet a suitor: if these proceedings were habitual to him, “what a funny man Mr. Firedrake Fidget must be!”

In the meanwhile, these deviations from the every-day conduct of mortals were duly detailed to the family in Friday-street. Old Grogram, a novice in such practices, but predetermined long ago never to say a word against any body, shook his head and was silent: Dick Grogram, the only son, about to be admitted into partnership with his father, protested that if Fidget would only belong to the Druids, and come along with him to the “Flower-de-luce and Fire-shovel,” all his nonsense would soon be taken out of him. Shrimpton, the laceman, a nightly visitor at Grogram’s, “and such a pleasant man,” believed that a bad debt and a bankruptcy would soon bring the sufferer to his senses; while the Miss Grogrooms were quite sure that the poor man must be mad.

Not he. Firedrake Fidget was not mad. There was one point in which the drysalter did not imitate his father. He was jealous. Every body knows what jealousy is, although few have experienced that passion. It is, says Shakspeare,

“A green-eyed monster, that doth make
The meat it feeds on.”

Fidget was a green-eyed monster, in spectacles, and made such joints of suspicion, such haunches of horror, as even his unbounded stomach could scarce digest. Did his wife go out—he was not in. Was she at home—he mounted guard at the street-door. Did she speak of another man—his eyes borrowed new terrors from the tiger on the hearth-rug. Was she silent—he felt she was meditating flight!

There can be no doubt, that to this absorbing passion the attenuation of Fidget’s jaws, which took place about this period, must be attributed. His business became irksome, his leisure lassitude; he was languid, enervated, spiritless. How unlike his revered father, to whom he now bore not a filial, but a pro-filial resemblance!

Sometimes (and it was natural) he proposed to himself these questions: Whom did his wife visit? Whom did she know?—

Not a soul: he had taken too good care of that; and he smiled at his caution. Not a soul—that he knew of! And his jaws fell again.

Yes, she visited her own family. Well. There was Groggram, his father-in-law, a jolly old fellow, who never said any thing himself, and laughed at every thing said by any one else. Dick, a well-disposed young fellow, rather too fond of showing tricks on the cards, and singing the last new comic song at the Druids: and the two girls, very well in their way. And there was Shrimpton.

If there was one human being, besides his opposite neighbours, and every man who passed the door or entered the warehouse, whom he doubted more than another, it was Shrimpton. What did Shrimpton tell him when he was married?—What a lucky dog he was! and that if he (Fidget) had not spoken first, he (Shrimpton) would have had her himself. And didn't he always pinch her cheek when they met, and give her a kiss when they took leave? Hang his impudence! what business had he to pinch her cheek; and, d—— his insolence! what right had he to kiss her?

Now if he could be sure that Shrimpton harboured any design of a dishonourable nature—if he was certain that Shrimpton thought of such a thing—if he knew that Shrimpton could forget the respect due to the wife of his friend, wouldn't he brush up Shrimpton's memory pretty quickly—wouldn't he give his memory a black and blue reviver with a cudgel, which should make him remember the longest day he had to live!

There was one thing that militated against this proceeding. Shrimpton, although threescore, was a match for sixty of Firedrake Fidget's weight of metal. He would have passed muster in that early age when "there were giants in those days," being six feet two in his stockings, and two yards round the shoulders; not to mention his proprietorship of a fist something like a quarter loaf, which Firedrake felt would have been rather awkward in his bread-basket.

Mr. Timothy Quince, or, as in happier days he had been designated, "Old Squaretoes," was the confidential clerk of Mr. Firedrake, as for many years he had been of Mr. Solomon, Fidget. To him, then, did the drysalter unload his grief: to him did he relate the suspicions, doubts, fears, fancies, feelings, which agitated him to phrensy, and to him did he apply for such ocular assistance (in default of any comeatable lynx or basilisk) as Quince's unimpaired vision might afford.

The astonishment caused by this proposition wellnigh unstooled old Squaretoes. The thing was so entirely out of his line—it was so completely out of his routine—that he put a

bill for acceptance on the file, and hung it on the letter-box. He perfectly well knew the Italian method of book-keeping; but the Spanish method of wife-keeping was altogether past his comprehension. To keep a conjugal account of Mrs. Fidget! It was a novel idea. To keep a journal thus: "Jan. 1. Dr. to three gaddings out." "Jan. 2. By staying at home all day;"—and then to post them into a ledger, and strike the balance once a year! Quince demurred; but, moved at length by the imploring entreaties of his master, with a face such as is sometimes seen grinning over doorways, old Squaretoes consented to endue himself with these inquisitorial functions, incited partly thereto by the promise of a handsome *douceur* at Christmas.

So far so well. Quince came up to tea every evening, as regularly as the milk-ewer, full of sweetness as the sugar-basin, and as completely "done brown" as the toast. His researches were ineffectual. Mrs. Fidget was the most exemplary woman he had ever had the happiness of meeting—he must say that for her; and the confidential clerk began to curse the unworthy office he had consented to fill.

It is to be presumed that Mrs. Fidget, soon after Quince had been enlisted as an auxiliary, was led to divine the cause of Firedrake's disorder; for it was observed that she visited her father more frequently than heretofore; and it is worthy of notice that old Grogram shook his head more, and laughed less; that Dick insisted in stronger terms upon Fidget's installation among the Druids; that Shrimpton particularly inquired whether the recent panic had affected him; and that the two girls were overheard on several occasions whispering, "Wouldn't I teach him if he had me!" "I'd let him know, indeed!" "He makes himself quite ridiculous;" "Creature," "Monster," and the like.

At length Fidget's mind was made up. His worst fears—we might almost call them his best hopes—were realized. They must die—or be shown up at Doctors' Commons. Who? Shrimpton and his wretched wife. The whole evening, at Grogram's, whither he, accompanied by Quince, had accompanied Mrs. Fidget, the guilty pair did nothing but talk apart in whispers, occasionally stealing a glance towards him, and then smothering their unfeeling mirth. As they parted, he heard distinctly "To-morrow" mentioned by both. He could not be mistaken: Dionysius, in his ear, was as deaf as a beetle compared to him, upon such occasions.

"Did you see them? Of course you did," said Fidget on the next day, in the counting-house.

"See whom, sir?" inquired Quince, as he stirred the fire. "Shrimpton and my wife, last night," cried Fidget, with a sickly smile: "you saw them? Well, *we* shall see. Keep a sharp look-out, Quince, till I return. They spoke of to-morrow

—that's to-day. I'm only going to Cannon-street; soon back."

Old Squaretoes lugged himself to his stool when Fidget had turned his back, and once more did he grievously repent him that he had accepted this degrading situation. What! Jealous of Shrimpton!" and Quince opened the ledger. "Strange, very strange!" and he turned over the leaves till he came to a blank page. "Well, a strange world we live in!—Hum!—ah!—a pity,—a sad, sad pity!" Absorbed in these reflections, Quince opened a new account in his ledger, under the head of Shrimpton, and had just completed the name in large text, when that gentleman entered.

Is Fidget within?" inquired he, in his usual tone of good-humoured familiarity.

Quince started. "No, sir," said he, laying down his pen: "I can't say he is; but he will be in half an hour."

"No matter—I'll call again. Ha! you old dog!" (and Shrimpton shook his head wickedly) "you're to be envied! You're a special favourite somewhere—I can tell you that!"

Old Squaretoes stared wildly. "I really don't understand —"

"You are, you are," repeated the other, leaning on the opposite desk, and playing with the paper-knife; "but mind—spare *his* feelings," and he pointed to Firedrake's vacant stool. "Don't betray him. *She* is not happy. But I'll call again in half an hour. Poor Fidget! Ah, Quince! But your sense of honour would not permit you to——Good morning."

A strange assortment of ideas presented themselves to Quince when the visiter had retired. Quince was a moral man, but frail; for he was human; and if that thought did find its way into his bosom for a moment, let him be forgiven. Quince had not often experienced the tender passion. Once, indeed, he had opened a flirtation with a certain washerwoman who lived in Battersea Fields, and brought home his clean linen every Saturday night, but that was long ago; and, even at this moment, Miss Jinks, of No. 55, Gun place, Pimlico, was entirely in his hands, to reject or to embrace, as he thought most fitting. But now—old Squaretoes jumped off his stool, and strutted up and down the counting-house.

"Ho, ho! is it so?" cried he: "Well, upon my word, (and he looked down upon his ribbed cotton stockings) and I do believe it's not an unlikely thing. She really is a charming woman; and if I were younger—but what of that? I've saved money: we might fly—we might——"

Here the infatuated clerk lifted his eyes to a large map that ornamented the wall, and diligently traced out a passage to New York.

"Has any one been here since I went out?" cried Fidget, suddenly entering.

Quince sprang round, like the late Joseph Grimaldi, when saluted with an unexpected kick. "Not a soul," said he, as he leaned panting against the desk. "Lord, how you frightened me! Not a soul? Yes, Mr. Shrimpton!"

"Mr. Shrimpton! No?" and Firedrake lifted up his eyes. "Impertinent rascal, what did he want with me? But where are you going, Mr. Quince?"

"I'll just step and pass this entry at the Custom-house," said the clerk, hurrying away, fearful lest his recent thoughts should be read upon his face. "I shall be back in a few minutes."

What could Shrimpton want? Was it not strange? Was it not monstrous? Ha! was he up stairs? What did Quince mean by going to pass an entry? Why, it was half-past five!

A knock at the door broke this chain of interrogations.—
"Come in."

It was Shrimpton!

"Good afternoon, Mr. Fidget," said he, solemnly.

"Good evening, sir," said the other, with icy coldness.

Shrimpton sat down, and, taking out his handkerchief, looked earnestly at his companion. "Firedrake," said he, sighing heavily, "I am your friend. I was your father's friend. Nothing but the prompting of a friendly sentiment would prevail upon me to speak what I am now about to utter. Your wife—"

"Ha!" exclaimed Fidget, lifting the poker into the air.

"Is unhappy," continued Shrimpton; "and I fear—"

"What?" barked Firedrake, upstaring at the other like a dog in expectation of a bone.

"Some unhappy attachment;" and Shrimpton shook his head.

Fidget balanced himself on the poker as he leaned forward, and shook his finger in the face of his informant. "You're right," said he.

"You are aware, then."

"I am."

"You know the object?"

"I do."

"Quince," said Shrimpton, and he arose.

"Quince!" shrieked the other.

"Ay, Quince." And now, his joke being ended, Shrimpton was about to regale himself with a shout of laughter, when the hideous contortions of visage displayed by Fidget, as he arose, alarmed him.

"Quince!" said Firedrake, with a kind of whiz, as he clawed hold of his friend's arm, like a cat whetting its talons on a chair-leg.

"Even so," said Shrimpton: "but hush! he'll hear us. I saw him enter the warehouse a few minutes ago. Not a word to him. We'll detect and punish him in good time. Farewell!"

Fidget sank back in his chair aghast. What! Quince! Could it be? His old confidential clerk, his friend! It struck him at that moment that he *could* punch his head through the opposite wall; but no, suddenly rising, he rushed into the warehouse.

"Where is Mr. Quince?" he demanded.

"He came in a few minutes ago," said the warehouseman; but seeing you were so engaged with Mr. Shrimpton, he walked up stairs. I think he's talking to Missus."

Fidget rushed back again into the counting-house.—"Talk-ing to Missus, is he? I'll talk him!" and he slid a ruler into his pocket, and crept into a cupboard at the foot of the stairs.

"Well," said Quince, as he descended, lifting up his hands, "I never knew any thing more extraordinary than——"

"This!" cried Fidget, springing from his concealment, and levelling a blow with the ruler at his confidential clerk, which, had he not fortunately kept his hat on, must have divided his skull into moieties.

Old Squaretoes, as it was, staggered into the counting-house with a film before his eyes that diminished the ledger to the size of a pocket-book, and sinking into a chair, looked up imploringly at his employer.

"Monster!" cried Firedrake, "and so it is you that would plant a thorn into the bosom of your master—you, that would destroy my peace?"

"I?" stammered Quince, his guilty intentions passing in review before him; "who told you that?"

"Why Shrimpton, to be sure—he has told me all!"

"I see it—I see it," cried Quince, starting up: "Oh! Mr. Fidget, you are abused—grossly wronged; and Shrimpton is the man. Mrs. Fidget has been telling me——"

"What?" barked Fidget, as before.

"She says she cannot live with you any longer; you have made her wretched—and—this she told me in confidence, and I promised, Heaven forgive me! not to say a word—she is going off to Shrewsbury by this evening's coach. It starts from Gerard's Hall, at seven o'clock."

"With Shrimpton one of the insides—ha! ha!" and Fidget's brains reeled round. "Hark! what was that? The street-door closed! What's o'clock?"

"It is now five minutes to seven; perhaps a trifle more," said Quince, looking at his watch, and applying it to his ear.

"Come along, then—come along," cried Firedrake; "lock up the counting-house." And with hasty strides the injured husband and his companion strode towards Gerrard's Hall, a tavern which may at any time be recognised by an exquisite carving in wood at one of the doorposts, representing a gigantic idiot in the act of fondling a quarter-staff.

Firedrake seized the landlord by the button. "Have you," said he, in violent emotion, "a lady in one of your private rooms, accompanied by——"

"An elderly gentleman—very tall—yes, sir! John! conduct these two gentlemen."

Beckoning to his companion to follow, who tottered after him pale and breathless, Fidget, stumbling at the entrance, precipitated himself head-foremost into the room, and discovered Mrs. Fidget clinging to the arm of Shrimpton for protection.

"Wretch!" said he, rising suddenly, "give me back my wife: restore her instantly, or——"

A sudden poke in the ribs from behind somewhat disconcerted him.

"Restore her!" reiterated Firedrake; "return her to her proper owner!"

A second poke from behind cut short his oratory, and excited him to phrensy. Turning round, that he might wreak his vengeance upon the too troublesome Quince, a loud burst of laughter, performed by Mr. Grogram, sen., Mr. Richard Grogram, and the two Misses Grogram, echoed from the other end of the room by Mrs. Fidget and Shrimpton, completely paralyzed his energies.

"What is the meaning of this?" at length he faltered.

"Why, to laugh you out of your foolish jealousy, to be sure," said Old Grogram, who seldom made so long a speech: "there, go to your wife; she'll forgive you this once."

Firedrake Fidget, abashed, penitent, and convinced, passively obeyed the bidding of his father-in-law.

"And now we'll make a night of it here," said Shrimpton. And a night was made of it; and such a night of harmony and conjugal felicity, that Quince, as he buttoned up his pockets to return home, was overheard to say, with an unaccustomed oath, as he left the doorstep of Gerrard's Hall, "D—— me if I don't pop the question to Miss Jinks the first thing to-morrow morning!"

THE LAST WORDS OF CHARLES EDWARDS, ESQ.

I AM, or more properly speaking, I have been, a man of pleasure. I am now forty years, less some few months, of age; and I shall depart this life at twelve o'clock to night. About that hour it is that I propose to shoot myself through the head. Let this letter be evidence that I do the act advisedly. I should be sorry to have that resolution confounded with madness, which is founded upon the coolest and maturest consideration. There are coxcombs even in death; and I will not affect to disguise my weakness. I would not forfeit the glory of triumphing over broken-spirited drunkards, and half-crazy opium-chewers—of being able to die grateful for the joys I have experienced, and of disdaining to calumniate pleasures after they have ceased to be within my reach. I do assure you, Mr. —, that I should wait personally upon you with this epistle; but that I think the mere reasonableness of my suicide must carry conviction with it of my sanity; but that I trust to lay before you such facts, and such arguments, as shall approve me not only justifiable, but most philosophic in destroying myself. Hear what I have done, weigh what I mean to do, and judge if I deserve the name of madman.

I was born of a family rather ancient than rich, and inherited, with something like the handsome person of my father, his disposition to expend money rather than to acquire it. To my own recollection, at eighteen, I was of a determined temper, rather than of a violent one; ardent in the prosecution of objects, rather than sudden to undertake them; not very hasty either in love or in quarrel. I had faculty enough to write bad verses,—not industry enough to write any thing else; and an aptitude for billiards and horse-riding to a miracle.

Now I desire to have this considered not as a *confession*, but as a statement. As I plead guilty to no fault, I make a declaration, not an acknowledgment. I am not lamenting any thing that is past. If I had to begin to-morrow, I would begin again in the same way. I should vary my course perhaps something, with the advantage of my present experience; but, take it in the main, and it would be the race that I have run already.

At eighteen, with an education, as Lord Foppington has it, “rather at large;” for (like Swift’s captain of horse) my tutors were the last people who expected any good of me;—at eighteen, it became necessary for me to think of a profession. My first

attempt in life was in the navy. I was anxious to go, and cared very little whither; and a schoolboy midshipman of my acquaintance cajoled me into a Mediterranean voyage, by promises of prize-money, and descriptions of Plymouth harbour.

If I were to speak from my feelings at the present moment, I should say, that the life of a sailor has its charms. I am bankrupt in appetite, as well as in estate; if I have nothing left to enjoy, I have little capacity left for enjoyment; and I now know how to appreciate that exuberance of spirit with which a man dashes into dissipation on shore, after six weeks restraint from it at sea. But I know also that these are the feelings of situation and of circumstance. The past seems delightful, where no hope lives for the future. I am cherishing most fondly the recollection of those sensations which are now the most completely lost to me for ever. But it is the act of the moment which forms the index to the true impression. A ship of war may seem abstract liberty to him who pines in the dungeons of the inquisition. But confinement, monotony, coarse society, and personal privation;—the simple fact is worth all the argument;—after a cruise of two months, I quitted the navy for ever.

Charmed almost as much with my change of society, as with my change of dress, I quitted the sea-service, and entered a regiment of light dragoons; and, for two years from the time of my joining the army, I led the life which lads commonly lead in the outset of a military career. And even to the occurrences of those two years, rude and unintellectual as they were, my memory still clings with pleasure and with regret. Toys then, however trifling, pleased; the most refined enjoyments could have done no more. Is there a man living, past thirty, who does not sometimes give a sigh to those days of delicious inexperience and imperfection, when the heart could rest content with the mere gratification of the senses; when the intimacies of the dinner-table passed current for friendship; when the woman who smiled on all, was to all nevertheless charming; and when life, so long as health and money lasted, was one uninterrupted course of impulse and intoxication.

It was my fate, however, to continue but a short time a mere follower of opera *figurantes*, and imbibor of strong potations. Just before I was one-and-twenty, a woman eight years older than myself, in great measure fixed my destiny, and entirely formed my character.

Boys who run riot, commonly attach themselves, I think, to married woman. Wives, when by ill fortune they are inclined to irregularity, are more understanding, and more accessible, than girls; and hope is your only food for an incipient passion. Many a woman becomes an object of desire when there seems to be a probability of success; upon whom, but for such fore-

knowledge or suspicion, we should not perhaps bestow a thought.

Louisa Salvini was eight-and-twenty years of age ; a Sicilian by birth, full of the climate of her country. Hers was the Italian or Spanish style of beauty,—small rather as to figure, but of exquisite proportions. She had a shape which, but to behold, was passion ; a carriage, such as nothing but the pride of her own loveliness could have suggested ;—her eyes ! their glance of encouragement was fascination !—her lips confused the sense to look upon them ;—and her voice ! If there be (passing attraction either of face or form) one charm about a woman more irresistible than any other, it is that soft, that mild, sweet, liquid tone, which soothes even in offending, and when it asks, commands ; which shakes conviction with its weakest word, and can make falsehood (ay, though known for such) so sweet, that we regard the truth with loathing. Oh, heavens ! I have hearkened to the delicious accents of such a voice, till, had my soul's hope been asked from me, it would have been surrendered without a struggle ! To-night, at midnight, I shall hear such a voice for the last time ! I shall hear it while I gaze upon features of loveliness ; while my soul is lulled with music, and when my brain is hot with wine ; and the mere melody of that voice will go further to raise the delirium I look for, than—

* * * * *

But enough of this now. My tale should be of that which was. Let that which shall come hereafter give some other historian materiel.

My acquaintance with Louisa Salvini was of her seeking rather than of mine. Accident threw me, under favourable circumstances, in her way ; but it so happened that, at the moment, I did not perceive I had excited her attention. The manner of our subsequent introduction was whimsical. I was not a man (at twenty) to decline an adventure blindfold : a well played-upon old lady carried me as a visiter to Salvini's house ; and my fate was decided from the moment that I entered it.

My love for Louisa Salvini endured two years without satiety. An attachment of equal duration has never befallen me since. But, at the time to which I refer, all circumstances were in my favour. I was glowing with all the fervour of youth, and with all the vigour of unwasted constitution. My mistress's beauty delighted my senses ; her avowed preference gratified my vanity ; she was charming to me (love apart), taken merely as a companion ; and what conduced still further to the keeping alive our passion, she was not (being another's) constantly in my presence.

Contentment, however, is not the lot of man. Give a Mahometan his Paradise, and in six weeks he would be disgusted with

it. My affection for my charming mistress was just beginning to be endangered, when the regiment to which I belonged was ordered to the continent. The fact was, that I met in Louisa's society a variety of women, of principles as free as her own; and the very jealousy which each lady entertained of her friend, made success with herself more easy and certain. A little while longer, and Louisa and I had severed: my embarkation parting us by necessity, saved us probably from a parting by consent.

I left England very poor as to pecuniary means, but rich in every other advantage which (to me) made life desirable. Youth! Oh, youth! could I but recal the years that I have lived! I would rather stand now upon the barrenest plain in Europe—naked, friendless, penniless—but again sixteen, than possess, as the thing I am, the empire of the world.

Is there a fool so besotted as to trust the cant he utters—to believe that money can really purchase all the blessings of life? Money can buy nothing—it is worth nothing. I have rioted in its abundance; I have felt its total deprivation; and I have enjoyed more, I believe, of happiness in the last state than in the first.

Shall I forget the first event of my career on the continent—that event which, in the end, led to its premature termination? Shall I forget the insolent superiority with which I looked down upon my brother officers?—men to whom play, excess of wine, and mercenary women, seemed, and indeed were, delights sufficient.

To a man of habits and temperament like mine, the Peninsula was a delightful residence in 1808. I remember the gay appearance of the capital; which, taken by moonlight from the river, is perhaps one of the most imposing in the world. I remember the striking panoramic *coup d'œil* of its church and convent spires innumerable; its marble fountains, its palaces, its towers, and its gardens; its streets and squares of white and yellow buildings, each gaudily appointed, from the basement to the roof, with *jalouse* lattices, balconies, and verandahs: the whole city, too, throwing itself (from the irregular site upon which it rises) full at a single glance upon the eye; and every feature in the prospect seeming, like an object in a picture, disposed artfully with a view to the general beauty of the scene.

But, beyond the beauty of Lisbon as a city—beyond even the brightness of those souls that inhabit it, there was a laxity of law and manner in it at the period to which I speak; a licence inseparable from the presence of a foreign force in a prostrate, shackled, and dependant country; an absence as much of moral as of physical police; which, to a disposition such as mine, was peculiarly acceptable. Add to this, the further fact, that I was

fresh in a strange capital ; among a people to whose manners, and almost to whose language, I was a stranger ; where, little being fully understood, all had credit for being as it ought to be ; and where the mere novelty of my situation was a charm almost inexhaustible ; such allurements considered, could I fail to be charmed with the Peninsula ?

My stay in this land of delight, then, was something short of three years. I was present at the famous battle of Talavera ; and afterwards at the desperate contest of Albuera, under Beresford, where the Polish lancers first tried their strength against our English cavalry. I was a sharer too in the more partial affair of Busaco, and took part in the duty of covering the retreat that followed—a retreat in which the whole of the southern line of Portugal, from the Spanish frontier to Lisbon, was depopulated and laid waste ; in which convents were deserted, cities consumed by fire, and women born to rank and affluence compelled to seek protection from the meanest followers of the British army.

A Spanish officer, with whom I was associated in the convoy of certain treasure, proposed to me one night, after our halt upon the march, to take a trip down the Tagus, and bring his wife upon the journey. Whatever interest, however, I might have felt in the progress of this excursion, its termination was certainly such as I had not contemplated. With the utmost exertions, both of the Spaniard and myself, we did not get back to our halting-place until evening on the day after we had started. At daybreak (twelve hours before), a treacherous quartermaster had marched forward with our escort ; and to avoid the inevitable result of a court-martial, I asked and obtained permission to resign.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

UPON home service, my affairs, in a pecuniary point of view, would have been very little affected by the loss of my commission. On service, however, abroad, the consequence was different. As a soldier, I enjoyed many advantages and immunities, which a civil individual could scarcely, even for money, procure. Besides, though no discredit attached to my fault (for Silveira, indeed, had never been brought to any account), still I was, up to a certain point, a man placed in the shade. I had not lost my rank dishonourably, but still I *had* lost it ; and the military world felt that I had. I missed the visits of some men with whom I had been on terms of intimacy ; and received advances from others of whose acquaintance I was not ambitious. One friend asked casually when I intended to go to England ; another mentioned some new Spanish levies, in which commis-

sions were easily to be obtained. One fellow, to whom I had never spoken in my life, and who had been dismissed from the navy for gross insubordination and misconduct, had the presumption to write to me about "jobs" in "high quarters," "favouritism," "injustice," and "public appeal:" but I horse-whipped him in an open coffee-room, while the waiter read his letter to the company. These, however, were teasing, not to say distressing, circumstances; and to avoid seeming at a loss indeed, it became necessary to do something, and with the least possible delay.

I could have married Portuguese ladies; but their means were in supposition. Ready money, in Portugal, there was little; rents, in the existing state of the country, were hopeless; and I had not much reliance upon a title to land, which, to-day, was in our possession, to-morrow, perhaps in that of the enemy. Misfortunes, as the adage declares, are gregarious. Meditating what course, out of many, I should adopt, I fell into a course which I had never meditated at all.

The Peninsula during the war, was the scene of a good deal of high play. In quarters distant from the capital, the difficulty of killing time drove all but professed drinkers to gaming; and the universal employment of specie (for paper was used only in commercial transactions), gave an aspect peculiarly tempting to the table. Silver, in dollars and Portuguese crowns, was the common run of currency; the army was paid entirely in that metal; and it was no unusual thing to see an officer come down to a gaming-house absolutely bending under the weight of a couple of hundred pounds which he had to risk; or sending for a servant (hackney-coaches were scarce) in case of a run of luck, to carry away his winnings.

Hazard and Faro were the favourite games. Of billiards people were shy—people commonly dread faculty in any shape. There was some danger in going home after being very successful at night; but the games of chance were in general very fairly played. I have heard, among many dogmas, of the seductiveness of play, that a losing gamester may stop, but a winning one never can. Had I at any time regained my own, I think I should have stopped. I lost every shilling I possessed,—horses, jewels, and even pistols in the attempt.

At the time to which I refer, I was very much estranged from my relatives. My father held himself pretty well relieved from anxiety as to the fate of a man over whose conduct he had no control: and it was a draft only for fifty pounds which I received from him in Lisbon after the loss of my commission, accompanied by a letter which determined me never to apply to him again.

So, with twenty guineas only in my pockets, and with ex-

perience enough to know how little twenty guineas would do for me, I again landed in England in the year 1812; but I have no time, nor would the world have patience for the adventures which, in three months, conducted me to my last shilling. I wrote a novel, I recollect, which no bookseller would look at; a play, which is still lying at one of the winter theatres. Then I sent proposals to the commander-in-chief for altering the taste of our cavalry accoutrements and harness; next, drew a plan (and seriously too) for the invasion of China; and after these and a variety of other strange efforts, each suggested by my poverty, and all tending to increase it, the clocks were striking twelve on a dreary November night, as I walked along Piccadilly without a penny in the world.

It is at twelve o'clock this night, that my earthly career must terminate; and looking back to the various changes with which my life has been chequered, I find crisis after crisis connecting itself with the same hour. On the evening to which I allude, I wandered for hours through the streets; but it was not until midnight that I thought very intently on my situation. There is something, perhaps, appalling in the aspect of London at that hour; in the gradual desertion of the streets by reputable passengers; and, in the rising, as it were, from their depths of earth, of forms repulsive, horrible, and obscene. This change of object and association is sometimes peculiarly striking in the parks. As the evening draws in, the walking parties and well-dressed persons disappear one by one; and the benches become peopled with an array of fearful creatures, who seem to glide from behind the trees—to be imbodied, as it were, out of the air. I have myself turned round suddenly, and seen a squalid shape beside me, which had not been there but the moment before. And I knew not how it came, nor from what quarter it approached; but it came in through the dark, like some pale meteor, or unwholesome exhalation, which was not visible till the good light was gone. The closing, too (in the town), of the shops, one after the other,—the honester and safer houses first; and so on, until the haunts even of guilt and infamy shut up their doors, as seeing no further prospect through the gloom. And the few animated objects that break the general stillness, more revolting and fearful even than that stillness itself! Starving wretches huddled together in holes and corners, seeking concealment from the eye of the police; thief-takers making their stealthy rounds, and eyeing every casual wanderer with suspicious and half-threatening glances. Then the associations which present themselves to the mind in such a situation: thoughts of burglars, murderers, wretches who violate the sanctity of the grave, and lurking criminals of still darker dye; the horror being less of injury from such creatures than of pos-

sible approximation to them; the kind of dread which a man feels, he can scarcely tell why, of being touched by a rat, a spider, or a toad.

But I wandered on till St. James's bell tolled twelve; and the sound awakened some curious recollections in my memory. A mistress of mine had lived in Sackville-street once; and twelve o'clock (at noon) was my permitted hour to visit her. I had walked up and down a hundred times in front of St. James's church, waiting impatiently to hear the clock strike twelve, which now struck twelve upon my ruin—my degradation. The sound of the bell fell on my ear like the voice of an old acquaintance. My friend yet held his standing; my estate had something changed.

I did wander on, however, after St. James's clock struck twelve, and while the rain falling in torrents, drove even beggars to their shelter. I had neither home nor money. There were acquaintances upon whom I might have called, and from whom a supper and a bed would have been a matter of course; but I felt that my spirits were rapidly rising to the right pitch for considering the situation in which I stood. Nothing sharpens the perceptions like the pressure of immediate hunger. Had I slept and awoke at daylight, I must again have waited for the hour of darkness. Men succeed over and over again, upon the spur of emergency, in enterprises, which viewed calmly, they would never have undertaken.

I strolled onwards down Piccadilly through the wet dark night (to avoid the hackney-coachmen who kept teasing me with offers of their services), and leaned against one of those splendid houses which stand fronting the Green Park. The strong bright glare of the door-lamps below, showed the princely proportion of the building. Night was now growing fast into morning, but lights were still visible in the show apartments of the mansion. Presently I heard the sound of a piano-forte and a voice which I thought was familiar to me. I listened. It was the voice of a man whom I had known intimately for years. I cast my eye upon the door, and read the name of his family. My old companion—my *friend*, was standing almost within the touch of my hand. I thought on the scene in which he was an actor;—on the gaiety, the vivacity, the splendour, and the sparkle, the intrigues and the fierce passions, from which a few feet of space divided me. I was cold, wet, and penniless, and I had to choose.

It may be asked, why did not suicide then, present itself to me as a rallying-point? It did present itself at once; and, on the instant, I rejected it. Destitute as I was, I had still a confidence in my own powers—I may almost say in my own fortune. I felt that, wealth apart, I had a hundred pleasanter

capabilities which it would be folly to cast away. Besides there were relatives, whose deaths might make me rich.

My next supplies, however, were to arise out of my own personal exertions; and in the mean time the approach of light reminded me that I was still wet, and in the street. I had no fastidious apprehensions about degrading myself. If I could have held a plough, or digged in a mine, I should not have hesitated to have performed either of those duties. But, for holding a plough, I had not the skill; and, for the mines, there were none in the neighbourhood of London. One calling, however, there was, for which I was qualified. Within four-and-twenty hours after my dark walk through Piccadilly, I was a private dragoon in the 31st regiment, and quartered at Ly-mington barracks.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

I HAVE denied, I do still deny, the overpowering influence commonly attributed to rank and fortune; and let me not be accused of offering opinions without at least having had some opportunity for judgment. If there be a situation in which, beyond all others, a man is shut out beyond all probability of advancement, it is the situation of a private soldier. But the free undaunted spirit, which sinks not in extremity, can draw, even from peculiar difficulty, peculiar advantage;—where lead only is hoped for, grains of gold excite surprise;—a slender light shows far when all is dark around.

Twelve months passed heavily with me in the 31st dragoons. My apparently intuitive dexterity in military exercises, saved me from annoyance or personal indignity, and might, in a certain way, have procured me promotion. But a halberd, as it happened, was not my object. I looked for deliverance from my existing bondage to the falling in with some wealthy and desirable woman; and, in the strict performance of a soldier's duty—active, vigilant, obedient, and abstaining, I waited with patience for the arrival of opportunity.

The 31st regiment was remarkable for the splendour of its uniform and appointment; an attribute rather any thing than advantageous to the soldier; but which always, nevertheless, operates powerfully in the recruiting of a corps. We had men amongst us from almost every class of society. There were linen-weavers from Ireland, colliers from Warwickshire and Shropshire, ploughmen, gamekeepers, and poachers, from every quarter and county. There were men too of higher rank, as regarded their previous condition; and that in a number very little imagined by the world. There were men of full age, who had run through fortunes—lads who had quarrelled with,

or been deserted by their families—ruined gamblers—*ci-devant* fortune-hunters—*ex-officers*, and strolling players. In a company so heterogeneous, it would have been difficult to keep the peace, but for that law which visited the black-eye as a breach of military discipline. As men, those who had been “gentlemen,” were incomparably the worst characters.

But whatever might be the qualities of these men individually, taken as a body, they were amenable reasonable beings. To have made them, individually, discontented, would have been difficult; to have tampered with them, *en masse*, quite impossible. The sound of the word “discipline,” had a sort of magical effect upon their minds. Their obedience (from its uniform enforcement) became perfectly mechanical; and severity excited little complaint, for it was understood to be the custom of the service.

But I was soon weary of examining characters, and avoiding persecutions. I was tired of being a favourite among the nursery-girls of Lymington, and even of enjoying the enmity of the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood. I had become weary of the honour and discomfort of endurance—I sighed, in the midst of exertion, for exertion's reward—I never doubted that talent must, in time, find its level; but I had begun to doubt whether man's life would be long enough to afford the waiting, when the chance that I was hoping, and wishing for, appeared.

My object at Lymington was, to introduce myself to persons of consideration; and with that view, for months, I carried my life, as it were, in my hand. Every moment that I could snatch from the routine of military duty, was systematically devoted to searching after adventure. There was not a family of condition within five miles of the depot, but I had my eye upon their motions and arrangements. How often, while watching their gay parties on the river, did I pray for some dreadful accident which might give me an opportunity of distinguishing myself! How often have I wished, in riding night picquet or express, that some passing equipage would be attacked by robbers, that I might make my fortune by defending them! I saw, by chance, one evening, a mill on fire at the distance, and making sure it was a nobleman's seat, swam through two rivers to arrive at it. At length the commonplace incident—I had looked for it, though, a hundred times—the commonplace incident of two tipsy farmers, on a fair day, affronting an officer in Lymington market-place, who had a lady on his arm, gave me the chance I had so long sought. This affair gave me the opportunity of being useful to the captain and Mrs. Levine.

The honourable Augustus Levine, who had joined the garrison but a few days when this accident befel him, was one of those men of fortune who seem born for no other purpose than to put

poor fellows in contentment with their destiny. He was an abject creature both in heart and mind. Despicable (there be more such) in person as in principle; and yet the worm was brother to an earl—he was master of a fine estate—he commanded a hundred soldiers; and (a man may have too many blessings) he had a young and handsome wife.

When I declare that Lymington barracks was full of strippling officers, who, in addition to wealth and station, possessed (many of them) all personal advantages, my venturing even to think of Mrs. Levine upon the credit of such a service as I had performed, may appear to savour not a little of presumption. Setting the event apart, I should maintain a different opinion. A hundred qualifications, which would only have been of course in a man of rank, in a peasant, would excite surprise, and consequently interest. My encounter in the market-place, though a vulgar one, had given me some opportunity for display; and a private soldier, who possessed a figure, accomplishment, and deportment—who could make love, make verses, and, moreover, fight like a Turk—such a man would secure attention; and love follows easily. I cannot afford now to dwell upon details; but, whatever be the value of my general principle, consequences, in the particular instance, did approve my dream. Within six months, I had disclosed my real name and rank—eloped with Mrs. Levine—fought a duel with her husband—and had a verdict entered against me in the Court of King's Bench, with damages, by default, to the amount of 10,000*l*.

There is this circumstance, among a thousand others to attach us to the female sex, that a man can scarce, in any case, whatever the degree of friendship, receive a favour from his fellow man, without some feeling of inferiority; while, from a woman, each new act of kindness, or of bounty, seems but a tribute to his merit, and a proof of her affection.

My encounter with Levine produced very trifling consequences. Both parties were slightly wounded at the first fire, and neither appeared anxious to try the fortune of a second. The penalty of 10,000*l*. was a more serious matter to deal with. Mrs. Levine possessed, independent of her husband, an income exceeding 800*l*. a year; but that property formed no fund for the payment of a large sum in damages. Our only alternative was to quit England immediately.

I enter here with pain upon an epoch of my history, which filled up sadly and wearily a period of five years. Isabella Levine was a woman whose personal charms were perhaps among the weakest of the attractions she possessed. If I had sought her in the beginning from interested motives, I did not long profess a passion without really entertaining it. That she had deserted such a husband as Levine, seemed to me no stain upon

her virtue. He had been forced upon her by the command of an uncle upon whom she depended ; and who himself had felt so little confidence in the man of his selection, that, in giving his niece a large fortune, he reserved it principally within her own control. Was it a crime in Isabella that she quitted a being whom she could not love ? Was she a companion for stupidity, for slovenliness, for brutality ? Was she a subject for neglect, and for coarse infidelity ? Was it fit that her tenderness, her beauty, and her youth, should be wasted upon a creature who could not appreciate what he was possessing ? She did not sell herself to me for title or for fortune ; she was not seduced by a fashion or a feather. If she loved me—and I think she did love me—it was for myself alone.

Impressed with these feelings, I left England a second time for Lisbon. The war had now been carried into the heart of France, and the Peninsula had the prospect of a sufficient security. If, by law, I was prevented from marrying Isabella, by gratitude, as well as by affection, I held myself bound to her for ever. I took it as an admitted principle, that every man must settle at some time ; and deliberately formed my plan of lasting domestic happiness.

I had not then ascertained that the very thought of a set system is destructive to every thing in the nature of enjoyment. I had yet to discover that it was better even to die at once, than await, in one fixed posture, the wearing of unprofitable vacancy.

I set out with a wish, as well as a resolution, to act well. I had seen the errors of married men, and I determined to avoid them. I will treat a woman, said I, with that attention which she is entitled to demand. I will not render her miserable by my dissipations ; I will not insult her by slighting her society : I will love none but Isabella ; and with her my hours shall be passed. I now see ill omen in these my first resolutions. A man does not put himself upon the defensive, unless he feels cause to apprehend attack. I suspect that, like the wolf in the fable, the sight of the collar already made me uneasy.

I shall never forget—for my time indeed has almost come—the torture which it cost me to carry my good resolutions into effect ; the days, the weeks, the years that I suffered, of satiety, weariness, indifference, disgust. I am convinced that the decline of my passion for Isabella was only hastened by my efforts to conceal and to resist it. The love of full liberty, which I had been used freely to indulge, acquired now tenfold force from the restraint to which I subjected myself. The company of the plainest woman of my acquaintance would have been delightful to me, compared with the uniformity of beauty.

We had been five years together, and had been four years miserable, when an habitual depression, which I had perceived

but neglected to speak of—for in the fever of my own soul I had no thought for the distress of others—this terminated in the serious illness of Isabella. At first, supposing her indisposition to be transient, I treated it as an affair of domestic routine, taking every precaution for her safety, rather as a matter of course, than from any feeling of anxiety; but an intimation from my physician, that she was in a state of real danger, aroused me from the apathy with which I contemplated all passing events.

“Danger! What danger? There could be no danger: the man must be mistaken.”

He was not mistaken. My wife’s complaint was low, nervous fever, brought on, as it seemed to him, by some cause operating upon the mind; and if her spirits could not be kept up, her peril was immediate.

I never received any intelligence with greater discomposure in my life. A variety of recollections, very like accusations, crowded one after the other suddenly upon my memory. My heart awoke from that lethargy into which long suffering had plunged it. Still, I thought, the thing must be exaggerated.—“Her spirits kept up?” Why, they must be kept up.—“What was to be done to keep them up?” That the adviser left to me.

I visited Isabella with feelings which I could scarce acknowledge even to myself. She sent for me as I was going to her chamber; and my purpose of going almost changed. I know not how to describe the sensation which her message produced. I was going to her at the very moment unsummoned, and yet the summons compelled me to turn back. It was not the feeling of a man who is detected in a crime; for that must suppose a previous consciousness that he was committing one: it was the alarm rather of a child who plays with a forbidden bauble, and suddenly discovers that the last whirl has broken it.

I had seen Isabella on the previous evening; but I found her much worse than I had expected. I leaned upon her bed: it was some time before she could gather firmness to express herself. At length she spoke; and I hear her accents at this moment.

She spoke, with apparent confidence, of her approaching death. “She regretted it for my sake, because her fortune would die with her. Could she but have secured my future happiness and safety, as she had nothing left in life to hope for, so she should have had nothing to desire.”

These are commonplace expressions, perhaps I shall be told. The fact may be so: *death* is very commonplace. But those who, in the midst of a course decidedly evil, have been cursed with a sufficient perception to abhor the guilt they could not

abstain from, such only can appreciate my feelings at that moment. The mere mention of Isabella's death, as possible, carried distraction to my soul! She told me she had long seen the decline of my affection: "her only wish was that it would have lasted while she lived." I stood before her a convicted villain. I could not lie—I could not speak: at last, I wept, or I had died.

I must not dwell upon the particulars of this interview. She thanked me for the uniform kindness I had shown her; for the effort with which I had avoided connexions which she had but too plainly seen my desire to form. "Could I pardon her for the pain that she had caused me? I should be happier after her death; for if it kept me poor, it would at least restore me to liberty."

Let me do myself justice here, as I have visited justice upon myself elsewhere. I was not quite a wretch. If my passions were habitually fierce and ungovernable, their impulse in the good cause was as powerful as in the cause of evil.

I knelt beside Isabella's bed. I confessed the truth of all she charged me with. I invoked curses on my restless temper; swore that all my former love for her was rekindled; that I would not survive her death; that I should esteem myself her murderer! Nor did I at that moment, so help me, Heaven! utter any sentiment which I did not feel. If I did not at that moment love Isabella passionately, I would have laid my life down with pleasure for her safety, for her happiness. And I trusted that I had in some measure restored her peace of mind; and I was seriously resolving to *like* a peaceful life, when a circumstance occurred well calculated again to put my resolution to the proof.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

HAD I been asked for which of my virtues I should ever have a fortune given me, I might have had some difficulty, and should have had, in answering the question. It was my fate, however, for once to be enriched by my irregularities. My grandfather, penetrated on a sudden with admiration of a man who had brought his family name so much under discussion, died, after making twenty wills in favour of twenty different people; and, passing over my father, bequeathed a property of 4000*l.* a-year to me.

I premised that, about this time, some unforeseen occurrences would befall me. Two of these I have already described; the third was, of all, the most unexpected. While I was busy in preparations for returning to England, and devising schemes out of number for pleasures and splendour when I should arrive there—Isabella left me.

It was a blow for which, less than for a miracle, I was prepared. Returning one evening from shooting—we were then living at Condeixa—I found a letter in her hand, lying sealed, upon my table. The sight of the address alone paralyzed me. What had happened flashed in an instant across my mind. The contents of the letter were these :

“ If I have used deception to you, Charles, believe me, it is now for the first time. I wish to spare you the needless agony of bidding me farewell ; I wish to secure myself against the danger of being diverted from a course which reflection has convinced me is the best. I cannot forget that you have ceased to love me. I have known the fact long, but circumstances have kept me silent. I acquit you, Heaven is my witness ! of unkindness or ingratitude ; esteem, affection, regard, compassion—I know you gave me these ; and love is not at our command. There are men from whom I could be satisfied with kindness and esteem ; but I cannot fall so low as to accept pity, Charles, from you : you always will, you always must, love some woman. Can I know this, and yet live with you, and be conscious that you do not love me ?

“ For three years I have endured to see you wretched, and to feel myself the cause of your distress. Could I feel this, and yet be happy ?

“ Farewell ! I will no longer continue to hang upon you, interrupting enjoyments in which I am forbidden to participate.

* * * Farewell, once more ; for I had intended but to say, ‘ Farewell ! ’ May you be happy, though my day of happiness is over. Thank Heaven, your impetuous temper is no longer likely to be incited by want of means to those enterprises, which might not always be successful : but, if ever chance should place you again in such an emergency, as to make Isabella’s fortune—her life—her love, worth your acceptance, then—and then only—will she consent again to hear from you.”

She is still living,—I trust she is ! If the last prayers of one who has prayed but too seldom—if those prayers may be heard which merit neither hearing nor value—if mercy for another can be granted to him who dares not, cannot ask it for himself—then may every blessing she can wish for, every blessing which can wait on life, be hers ! May she know, that in my last hour, my thoughts were upon her ; that my latest wishes were breathed for her safety—for her happiness.

But there are recollections which unhinge me for detail. I have a blow to strike, and almost within this hour, for which every corporeal and mental agent must be nerved. And my senses rush along in a tide as furious and rapid as my fate. I cannot dwell, amid this whirl of mind and fancy, upon the measures which, in seven years, dispossessed me of 70,000*l*. I am

not lamenting that which I have done. I began with a resolution to *live* while I did live. Uncertain of the next hour, the passing moment was all to me. What mattered it, since my course must cease, whether it ceased sooner or later, provided while it lasted I was in all things content? I scorned the confined views of men who, possessing means, submitted to let "I dare not" wait upon "I would;" and vowed when I put myself at the head of my fortune, that no expenditure of wealth, no exposure of person, should ever have weight to disappoint my inclinations.

Yet my estate lasted longer than, under such a resolution, might be expected. The rich, for the most part, either lavish their money without enjoying it, or to maintain what is called a certain "state," suffer dependants to lavish it for them. As it happened that I had no wish for commonplace distinctions, nor was very desirous of anything which money alone could buy, I escaped all those rapidly ruinous contests in which the longest purse is understood to carry the day. I saw something of the absurdities of fashion, but I entered very little into them. Curiosity, want of employment, and that natural desire which even the silliest man feels to laugh at the follies of those about him, made me associate sometimes with fine gentlemen; but I never became a fine gentleman myself.

And yet it was amusing, in the way of *chasse-ennui*, to glide along with the frequenters of Bond-street, and with the loungers at the Opera; and to observe the excessive, the monstrous, self-delusion of men, who had been born to ample means, and were not encumbered much with understanding. Their talk was such feather; and yet, even in what they uttered, they were generally mistaken. If they were vicious, it was from thoughtlessness—if honest, from accident. Their conversation was so easy, and yet (to themselves) so entertaining. The jest so weak, the laugh so hilarious. Their belief, too, was so facile: I did envy them that faculty. Not one of them ever doubted anything that he was at all interested in crediting. All about them was *fudge*; and yet they never seemed to be aware of it. Their Bond-street dinners were *not* good. They would talk all day about the fancied merits of particular dishes, and yet at night be put off with such wine and *cuisine* as really was sad stuff, and could not have passed but upon men of fashion.

But the most striking feature in their characters was their utter want of self-respect. I have seen a young man literally *begging* for half-crowns, who but a few months before had driven his curricule, and been distinguished for his insolence. Another would borrow small sums, and never pay them, until not even a servant was left to lend him a shilling. Others would endure to be insulted by their tradesmen; to be poisoned at coffee-houses

where they could not pay their bills; to truck and barter their clothes and valuables for ready money with waiters at hotels,—and all this to obtain supplies which in reality they did not want, and because they knew no mode of dissipating a certain quantity of specie.

These were the people who went to fights—to races; wore large hats, and garments of peculiar cut; with little of taste or fancy in their devices; and, of true conception of splendour or of elegance, none.

Then their *hangers-on* were a set of men fit to be classed *per se* in history: fellows called from all ranks and stations, but all rascals alike: their avocations various, but all infamous. There were among them cashiered officers, or men who had left the army to avoid that infliction; fraudulent waiters, and markers from billiard-tables; shopkeepers' sons, blackleg attorneys, and now and then the broken-down heir of a respectable name and family.

A portion of my wealth was given to relieve my father from debts which he had incurred in expectation of the whole. Another portion, I trust, will have placed in security beings whose happiness and safety form my latest wish on earth. A third portion, and a large one, has been consumed in idle dissipation; but, if I have often thrown away a hundred guineas, I have sometimes given away ten.

The whole, however, at last is gone. Parks, lordships, manors, mansions—not a property is left. As my object was always rather pleasure than parade, this change in my circumstances is little known to the world. I am writing—and I shall die so—in elegant apartments; with liveried servants, splendid furniture, all the paraphernalia of luxury about me. The whole is disposed of, and the produce consumed. To-morrow gives the new owner possession. A hundred persons make account to nod to me to-morrow. I have, for to-morrow, four invitations to dinner—I shall die to-night.

Let me not be charged with flying this life because I fear to meet the loss of fortune. Give me back the years that I have spent, and I can deem lightly of the money. But my place—my station amongst my fellow men? It totters; it trembles. Youth, hope, and confidence—these are past; and the treasures of the unfathomed ocean would not buy them back.

Then, if I had the Indies still in my grasp, would I endure to descend in the scale of creation? Would I join in the class of respectable old men, and sit spectator of a *mêlée* which I am no longer able to engage in? Would I choose the more disgusting course of some I see around me, and let the vices of manhood degenerate into the weaknesses of age? Would I struggle to maintain a field in which victory is past my hope; dispute a

palm which, of necessity, must be wrested from my hand? Would I endure to have men, whom I have been accustomed to see as children, push me insolently from the stage of life, and seize the post which I have occupied?

If I could not bear this, still less could I endure the probable, the inevitable consequences of old age. To be, if not distasteful to my own depraved and doting sense, conscious of being distasteful to all the world beside. To die worn out with pains and aches. Helpless in body—feebler still in mind. The tottering victim of decrepitude and idiocy, cowering from that fate which by no effort I can avoid.

I will not come to this: I will not make a shirking, ignominious end of life, when I have the power within myself to die as may become a man. To this hour I have had strength to keep my station in the world: in a few minutes it would be gone—but I shall go before it. And what do I lose by thus grappling with my fate? A few years, at most, of uncertainty and uneasiness! That man may die to-morrow I know afflicts him little; but let him reflect, in his triumph, that he *must* die on the next day. Let him remember, that when he has borne to have people inquire after his health, listen to his answer with impatience, and go to be happy out of his reach—when he has borne to close the eyes of the last friend of his youth, to lose all his old connexions, and to find himself incapable of forming new ones—when he has endured to be a solitary, excommunicated wretch, and to read, in the general eye, that he is an intruder upon earth—he is still but as a ball, to which a certain impetus is given, which, moving in a fixed track, can neither deviate nor pause; and which has but (to an inch) a marked space to pass over, at the end of which comes that fall, from which the world's worth cannot save it.

I can write no more. My hour is fast approaching. Now am I greater, in my own holding, than an emperor! He would command the fate of others, but I command my own. This is, in very choice, the destiny which I would embrace. There is something sublime in thus looking in the face of Death; he sits over against me as I write; and I view him without terror. If I have a predominating feeling this moment, it is curiosity.

One full glass more, and I am prepared. Wine is wanting only to aid the nerve, not to stimulate the courage or the will. My pistols lie loaded by my side. I will seal this packet, nevertheless, with a steady hand; and you who receive it shall bear witness that I have done so.

Now within this half hour I will forget even that care must be the lot of man. I will revel for a moment in the influence of wine, and in the smile of beauty—I will love for one moment longer the being I could wish to love for ever.

The clock strikes eleven. Friend, whom I have selected to receive my parting words, I must conclude. I shall send this letter to you instantly. You will receive it whilst I still exist; and yet you will be unable—the world would be unable—to prevent the act I meditate. Do me justice—and farewell! When the chimes tell twelve to-night, I shall be uppermost in your mind. You will wonder—you will be troubled—you will doubt. And, when you sit at breakfast to-morrow morning, some public newspaper, recording my death, will give you perhaps the real name, of—TITUS.

• BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

GINEVRA.

ANTONIO RONDINELLI had become deeply enamoured of the beauties of the lady Ginevra, and had persevered in his attachment for more than four years, subsequent to 1396, against the express wishes of her father, who wished to bestow her hand upon one of the Agolanti family, named Francesco, as being of superior fortune to his rival, although not so agreeable in the eyes of the fair Ginevra. She may be said, therefore, to have been forced into the arms of Francesco, as she yielded a reluctant consent to her parents' will; while unfortunately the passion of Antonio seemed only to acquire fresh vigour from the bitter disappointment of all his hopes. In the wretchedness of his heart he vowed never to bestow his hand upon another; and he still indulged himself in the sad consolation of gazing upon her at all public festivals, in churches, and private assemblies.

Now it chanced that in the great plague of 1400, which ravaged so many cities of Italy, and especially Florence, the fair Ginevra was taken sick, and owing either to the neglect of the physicians, or the malignant nature of the disease, soon after fell an apparent victim to its rage. Strong hysterical affections, then little understood, had preceded her decease; and every one around her supposed that she had ceased to breathe. Immediate interments, also, taking place, as was usual in those periods of distress, she narrowly escaped the fate, most probably shared by many in such seasons of terror, of being inhumed alive. Borne by a body of priests, she was laid with little ceremony in the family vault, belonging to the chapel of her ancestors, and to this day the place is pointed out to the curious

stranger who visits the spot. She was greatly lamented by her husband, her friends, and indeed by all who knew her virtues. But the grief of none was equal to that of Antonio Rondinelli, when he heard of her sudden decease.

Esteemed by all ranks, only a few months a bride, her supposed fate drew tears from many eyes: yet only a few hours of that fatal night had elapsed, when, awaking out of her lethargic slumber, the poor young creature opened her eyes. The moon shone brightly, when, shivering with the cold damp air of the vault (it being the month of October), she attempted to raise herself up, and in a short time began to recognise the place in which she lay. Commending herself to the mercy of Heaven, and all its guardian saints, she next strove to release herself from her unearthly garments, and perceiving a glimmer of light through a crevice in the door, she succeeded, though faint and exhausted, in reaching the entrance of the vault. Having mounted the steps, by degrees she removed a portion of the covering least secured, through which she had observed the light, and at length, with extreme difficulty, issued forth. Terror and despair had hitherto given her strength, while the cold air now braced her nerves; and, thinly clad as she was, she pursued her way, (hence called *Via della Morte*), found her husband's house, along the *Corso degli Adimari*, now named *Via Dei Calzajoli*, and along some by streets, until she reached her own door. Her husband, who happened to be sitting sorrowfully over the fire just before retiring to rest, himself went to the door—and, on beholding such a figure, and hearing a low and plaintive voice, he started back and made a sign of the cross, believing it was a spirit: then, invoking her to depart, he hastily shut the door in her face, and went trembling to bed, vowing to have more masses and alms offered up the following day for the repose of her soul.

Ginevra wept. "Is this the love," she cried, "he should have borne me? Alas! alas! what shall I do? Must I perish of cold and hunger in the streets?" Then, recollecting her father's house, she pursued her weary way thither; but he was from home, and her mother, from an upper story, hearing a weak plaintive voice, interrupted with sobs and shiverings, exclaimed in a paroxysm of pious fear—"Get thee gone in peace, blessed spirit!" and shut down the window in hopes that she had laid the ghost. The wretched girl, then wringing her hands, resumed her way, and attempted to reach the abode of one of her uncles, resting frequently as she went; yet, after all, she found her toil still unrecompensed, receiving the same reply wherever she went,—“Get thee gone in peace!” after which polite reception, the door was closed in her face. At length, weary with suffering, she laid herself down to sleep, or rather to die, under

the little lodge of San Bartolommeo, when, just before closing her eyes, she bethought herself, as a last resource, of her former lover, from whom she was then at no great distance. "Yet what reception," she mentally exclaimed, "ought I to expect, after the slights and ill treatment that he has met with at the hands of me and my family; when I consider, too, how those who professed to love me have driven me from their doors!" It was with a misgiving heart, then, that she knocked at Antonio's door. Whether or not we are to suppose that he possessed superior strength of courage, or of love, beyond all her natural relatives whom she had tried, certain it is, that instead of being terrified at her appearance, he advanced boldly and even eagerly towards her, gazing upon her with fixed looks, and drawing his breath deeply; then apparently recognising her, he exclaimed in a kind and gentle tone, "Art thou indeed Ginevra, or her pure and sainted spirit!" and the next moment he felt her a living and breathing woman in his arms. Calling out loudly for assistance, his mother and servants came running to inquire what had happened; most of whom, on beholding her, ran away again faster than they had approached. But the happy Antonio, bearing her in his arms, had her speedily wrapped in warm linen, and placed upon a couch, between his mother and another female, in order to restore her to a natural warmth. Still he indulged fears that she would not revive, while he availed himself of every thing that art or nature could furnish to cherish the vital flame. It would be difficult to decide whether, as he watched her gradually reviving, his feeling of unutterable joy was not greater than had been that of his overwhelming grief, on first hearing tidings that her beloved spirit had fled. He lingered around her bed, or was ever at her side, unwilling to trust her even to the most confidential servants of the household, and administering every cordial to her with his own hands. When she was at last enabled to sit up, she fell at her benefactor's—at her lover's feet; and while she poured forth her unutterable gratitude in floods of tears and passionate exclamations, she yet with her characteristic purity and virtue besought him to have pity on her, to respect her honour, and to add to all his generosity and tenderness the disinterestedness of a true friend. For she knew, she continued, there was nothing she could—nothing she ought to deny him, after such unheard-of kindness, and that she was henceforward his handmaid and his slave. Still, she should prefer death to the loss of virtue or of reputation; and if he truly loved her, he would respect them; and that he did love her as none ever before loved, was evident in the charity, courage, and true tenderness with which he had taken her to his arms, when husband, father, mother, and all relatives and friends forsook her.

Antonio, delighted to dwell upon her voice, hung enraptured over her as she spoke, and then, falling before her upon his knees, he entreated her forgiveness, if he had in the slightest instance forgotten himself, or transgressed the strictest bounds prescribed by reverence and honour. She could only answer him with a fresh gush of tears, as she pressed his hands, with tremulous emotion, to her heart and lips; while, soothing her alarm, the kind Antonio assured her that she owed him nothing, that he was more than sufficiently rewarded in beholding her restoration to health and beauty, and that he wished and would accept nothing from her gratitude and love.

"Did she," he continued, with an expression of anguish and alarm, "insist upon being instantly restored to her husband's arms? Then let her speak it. Hesitate not—spare me not," he cried; "I will do it, though I die for it!" Oh! never, never!" exclaimed the wretched girl: "wedded though I be, I will not see him—I will not dwell with him more. Let me rather fly to a nunnery, and again become buried alive for ever. Besides, death hath dissolved our union. I was dead to him; nay, he interred me, and but now drove me from his presence. Mention him no more," she continued; "for, were it requisite, I would appeal to our tribunal—to every tribunal on earth! Have they not all, moreover, numbered me with the dead, and rejected me when I rose from the grave by little less than a miracle?"

The delighted Antonio, on receiving these sweet assurances, could only fall at her feet, and thank her with his tears; but they were tears of ecstatic pleasure, soon smiled and kissed away; for, as if to promote the wishes which both in their secret hearts indulged, Agolanti, the former husband of the lady, being of a covetous disposition, disposed of the whole of her ornaments and dresses, which Antonio, who had his eye upon all the proceedings of her relations, very soon contrived to get into his own hands. Agolanti, shortly afterwards meeting with a lady of fortune, paid his addresses to her; upon which Antonio and his beautiful Ginevra, no longer hesitating what course to pursue, resolved to secure the blissful object they had in view, and to unite their fate everlastingly in one. The new marriage deeds being therefore drawn out according to the usual forms, without the knowledge of even her nearest relatives, who had scarcely yet finished offering up masses for her soul, of which they imagined, from what they had seen, that she stood in the utmost need, she proceeded to church early on Sunday morning, to confer her hand upon the happy Antonio. Her future mother-in-law, with a single servant, and Antonio following them, as if going to hear mass, formed the whole of the wedding-party. When just on the point of entering the church, they encountered

another procession: it was that of her late husband Agolanti, her mother, and other friends, proceeding exactly on the same destination. What was here to be done? and which did it behove to yield precedence of the other? With the greatest presence of mind, Antonio's bride accosted her mother, who, in some surprise and terror, with the rest of her party, kept at a respectful distance; yet, it being daylight, and observing Ginevra so well-dressed, and looking so beautiful and so happy, they felt somewhat reassured when she accosted them, and briefly informed them that, as her physicians had given her over, the priest administered extreme unction, and her friends and relatives performed her last obsequies, she had taken her first love, and no longer belonged to them; that it was plain, moreover, that they wished it to be so; for that, after she had been miraculously restored to them, no one had taken the least notice of her, but, on the other hand, had driven her from her own doors; that he alone, from whom she expected least, had received her like a good Samaritan, and opened his house and arms to her, restoring her to life and love; and that, by all the laws of heaven and earth, she would henceforth be his; for, without his assistance, she must assuredly have died; so that, having every claim to her gratitude, she had consented to become wholly his. Then, taking a hasty farewell of her mother and her friends, the parties separated, not choosing to perform the respective ceremonies at the same time, and in the same church.

Upon their return, after the marriage-feast was concluded, a messenger arrived with an order from the bishop; and, in the presence of her former husband, summoned for the occasion, the prelate declared the ecclesiastical sentence, of which the tenour ran: that the fair Ginevra should remain the wife of Antonio, and that her former husband should restore the whole of her dower, since it was clear that the lady had been dead and buried, but, to the glory of the church, had been miraculously restored.

FROM ROSCOE'S ITALIAN NOVELISTS.

SOME PASSAGES
IN THE LIFE OF FRANCIS LOOSEFISH, ESQ.

(ORIGINAL,—BY THE EDITOR.)

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

——— I depart ;
Whither, I know not : but the hour's gone by.
CHILDE HAROLD.

I COULD endure this sort of thing no longer. I felt that I could not. I would pay no more debts. My creditors must consent to remain *in statu quo* until I could turn myself round. I settled this in my own mind during the preceding night,—a night of restless and feverish anxiety. The pleasures of reading are manifold, and while they had me in their books, a record of strange and intense interest would never be wanting to them. I would say to them, in the words of my favourite author,

“ If you have writ your annals true,—’tis there—”

And there, an’ it please you, it must continue to remain.

Filled with this irrevocable resolution, I arose and dressed myself: I must leave my lodgings that very day. It would be well also to arrange and take a mental inventory of my wearing apparel, and goods, chattels, and appurtenances, of whatever description. New lodgings are strange, and sometimes dangerous domiciles. Honesty is a scarce article—very few have Blackstone at their fingers’ ends. I found, then, after I had completed my toilet, my extra wardrobe to consist of one pair of azure unwhisperables, in a rapid decline from exposure to incessant thorough-drafts—a shirt which had stuck to me through good and evil report, with more adhesive attachment than did the shirt of Nessus, the Centaur, to the limbs of Hercules—and two pair of old, exceeding old stockings, such as, to judge them by their appearance, might have been knitted by Mary Queen of Scots, for her husband Darnley.

Over and above this abundance of gear, I could boast a razor, better fitted to take off the beards of oysters than of men—a small tooth-brush, and a large-tooth comb, the bristles of one about equal in number to the teeth of the other—a superannuated hair-brush that could make itself useful as a battledore—and a locket, presented to me by my cousin Ellen, of inestimable worth to me, but of no great intrinsic value—indeed, a nominal relative of mine, whose house may at any time be recognised by

its fanciful decoration of three gilded balls, had apprized me, only a few days previously, that the *bijou* in question was not worth twopence.

Having packed up these several articles in as portable and invisible a shape as possible, and having, as a mere matter of form and ceremony, taken the gauge of my pockets, with a view to a final assurance that there was, indeed, no current coin of the realm remaining in them, I turned towards the scanty furniture of my bedroom, and took a farewell of that ancient jumble, bidding it at the same time to take notice that this was to be considered the last leave-taking of Frank Loosefish, Esq.

But now it may behove to state why I made so precipitate a retreat from my lodging. This in few words. In the first place, Gripe, a sheriff's officer for the County of Middlesex, a man who had paralyzed more shoulder-blades than any two bailiffs extant, was on the look out after me. I had heard—heard of, nay I had seen him. He was pervading Pentonville like a pestilence, and he wanted to take measure of me, on an old suit, with a long piece of parchment. In the second place, my landlord had disgusted me. Some men are absurdly unreasonable. He wanted his little bill. He resided, as I have hinted, at Pentonville. He was by name Sullen, by profession a milkman, by habit a drunkard. Pentonville was a pleasant place—very much so. Milk is nutritious, the breath of cows wholesome. Nor was Sullen, during the earlier period of my sojourn with him, either an unamiable or an unintellectual character. It was he who exploded the vulgar error that gentlemen in his line put chalk into their milk. He was decisive upon the point. He said it was not *chalk*.

But as time wore away, a change much to be deprecated took place in the manners and behaviour of my landlord. Whether it was that his cows yielded milk less kindly than heretofore, or that he himself possessed less of the milk of human kindness, was at that time a problem to me, until at length the unworthy truth flashed upon me. Yes, I saw by the gradually intenser blueness, which was now become blackness of his physiognomy, and the half-and-half pepper and salt expression in the face of his wife (a worthy woman, too), that they expected long arrears of rent from me. They wanted their little bill.

I know it is unreasonable to expect invariable suavity from those to whom money is due. In some few instances that have come under my own knowledge, such affability has been withheld. Was it for me to disturb the account? On no account, also, would I disturb myself. I forgave, while I pitied, the frailty of human nature, and was their inmate for a few months longer, that they might hereafter palliate to themselves their inhuman precipitancy, their indecent haste. While I remained

with them I was the most quiet lodger they ever had. They brought me into a habit of early rising. I was up with the cow, and when I came home at night, such was my kind and truly humane horror of disturbing their repose, that I adopted a ghost-like gliding, inaudible even to myself.

Every thing must have an end. One night I had, as usual, crept silently into bed, where I lay for some time speculating on the best means of making one sovereign, of which I had become possessed, go as far as three; and during this process of expansion, I fell into a doze. The arms of Morpheus must have been jerked out of the sockets, as awaking with a start, I sprang up in bed. Could it be? Yes. A heavy and unsteadfast foot was stamping down, or rather up the stairs, while frequent tumblings against the wainscot led to the momentary conviction that Sullen, accompanied by his cow, was about to intrude into my chamber, the door of which was now burst open. Sullen, however, had come alone, much disguised in liquor (but I knew him too well), and planting the weight of his detested carcass upon my toes, heaved forth a heavy sigh.

"Well," presently hiccuped the bloated malt-worm, with a voice as though he said—"Here I am."

"Well," I responded in a soothing tone that might have excited the envy of the late Mr. Daffy, whose invaluable elixir has been found so efficacious when applied to infants, "Well, Mr. Sullen."

"I want some money, Mr. Loosefish," roared the vulgar and unreasonable brute, "and I can't wait no longer for it. Here have we been more than ten months a waiting, and never seen a farthing the blessed time. Come, tip up, now—I'll stand no more nonsense."

I am no coward—far from it; yet, I confess I was panic-struck. To have attempted to give battle to the excited beast would have been useless. I could no more have stood against him, than a small keg could have vied with the Heidelberg tun. Involuntarily seizing my pocket, I produced the sovereign.

"If half of this," I was about to say, "will be of any service," &c.

"I'll have it all," bellowed the miscreant, falling forward and grasping my treasure; "and now, Mr. Loosefish, you're a gentleman—" and he staggered towards the door, "and may stay here a little longer, if you like."

It was but small satisfaction to me to hear the base felon fall, head-over-heels, down stairs. It only accelerated the departure of my entire capital, which was now gone from me for ever.

That night preceded the morning of my departure.—What did the filthy hog mean? Not paid him a farthing for ten

months?—Ridiculous! But I had intended to pay him, which is the same thing, or as near to it as may be.—Oh! the selfishness of mankind.

With a feeling of manly indignation at the meanness of the world, I walked boldly down stairs, and there I paid my respects to the good woman, who, it seemed, had been somewhat assuaged by the plunder of the previous night; and concealing my few articles of wearing-apparel as well as I could, left the house, with a shudder at the means some people adopt of looking after what they call their interests.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

—— Alone with thee! ;

DE MONTFORT.

I had a friend residing in Goswell-street, to whom I straightway bent my steps. Magson was a clerk in the Mint, and took breakfast precisely at eight every morning. I had the length of his coffee-pot, and knew accurately the diameter of his hot rolls. Magson was a very respectable, worthy, good kind of a man; that is to say, he kept his landlady civil, had a tame tailor, never drank more than two glasses of grog, never smoked more than one cigar, and was always in bed by the eleventh hour. Yet Magson had his faults. He was one of those men who would do nothing for you if he knew you wanted it; but if he thought you were “about something,” would lend his assistance readily enough. He would not help a lame dog over the stile, but would obsequiously open the gate for any well-conditioned cur that could exercise its due proportion of legs. He would put no shoulder to the wheel if your waggon were stuck in the mud; but when you had borrowed three pair of fresh horses, and were travelling along the high road in triumph, he would come behind the waggon with his walking-stick, and give it a plaguy hard push—“and no mistake,” as he was wont to say. With this estimable friend I was now taking my morning coffee.

During this refreshing meal, I had full leisure to peruse the index of Magson’s mind, as printed in his face. To this index I added a supplement of good qualities, which my present situation rendered me prone to ascribe to him. But no; I felt it would not do. I saw that I must not reveal to him my forlorn plight. There are some men whom you can never understand. Magson was one of the utterly unintelligible. As he played with his watch-chain ostentatiously, I could have asked him for the loan of ten pounds; when he carefully brushed his hat, with an anxious scrutiny of its minute defects, I felt that a doit would have been denied. But, for what purpose had I come?

Some compromise between ten pounds and a doit must be effected. He was going—he was off to his office.

“By the by, Magson,” said I, with an air of sudden reminiscence, placing my hand upon my pocket as though doubtful of its vacuity. “I find I have come out without any loose silver about me—lend me a few shillings, will you?”

Had I attempted the man’s existence with a breakfast-knife, he could not have been more astounded.

“Loose silver,” he stammered; “I don’t know—I think I have a few shillings: what are you about just now?”

“Oh! many things—very busy, very busy—yes, those five half-crowns will just do—thank ye—I shall be your way again next Wednesday.”

“Well, I shall be happy to see you then,” said the discomfited curmudgeon—“you’re getting on, are you?”

“I believe you I am!” said I, with an important nod; “as much as I can do to get my meals sometimes—so engaged.”

“I am truly glad to hear it,” replied Magson, pressing my hand as though it were a sponge, and we parted at the street-door with mutual expressions of goodwill and regard. Upon my life, the manner of the man compelled me to make a second application to him some time afterwards. There is a great deal in manner. I looked upon him as Dryden’s treasure-seeker did upon a piece of unripe ore which he suddenly turned up.

“I knew he would be gold another day.”

During the afternoon I dropped in accidentally upon my agreeable companion, Skelter. He lived in Paul’s Chain, and was something in Doctors’ Commons. Skelter was a fine, generous fellow, but he never had any money about him, except at quarter-day, and then you must nick the minute, or the chance was hopeless. That was the worst of it—I have several times been subjected to much inconvenience from that circumstance. He enjoyed, however, an enviable degree of credit at the Star, whither, in a twinkling of it, we repaired.

Here I recounted to him my distresses, and vented much moral reprehension of Magson’s meanness of soul, and calculating scepticism of character. He laughed heartily at my distresses, and threw up his eyes at the false prudence of our common friend.

“By the by,” said he, after the second glass, “what a ninny you must be, Loosefish, to take a lodging—a mere paltry lodging in which you can never acquire respect, or exact the attention your station in life demands!”

I started.

“Don’t you see,” he resumed, “you’re perpetually harassed for little trifling miserable sums altogether beneath a gentle-

man's notice? Don't you see how you lower your character in the estimation of the world? Besides, to be obliged to take your meals at coffee-shops and eating-houses—pshaw! you abuse your opportunities strangely, Loosefish."

"Well, but how can I help that?" was a natural question of mine.

"Superadd *board* to your lodging!" cried Skelter in a loud oracular voice.

I had never thought of that before. Very strange! *I had* never dreamed of it before.

"Board!" I exclaimed, "why, Skelter, you astonish me."

"Do I?" said Skelter, stroking his chin with an air of superior knowledge of the world.

"Why, Skelter," and I leaned across the table; "they take breakfast at these places at nine o'clock every morning."

"Precisely so," cried Skelter, rubbing his hair.

"Lunch about one."

Skelter nodded his head. "Go on."

"Dine at five; sometimes fish, and *always* a hot joint on table;" and here I motioned as though carving a leg of mutton.

"I believe you there is," said Skelter, "cut and come again there."

"And tea and supper into the bargain. Oh! Skelter, you're a good fellow—but why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Be quiet," said my friend, "don't agitate yourself. Mark me: In a boarding-house you are an independent man. They dare not give you warning. They haven't the heart to do it. You have eaten and drunk at their table."

"Not yet," said I; "but very soon will do."

"That's right—mind, this is no mere dry lodging, but money out of pocket. Every additional joint fixes you more firmly; and when you have eaten about a hundred legs of mutton, you have created a centipede which they dare not grapple with."

Skelter and I parted at midnight,—he to his own boarding-house (I wanted an introduction, but he said one was enough), and I to any house that might still be open.

As I walked down Fleet-street and turned up Chancery-lane, how I longed, like a full-freighted captain of a merchantman, that I could go on board instantly. I was inwardly resolved, however, to put myself on regular diet the very next day, and in the mean while, a public-house arrested my attention, in which, probably I might secure a bed.

The landlord, as I entered the house, was staring with all his might at a wizened lemon suspended from a hook in a small net; and yawning (for by this strange process he had been endeavouring to stave off slumber) demanded my pleasure.

"Can I have a bed here to-night," I inquired with my accustomed suavity.

"Certainly, sir," replied the host, "if you do not mind sleeping with another gentleman in the room."

"Not in the least. Misery, landlord, makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows, as our great bard says."

"Ah!" said the host, as though he understood something, but did not exactly know what. "Here, Betsy, show this gentleman the room."

"This honest fellow sleeps soundly," thought I, when the girl had retired and left me alone with my companion, "if snoring conduce to slumber, he is fast enough."

I stumbled accidentally against the bed. For this I was sorry at the time, for I would not willingly mar the repose of any human being. The unknown turned himself round with a blaspheming grunt, and I saw his face gradually relapse into quiescent innocuousness.

I saw his face subside, as I have stated, and moved not, for I had no power to move. It was Gripe, the bailiff! My Pentonville persecutor lay before me. "Affable wolf! meek bear!" and his withering digits were harmlessly expanded on the counterpane. Now could I have devised engines for his life, but that my senses presently returning, warned me to provide for my own safety. With the cautious retrogression of a crab, therefore, I left the dreaded sleeper, and forthwith applied the little foolscap of an extinguisher to the candle, which was perhaps the very wisest thing I ever did in my life. Slinking into bed, I lay in horrible suspense. Perhaps he might be dreaming of me, and would arise while I slept, and by some preternatural instinct lay hands upon his quaking victim. Awaking from uneasy repose, I arose about five in the morning, with a sort of *tic douloureux* in my left shoulder, impossible to be described.

The coat of my ruthless companion lay beside me. I took it up and examined the contents of the pockets. Amongst other slips of parchment (I think they term them writs) was one calling upon the sheriff of Middlesex, greeting, to secure me forthwith; stating that I owed 54*l.* 8*s.* to two gentlemen of similar names, and describing me as at present employed in "running up and down my bailwick." This and the other similar documents I destroyed, and dressing myself hastily, took my leave in deep disgust of a man who, hardened by long and debasing custom, had evidently quite forgotten that liberty is not only the birthright but the privilege of Englishmen.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

— Tell me frankly, sir,
Have you found no one yet?—has your heart yet
Nowhere attached itself? FAUSTUS.

It was a highly reputable house which I stopped to reconnoitre. It was in Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road—a place, I believe, only remarkable for its vicinity to the Middlesex hospital, having no historical recollections connected with it to recommend its adoption to the antiquary or the student. But I have no such predilections, being naturally more solicitous about the future for myself, than about the past connected with others. “Board and Lodging.” It had a pleasing look with it, nicely printed, as it was, on a large white card. It reminded me of a tablecloth with the first course just served. It excited hunger.

I knocked and was admitted. Now, let me remark, I think it very strange that women, keeping expensive establishments of this nature, do not exercise more caution. I know that my manners are prepossessing—I am aware that I have been “framed to make women false” to their own interests, but surely, a reference should have been required. I think so. I may, however, be mistaken. Mrs. Moon, the worthy landlady, was pleased to remark that my face was a letter of recommendation, a sentiment in which her truly amiable daughter, Miss Eliza Moon, concurred, and I sat down to dinner, that very afternoon, with an excellent appetite.

Besides myself, there were two other gentlemen to whom my hostess introduced me. Mr. Trotter, an elderly gentleman with powdered hair and benignant expression of face, and a young gentleman, Mr. Cherubini Cox, whose chief personal points consisted of no eyebrows, a set of teeth like split filberts, and a voice, as though he had swallowed the husks.

At night, when the elderly gentleman had borne away his chamber candlestick, Mrs. Moon imparted to me in confidence that her “more than brother” Mr. Trotter was a merchant who had left off business, that he was very wealthy, and lived upon an annuity payable once a year, and had money out in all directions, and that he was like a second father to her girl, and had promised to present her with a marriage portion. Miss Eliza Moon on her part descanted upon the merits of Mr. Cherubini Cox, who had retired into the back parlour. He was so well connected, so very respectable, so amiable, so quiet, so pleasant. He was walking the hospitals, and was passionately fond of music. His instrument was the violoncello; whose tones, by the by, were now rumbling through the keyhole like groans of indisposed malefactors.

These recitals were gratifying to me. I was touched, nay, affected by the generosity of Trotter. I yearned towards Cox, whom I already looked upon as a friend. In return, I opened my heart, and hinted my affairs to this worthy couple. I was unexpectedly detained in London by a lawsuit involving a vast sum. I had foolishly sent on my wardrobe (except a small change of linen) to Paris, where my father, the General, had long resided; and I did not know whether I should not break off the match with Miss Ponsonby. Those wealthy aristocrats always thought so much of themselves. This discourse having made an evident impression, I retired to my very comfortable apartment.

For three weeks all went on smoothly enough; but during the fourth, methought I discovered a slight diminution in the cordiality,—on the fifth, I imagined (I am sensitively alive to such things) a degree of coolness;—and on the sixth, I felt sure that a storm was brewing for me. The wort of my landlady's wrath was already fermenting.

“ The sky was changed, and such a change; oh! night”

was nothing to the pitchy expression on the countenances of my landlady and her daughter. Discontent nestled in their brows, malignity took lodgings in their eyes, distrust and disgust seemed to loom from the very peaks of their noses. What was to be done? I tried Magson for five pounds, but it wouldn't do—it was with the most strange difficulty that I succeeded in securing one, a sum, of course, too paltry to think of tendering even in part payment.

And here I found Skelter's theory imperfect. It is necessary to sacrifice some little specie for the first month or two, in order to secure a footing. I am thoroughly convinced that a man is a gainer by that process in the longrun. It compromises the principle, I grant, but the end justifies the means.

For now, I was fairly at a nonplus—I could not see my way clearly—the board was giving way from under me. I saw I must soon be, like the times of the melancholy Hamlet, “ out of joint.” In vain I started at the knock of the postman—in vain I cursed the dilatoriness of my Parisian Correspondent. How many times did I walk into the city to inquire at the Post Office whether there was not some strange mistake, some keeping back of the letters, some misdirection. How many interviews did I solicit with Sir Francis Freeling upon that very point.

When overcredulous people once begin to suspect, it is astonishing what sceptics they are. When doubt begins, farewell fiction and its uses. They doubted me. The worst construction was put upon my credit: they made a marked distinction between me and Cherubini Cox—there was a wide difference between

their treatment of Trotter and of me. This was ungracious; nay, it was unkind. I particularly remarked that they invariably gave me the knuckle of the leg of mutton—the frost-bitten potato was mine, my tea was not of the first water, and my bed was never half made. How will a senseless idolatry at the shrine of mammon warp the affections and corrupt the heart!—But I pitied and forgave the poor misguided creatures.

Something must be accomplished to re-establish my equality. I am free to confess that I am not partial to the knuckle end; that the potato is a vegetable by no means improved by exposure to the frost; that full-flavoured Hyson is preferable to the last faint twang of Twankay, and that a featherbed is no great shakes unless it be well shaken.

My thoughts alternately ran upon Cherubini Cox, and trotted up to Trotter. The former was fond of music. Good. Music is soothing, and I believe softens the sympathies. But then he was walking the hospitals. His soul was callous, doubtless; he had seen too much of misery to be affected by a recital of pecuniary accidents. He, who could witness unmoved a poor creature's leg taken off, would hardly listen to me if I told him that I had not a leg to stand upon. But Trotter—the benevolent, the exemplary, the kind, the wealthy Trotter! He was the man for my money; or, rather, I was the man for his: I gave Trotter the preference. I would permit him to confer an obligation upon me.

One night I was left alone with the philanthropist. The ladies had gone to a minor theatre with tickets; Cox was rasping away at his violoncello in the back parlour. Trotter was dozing over the fire, with the cat on one knee, and a cotton pocket-handkerchief (he hated Bandanas) on the other. He looked the impersonation of disinterestedness. Ten pounds! It was a trifle.

A cough is no bad introduction to subjects of this nature. I was seized with an opportune fit, which awoke him.

"I am really very rude to fall asleep in your company," said the benevolent creature.

"Not in the least, Mr. Trotter," said I with a polite bow. The time was come. I trembled with agitation.

"Will you excuse, Mr. Trotter," I resumed, "the liberty I am about to take, in asking a very extraordinary favour. My agent, sir, has been culpably remiss—my remittances have not yet come to hand, and that excellent and truly intelligent woman—Mrs. Moon, I mean—is naturally solicitous—excessively so—about my little"—(here I smiled and interposed "pshaw")—"my absurdly small account."

"My dear Mr. Loosefish, how can I serve you?" said my companion, looking about the room with an air of vague surprise.

"Simply and briefly, sir, by the trifling loan of ten pounds—for a very short time."

Trotter fell back in his chair with the most original face ever invented.

"My dear good sir," said he, "this is the most extraordinary application—"

"Peculiar, I admit," said I, slightly chafallen, "but let me hope not offensively bold, or—"

"No—no—I'm not offended; far from it?" cried he, "but then, to make such a request to *me—to me*—"

"Nay, Mr. Trotter," and I smiled seductively, and shook my head—"I have long marked your virtues—your qualities of head and heart—"

I paused, for my friend was cogitating deeply. There was a long silence, only broken by occasional bursts of anguish from the overwrought violoncello, which Cox, seemingly excited to frenzy, was wreaking himself upon in the back parlour.

"Mr. Loosefish," said Trotter, at length, in a tone perfectly novel to my ear—"you are a man of the world—I can see that—so am I.—You have placed confidence in me—it shall not be broken. Can you be secret?"

I bowed.

"You want ten pounds," continued Trotter, lowering his voice, and pushing his finger towards the door of the back parlour; "you have been living here upon speculation—without any certain means, eh? Come, confess it."

"Sir!" cried I with becoming indignation, "do not presume—"

"I know you have," said Trotter; "a word in your ear:—*so have I.*"

It was now my turn to fall back in my chair, while Trotter indulged in a series of regularly measured winks.

"Good Heavens! Trotter, you astonish me; you must be joking!"

"A fact," said the wealthy old gentleman.

"Why, you've been living here six months!"

"More," said Trotter; "and the deuce a farthing have I paid. But a certain person will very soon be Mrs. Trotter."

I could have hugged to my bosom the ingenious, but I fear I must call him, the unprincipled old gentleman.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said he. "You mustn't stay here; you'll disconcert my plan—they'll, perhaps, suspect me. I'll guarantee the debt you owe them. I'll take it upon myself, and when I'm married you shall have twenty pounds. But, lord! a young fellow like you need never want money. Were you ever in love?"

"I have felt that passion, Trotter; but marriage—"

"The thing I mean," said he. "Have you ever thought about it?"

"Why, no," said I, "not so deeply, perhaps—"

"As its importance demands," interrupted Trotter, "only think; a rich widow, with freeholds, or long leases; or a soft spinster with hard cash as a set-off."

"Not to be had, old fellow, not to be had."

"Ay, but to be imagined, young fellow. Here's a secret for you that, if you have any friends, shall melt them; that will thaw the most Hyperborean tailor; that will provide furniture, lease, fixtures, every thing. *Say* you are going to be married."

"Say you're going to be married!" It had a plausible and pleasing degree of fiction to recommend it.

"Try it short," said Trotter. "Going to be married," and he repeated the golden sentence as though parading it for my inspection.

"Going to be married!" it was still better. "Trotter," cried I, and I took up my candle, "it will do."—Good night, God bless you!"

How unaccountable that I never should have hit upon it! Why, my uncle in the country, whom I had given up in despair, must come down upon so special a plea. It was worth a cool hundred or two at least. Even Magson would be practicable after this. "Going to be married!" I slept upon it.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

SHAKESPEARE.

I tried the new invention upon a tailor in Oxford-street the very next morning. It succeeded to admiration, and within a week I was in a situation to take leave of Mrs. and Miss Moon and the two gentlemen, in a suit of superfine Saxony that might have defied the criticism of a Brummel.

"To you, dear madam," said I, addressing my kind hostess, while a tear worked its passage into my eye; "to you I feel that I shall be eternally indebted." And here I think I may take credit to myself for the utterance of strict and open truth. "But to Mr. Trotter," I continued, "I acknowledge myself under an obligation which can never be effaced."

"He is indeed a kind soul," cried Mrs. Moon, turning a soft eye upon the counterfeit Cræsus, who bowed deprecatingly. "Every thing has been satisfactorily arranged, Mr. Loosefish;

we shall be happy to see you whenever you pass our way. Good bye.—Farewell.”

Amid heartfelt valedictions of this nature, I withdrew.

The talismanic influence of this small sentence, “Going to be married,” comprising as it does, only four words, was altogether beyond my fondest hopes. I gave credit to Trotter for the discovery, and others gave me credit for the application. I actually got Magson to accept a bill for me for twenty-five pounds on the strength of it, which, with the assistance of Skelter, I got discounted, as they call it: that is to say (such is the sickening selfishness of man) after deducting five pounds for commission, the agent compelled me to take a hundred bottles of blacking, forty-five pipkins, a gross of door-mats, and a ton of glue, handing me over a paltry balance containing three bad halfcrowns, two pocketpieces, and a light sovereign.

I was fain, however, to content myself, and disposed of my incongruous merchandise at a tremendous sacrifice—passed the bad halfcrowns with a sottish vintner—“lightly come, lightly go,” exchanged the light sovereign for twenty shillings; and generously gave the pocketpieces to the poor.

But a man can't be going to be married for ever. A bride must be forthcoming; there must be some producible person—some feasible female. The world goes round, and the world's affairs won't always square. Some of my creditors became impertinently importunate. They wished to know to whom I was espoused—when the hymeneal altar would be lighted for me—when the honeymoon would rise. In vain I rung the changes upon Trotter—his immense fortune, and his only child. Some hinted their belief that Trotter was a phantom, and his daughter a fetch. Some, when I mentioned Trotter, said something touching one “Walker,” whilst others cried “All a hum,”—“A regular do,”—“A swindling transaction,” and the like. In a word, it is impossible to describe the base, the cruel insults to which I was subjected.

And now Magson's bill was falling due. The days of grace had commenced; the day after to-morrow, and presentation must ensue. Sooth to say, it was hardly convenient to me to meet this bill; the alternative, therefore, must be to run away from it. How did I curse the foolish delicacy that had withheld me from writing to my uncle Grindley, explaining my connubial intentions, and soliciting fifty pounds to enable me to carry into effect that desirable arrangement. I had felt, however, that an abrupt intimation of that nature might prove fatal to my cousin Ellen, whose love for me was altogether of a romantic character. Magson, then, must be once more applied to. I must raise ten pounds under pretence of taking up the bill, and then start into the country, and rely upon splendid eloquence,

embellished by the most persuasive, and, if necessary, pathetic diction. Some affected purists would, I know, condemn this step as rash and unadvised ; I can only say that it is frequently resorted to by persons of the highest respectability.

The very first thing on the following morning, I found myself at Magson's door. As I entered, the odour of coffee was pleasingly fragrant, and the girl was just bringing in the hot rolls.

"Magson," said I, shaking him heartily by the hand, "I am come to breakfast with you ; your bill falls due to-morrow. I can't wait half an hour—must conduct Charlotte to the morning concert—we're to be married, you dog, on Tuesday next."

"Well, that is *most* extraordinary," said Magson ; "the very day on which I am to be married."

"You—you going to be married !" And I gazed at the old-fashioned juvenile with astonishment. "Well, but let me tell you. Ten pounds ——"

"Two years ago," interrupted Magson, making an arch in the centre piece of a hot roll, "I went into the country on a month's leave. There I met a young lady and her excellent parent, with whom I became acquainted. I renewed the intimacy last year, when I paid my addresses to the young lady, which were rejected. But this year, on renewing my proposals, the old gentleman gave his consent, stating that he believed his daughter's objection to me had been weakened, an attachment she had formerly conceived for some worthless spendthrift of a nephew of his, having subsided."

"Well, my dear fellow, I give you joy," said I, not paying much attention to this narrative ; "but touching business : I want you to lend me ten pounds for a day or two, to enable me to meet your bill. I must not appear to want money, you know, until I get my wife's property."

"Impossible, Loosefish, impossible !" cried Magson, setting down his coffee-cup. "Didn't you tell me that the bill should be taken up ? It *must* be taken up. Your father-in-law, Mr. ——"

"Trotter," said I.

"Mr. Trotter will lend you fifty pounds instantly." (Poor, short-sighted wretch, how little he knew Trotter !)

"Besides," he continued, "I want every farthing I can lay my hands upon at this moment. I must cut a dash for a month or two. I told the old fellow I had six hundred a-year in the Mint, and, you know, I only get a hundred and fifty. The girl has lots."

Here was a sordid villain ! At that moment I could have drugged his coffee with hellebore. "And so you won't lend me the ten pounds ? Very well, Mr. Magson."

"I can't," he replied; "and I wish you'd be off now. I expect my wife that is to be, and her father, every instant. Oh! here they are. Now, go, that's a good fellow."

Urged by curiosity, I approached the window. "Ha! can it be?" cried I, in an ecstasy.

"Can it be?—It is," said Magson.

"My uncle and cousin," I rejoined; and rushing to the street-door, which I opened, I flung myself into the arms of the old gentleman, embraced my cousin with that warmth which is my chief and most amiable characteristic, and drew them into the parlour.

Magson's face, as we entered, assumed the sourness of small beer with which thunder has been making too free. "Very strange!" said he; "a most extraordinary coincidence."

"Very," replied the old gentleman, wiping his forehead.

"So, then, nephew, you know Mr. Magson?"

"He *was* a friend," said I, with bitterness, "but now—oh! uncle—well, how have you been?" And I drew my chair towards my relatives, and entered into an interesting conversation.

"Loosefish, a word with you for one moment," cried Magson, with an air of chagrin. I approached him.

"Now, can't you be off," said he, appealing to me; "you see you are not wanted; you can meet your friends some other time."

I turned away from him in disgust. "Oh! my dear uncle," said I, with emotion, "what a viper you were about to take to your bosom! Oh! my beloved cousin, how nearly were you sacrificed! What do you think that monster gets per annum at the Mint?"

"Six hundred on the rise," said Grindley.

"One hundred and fifty, and the salaries are about to be reduced; and to my certain knowledge his mother keeps a cake-shop in futile opposition to the Chelsea bun-house."

Magson held down his head in utter confusion, while the head of my revered uncle appeared to be twisting round on a pivot with inconceivable rapidity, so instantaneously did his eyes glare upon every article in the room.

"Let us retire from the odious wretch!" said Ellen with a thrill of horror.

"Nay, hear me," cried the crest-fallen culprit. "It is true I have been guilty of duplicity, but let me plead my love for—"

I generously rushed between Magson and the incensed parent, and caught the descending walking-stick ere it clave open the skull of the former.

"Leave him to his conscience," said I with dignity, and I drew my cousin's arm between my own. "Adieu, sir!" and we marched in triumph from the forlorn villain.

We walked a considerable distance, unconscious of the direction we were taking; the old gentleman practising immense strides in front, and my cousin and I exchanging explanations and confessions of mutual love.

"By the by, uncle," said I, suddenly stopping, "this is not the way to your inn, is it? I must accompany you there."

"No, no, you shan't," cried Grindley, "we will go home with you to-day. I will have it so. You have laid me under an obligation I shall never forget. You shan't repent it. Where do you live?"

Just reconciled to my uncle, and entitled to expect some return at his hands, I put it to the candid reader whether, lover of truth in general as I am, I was not justified in withholding from Grindley the fact that I was then occupying an attic in Rose and Crown-court, Borough-market?

"Why," said I, "my health has obliged me to take furnished apartments in the New Road; but that's a great distance."

"Distance!" cried the too topographical Grindley; "why here we are in the New Road—you must be mad, nephew!"

I was nearly so at this disastrous circumstance. "Ay, we shall soon be there now," said I wofully, and the old gentleman stepped out with increased vigour.

"Where the devil *do* you live, boy?" cried he at length; and he threw open his coat and gave his bald pate the benefit of fresh air.

"Oh, here we are now—I see," I remarked, summoning resolution from despair, and leading the way through a small fore-court to a house, in the parlour window of which "Furnished Apartments" were visible.

"Step up stairs into the first floor," said I, as the door opened, "I will be with you instantly. My dear madam," and I drew the landlady into the parlour,—“will you permit us to occupy your first-floor room for an hour or two? A friend of mine from the country, very tired, hates taverns, member of the temperance society—eh?”

"Certainly, sir," said the landlady to this disjointed application.

"You're a good woman," cried I, in a transport, "here, pray accept this five-shilling piece, and I wish with this other one, you'd send out for a bottle of wine, and bring it up with three glasses; will you?"

Making a funny face, to propitiate the good lady, I hastened up stairs.

"Well, my dear nephew, and how are you getting on," kindly inquired my uncle.

"Why, tolerably, sir, only tolerably—want of capital debars me from taking advantage of many opportunities."

"Well, but nephew, satisfy me that you can do good with it,



and you shall not want money; besides, there was an attachment between you and my girl here, and if you will but be commonly prudent, you may still win her."

"I am prudent enough *now*," said I with a deep sigh. "Ah! those follies of my youth, how I detest them! I will have none of them now."

"What! no dissipation?" cried Grindley.

"None."

"No drinking?"

"Mention it not—it makes me ill to think of—"

Here the goodnatured hostess entered with the bottle of wine.

"For you," said I, laying my hand on Grindley's arm, "I myself can't touch it."

"No debts?" pursued the interested querist.

"Not a farthing in the world. I paid them off to the uttermost penny long ago; but the good lady of the house wishes to speak to me—what is it, Madam?"

"Pray, sir, is your name Loosefish?" said the woman.

"Of course it is; ha! ha!" and I turned to Grindley; "she's fond of a joke." I marvelled how she could learn my name.

"A gentleman below will insist upon seeing you."

"Oh! that Magson has been dogging our steps. Shall I go and kick him down stairs?"

I had just turned for that purpose, when a fearful apparition made itself manifest. Taking off his hat, smoothing his straight hair over his forehead, and making a strange bow, Gripe the bailiff stood before me!

In great emergencies what strange expedients present themselves.

"Ah! Gripe, is that you?" said I, winking and nodding; "glad to see you; let me introduce you to my uncle and cousin."

"Come, none o' that ere nonsense," cried the savage, lifting his cudgel under his arm, and producing the slip, which he gave to me in return for the slip I had heretofore given him. "I arrest this ere gemman,—Mr. Loosefish,—and so don't you, sir, and don't you, marm, be bamboozled by none o' his stories. Why, he's the slipperiest cove as is."

Let me draw a long black veil over the degrading scene that followed. Suffice it to say, my uncle booked inside places for two in that night's mail, and Gripe, at the same time, booked an inside place for one in the King's Bench.

I am there at this moment, preparing what is technically called a schedule, in order that I may take advantage of a benevolent act, intended for those whose means are in an inverse ratio to their debts.—PANURGZ.

TALE OF A CHEMIST.

I WAS born in the Semlainogorod of Moscow, and for ten years applied intensely to chemistry. I confess the failure of many eminent predecessors prevented my attempting the philosopher's stone; my whole thoughts were engaged on the contemplation of gravity—on that mysterious invisible agent that pervaded the whole universe—which made my pen drop from my fingers, the planets move round the sun, and the very sun itself, with its planets, moon, and satellites, revolve for ever, with myriads of others, round the final centre of universal gravity—that mysterious spot, perhaps the residence of those particular emanations of Providence which regard created beings. At length I discovered the actual ingredients of this omnipresent agent. It is little more than a combination of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and azote; but the proportions of these constituent parts had long baffled me, and I still withhold them from my species for obvious reasons.

Knowledge is power,—and the next easy step from the discovery of the elements, was the decomposition of gravity, and the neutralization of its parts in any substance at my pleasure. I was more like a lunatic than a rational chemist: a burning furor drove me to an immediate essay of my art, and stripped me of the power and will to calculate on consequences. Imagine me in my laboratory. I constructed a gravitation-pump, applied it to my body, turned the awful engine, and stood in an instant, the first of all created beings—devoid of weight! Up sprung my hair, my arms swung from my sides above the level of my shoulders, by the involuntary action of the muscles, which were no longer curbed by the reaction of their weight. I laughed like a fool or a fiend, closed my arms carefully to my sides, compressed or concealed my bristling hair under my cap, and walked forth from my study to seek some retired spot in the city where I might make instant experiment of a jump. With the greatest difficulty I preserved a decent gait; I walked with the uneasy unsteady motion of a man in water, whose toes might barely touch the bottom: conscious as I was of my security, I felt every instant apprehensive of a fall. Nothing could have reconciled me to the disagreeable sensation I experienced but the anticipation of vaulting unfettered into the air. I stood behind the Cathedral of the Seven Towers; nobody was near—I looked hurriedly around, and made the spring! I rose with a slow uniform motion: but, gracious Heaven! imagine my horror

and distress when I found that nothing but the mere resistance of the air opposed my progress ; and when at last it stopped my flight, I found myself many hundred feet above the city, motionless, and destitute of every means of descent. I tore my hair, and cursed myself for overlooking so obvious a result. My screams drew thousands to the singular sight. I stretched my arms towards the earth, and implored assistance. Poor fool ! I knew it was impracticable.

But conceive the astonishment of the people ! I was too high to be personally known : they called to me, and I answered ; but they were unable to catch the import, for sound, like myself, rises better than it falls. I heard myself called an angel, a ghost, a dragon, a unicorn, and a devil. I saw a procession of priests come under me to exorcise me : but, had Satan himself been free of gravity, he had been as unable to descend at their bidding as myself. At length the fickle mob began to jeer me—the boys threw stones at me ; and a clever marksman actually struck me on the side with a bullet ; it was too high to penetrate—it merely gave me considerable pain, drove me a few feet higher, and fell again to the ground. Alas ! I thought, would to God it had pierced me ! for even the weight of that little ball would have dragged me back to earth. At length the shades of evening hid the city from my sight ; the murmur of the crowd gradually died away, and there I still was, cold, terrified, and motionless—nearer to heaven than such a fool could merit to rise again. What was to be the end of this ! I must starve and be stared at ! I poured out a torrent of incoherent prayers to Heaven ; but Heaven seemed as deaf as I deserved.

Imagine my joy when a breeze sprung up, and I felt myself floating in darkness over the town : but even now new horrors seized me. I might be driven downward into the Moskwa and drowned ; I might be dashed against the cathedral and crushed. Just as I thought on this, my head struck violently against the great bell of Boris Gadunuff : the blow, and the deep intonation of the bell, deprived me for some minutes of life and recollection. When I revived, I found I was lying gently pressed by the breeze against the balustrades. I pulled myself carefully along the church, pushed myself down the last column, and ran as straight as my light substance would permit me to my house. With far greater joy than when I had been disrobed of it, I speedily applied a proper condensation of gravity to my body, fell on my knees to thank Heaven for my deliverance, and slunk into bed, thoroughly ashamed of my day's performance. The next day, to escape suspicion, I joined the reassembled crowd, looked upward as seriously as the rest, gazed about for yesterday's phenomenon, and I dare say was the only one who felt no disappointment in its disappearance.

Any one would imagine that after this trial, I should have burnt my pump, and left gravity to its own operations. But no : I felt I was reserved for great things ; such a discovery was no every-day occurrence, and I would work up every energy of my soul rather than relinquish this most singular, though frightful, field of experiment.

I was too cautious to deprive myself again entirely of gravity. In fact, in my late experiment, as in others, when I talked of extracting my gravity *entirely*, I meant just enough to leave me of the same weight as the atmosphere. Had I been lighter than this, I should have risen involuntarily upward, like an air-bubble in a bucket. Even as it was, I found myself inclined to rise and fall with every variation of the atmosphere ; and I had serious thoughts of offering myself to the university as a barometer, that, by a moderate salary, I might pass the remainder of my days in tranquillity and honour. My object now was merely to render myself as light as occasion required : besides, I found that by continual contact with the earth and atmosphere, I always imbibed gradually a certain portion of weight, though by extremely slow and imperceptible degrees ; for the constituent parts of gravity, which I have mentioned, enter largely, as every chemist knows, into the composition of all earths and airs : thus, in my late essay, I should certainly eventually have descended to earth without the intervention of the breeze ; indeed, I should probably have been starved first, though my body would have at last sunk down for the gratification of my friends.

Three furred coats and a pair of skaits I gained by leaping at fairs in the Sloboda, and subsistence for three weeks by my inimitable performance on the tight-rope ; but when, at last, I stood barefoot on a single needle, and balanced myself head downward on a bodkin, all Moscow rung with applause. But the great object of all my earthly hopes was to obtain the affections of a young widow in the Kremlin, whose heart I hoped to move by the unrivalled effects of my despair. I jumped headforemost from a chair on the hard floor ; twice I sprang into a well ; and once I actually threw myself from the highest spire in Moscow. I always lay senseless after my falls, screamed at my revival, and counterfeited severe contusions ; but in vain ! I found my person or pretensions disagreeable to her, and determined in some great pursuit to forget my disappointment. A thought struck me : I knew that mortal man had conceived nothing so sublime, and yet it was in my power ! I prepared a large tube, and bound myself round with vast bales of provisions, which, with myself, I severally divested of gravity. It was a bright moonlight night. I stood in my garden, with a weightless watch in my hand, gazing on the heavens through the

tube. I am confident there was in my face the intrepid air of one who, on great occasions, can subdue the little feelings of the heart. I had resolved on visiting the planet Venus, and had prudently waited till she was in that part of her orbit which was most distant from the sun and nearest to the earth; the first of which might enable me to endure the heat of her atmosphere, and the latter to subsist on the stock of provisions I could conveniently carry. In fact, I had no doubt but that, owing to the extreme cold of a great part of the journey, the evaporations from the pores of my body would be little or nothing, and I could, consequently, subsist on a trifling meal. I had arranged some elastic rods of steel, to project me with considerable velocity along the tube, the moment the planet should face it: and by simple multiplication I was enabled, from the given velocity of projection, and the known distance of the planet, to compute to a day the period of my arrival there. In fact, I took double provision, partly from overabundant precaution, and partly to support me on an immediate return, in case I found the heat oppressive. The moment approached—arrived! The planet stood shining on me down the tube. I looked wildly round me for a last farewell, and was on the point of loosing the springs, when a horrid doubt flashed on me. United saints of Constantinople! Should a light breeze move me from the line of projection, ay, even a single inch, I should shoot past the planet, fly off into immeasurable space and darkness from eternity, while raving along cold, uncomfortable chaos, or plunge headlong into the sun itself! A moment more, and I had been lost. I stood fixed like a statue, with distended lips, gazing on the frightful planet; my eyes swam round; my ears rung with hideous sounds; all my limbs were paralyzed; I shrieked wildly, fainted, and should have sunk to earth, had I not been utterly devoid of weight. But, lifeless as my body stood, my thoughts still teemed with the frightful horrors I had escaped: my phrensy bore me on my voyage, and to this day the recollections of my delirium are fresh on my mind. Methought I was on the very journey I had meditated;—already the earth had faded to a twinkling speck, and Venus, with an expanded disk, lay glittering before me. Unhappy being! I had committed blunder on blunder. I had forgot the motion of the planet itself, and the effects of refraction, and the aberration of light, and I saw, at the distance of many hundred miles, that I should exactly miss her. It was even so. Imagine the horrors of my dream, when, after a bitter journey of twenty-three millions of miles, I exactly missed her by a foot. Had there been a tree, a bush, or a large stone, I might have saved myself. I strained my powerless fingers at the planet in vain;—I skimmed along the surface rapidly, and at length found myself

as swiftly leaving it on one side as I had approached it on the other. And then I fancied I was rushing quickly towards the sun, and, in an approach of some years, suffered as many years the horrid anticipation of approaching combustion. Well, I thought I passed safely and unscathed by the sun, and launched past him into infinite darkness, except where a stray comet, carrying fuel to the sun, flashed a few years' glitter on my path. Sometimes, in the utter silence of this boundless solitude, some large, unseen body would whiz by me with a rushing whirl, rolling in its orbit even here, beyond the reach of light, yet still obeying the universal laws of gravitation. Alas, how I envied that mass its gravity! And then I heard strange sounds, the hisses of snakes and the shrieks of evil spirits, but saw nothing. Sometimes I felt my body pierced, and bruised, and blown about by the winds, and heard my name screamed out at intervals in the waste; and then all would pass away, and leave me still shooting silently on in the same black, hopeless, everlasting track.

After this my phrensy turned, and methought I stood even on the surface of the planet Venus. The ground, if ground it was, seemed nothing but colour: I stooped to touch it—my hand passed unresisted through the surface. There was a perpetual undulation on its face, not of substance, but of colour; every hue I had seen was there; but all were light, and pale, and fleeting; blue faded into violet, violet into the lightest green, green into gentle silver, in perpetual and quick succession. I looked round for the inhabitants of this strange place: methought they too were colours. I saw innumerable forms of bright hues moving to and fro; they had neither shape nor substance, but their outline was in perpetual change, now swelling to a circle, sinking to an oval, and passing through every variety of curve; emitting the most glittering coruscations, and assuming every diversity of tint. But all these forms were of the brightest and most powerful colours, in opposition to the pale surface along which they floated. But there was order in their motions, and I could discover they were rational beings, holding intercourse by faculties we neither have nor can conceive; for, at one time I saw a number collect about a pale feeble light, whose coruscations grew less frequent, and the vividness of its colours faded. At last it seemed to die away, and to melt into the surface of the planet, from very sameness of colour; and then the forms that stood about were for some time feeble and agitated, and at last dispersed. This, I thought, is the death of an inhabitant of the planet Venus. I watched two bright colours that seemed to dance about each other, which floated in the most winning curves, and sparkled as they passed. Sometimes they almost met, drew back, and again approached. At the end, in

a shower of light, they swam together, and were blended into one for ever. There is love here, I thought, even in this unsubstantial clime. A little after I saw vast troops of hues collect and flash violently; but their flashes were not the soft gentle colours I had just seen, but sharp and dazzling, like forked lightning. Vast quantities faded into nothing, and there remained but a few on the spot, brighter, indeed, than they had arrived: but I thought these few brilliant shapes a poor compensation for the numbers that had perished. Even in the planet Venus, I said, there is death, and love, and war; and those, among beings impalpable, and destitute of our earthly frailties. What a lesson of humility I read! I passed my hand through many of these forms—there was no resistance, no sense of touch; I shouted, but no sound ensued: my presence was evidently unnoticed—there existed not the earthly sense of sight. And yet, I thought, how we creatures of earth reason on God's motives, as if he were endued with faculties like our own; while we even differ from these created phantoms of a sister world, as much perhaps as they from the tenants of Jupiter, and far more from the creatures of other systems. But there was still one thing common to us all. All these bright beings floated close to the surface; and it was evident that, to keep the restless beings of creation to their respective worlds, a general law was necessary. Great Newton! Neither touch, nor taste, nor sight, nor sound, are universal; but gravity is for ever. I alone am the only wretched being whom a feverish curiosity has peeled off this general garb, and rendered more truly unsubstantial than the thin sliding hues I gazed on.

After some time, I fancied my own native planet was shining above me. I sprung frantically upward; but many a dreary century passed by before I approached near enough to distinguish the objects on its surface. Miserable being! I was again out of the proper line, and I should have passed once more into boundless darkness, had I not, in passing along the earth's surface, imbibed a small portion of gravity—not indeed sufficient to draw me to it, but strong enough to curve my line of flight, and make me revolve round earth like a moon, in a regular elliptic orbit. This was, perhaps, the most wretched of the phantasies of my brain: in continual sight of my native land, without the chance of approaching it by a foot! There I was, rolling in as permanent and involuntary an orbit as any planet in the heavens, with my line of nodes, syzygy, quadratures, and planetary inequalities.

But the worst of it was, I had imbibed, with that small portion of gravity, a slight share of those terrestrial infirmities I had hitherto felt free from. I became hungry; and my hunger, though by the slowest degrees, continually increased, and, at

the end of some years, I felt as if reduced to the most emaciated state. My soul felt gradually issuing from my tortured body; and at last, by one of the strange inconsistencies of dreams, I seemed in contemplation of myself. I saw my lifeless body whirling round its primary, its limbs sometimes frozen into ghastly stiffness, sometimes dissolved by equinoctial heat, and swinging in the wide expanse. I knew not if it sprung from the pride inherent in all created beings, but this contemplation of the ultimate state of degradation of my poor form, gave me greater distress than any part of my phrensied wanderings. Its extreme acuteness brought me to myself. I was still standing in my garden, but it was daylight, and my friends stood looking on my upright, though fainting form, almost afraid to approach me. I was disengaged from my tubs and sacks, and carried to bed. But it did not escape the notice of the bystanders that I was destitute of weight; and although I took care to show myself publicly with a proper gravity, even with an additional stone weight, strange stories and whispers went forth about me; and when my feats of agility, and frightful, though not fatal, falls were recollected, it became generally believed that I had either sold myself to the devil, or was, myself, that celebrated individual.

I now began to prepare myself for immediate escape, in case I should be legally prosecuted. I had hitherto been unable, when suspended in the air, to lower myself at pleasure; for I was unable to make my pump act upon itself; and therefore, when I endeavoured to take it with me, its own weight always prevented my making any considerable rise. I have since recollected indeed, that had I made two pumps, and extracted the weight from one by means of the other, I might have carried the light one up with me, and filled myself, by its means, with gravity, when I wished to descend. However, this plan, as I said, having escaped my reflection, I set painfully about devising some means of carrying about gravity with me in a neutralized state, and giving it operation and energy when it should suit my convenience. After long labour, and expensive experiments, I hit upon the following simple method.

You will readily imagine that this subtle fluid, call it gravitation, or weight, or attraction, or what you will, pervading, as it does, every body in nature, palpable and invisible, would occupy an extremely small space when packed in its pure and unmixed state. I found, after decomposing it, that besides the gases I mentioned before, there always remained a slight residuum, incombustible and insoluble. This was evidently a pure element, which I have called by a termination, common among chemists, "gravium." When I admitted to it the other gases, except the azote, of the atmosphere, it assumed a creamy con-

sistence, which might be called "essential oil of gravitation;" and finally, when it was placed in contact with the atmosphere, it imbibed azote rapidly, became immediately invisible, and formed pure weight. I procured a very small elastic Indian-rubber bottle, into which I infused as much oil of gravity as I could extract from myself, carefully closed it, and squeezed it flat; and I found that by placing over the orifice an extremely fine gauze, and admitting the atmosphere through it (like the celebrated English "Davy lamp"), as the bottle opened by its own elasticity, the oil became weight; and when I squeezed it again the azote receded through the gauze, and left the weightless oil. Thank Heaven! I was now in possession of the ultimatum of my inquiries—the means of jumping into the air without any weight, and the power of assuming it when I wished to descend. As I feared, I was indicted as a sorcerer, and condemned to be hung. I concealed my bottle under my arm, ascended the scaffold, avowed my innocence, and was turned off. I counterfeited violent convulsions, but was careful to retain just weight enough to keep the rope tight. In the evening, when the populace had retired, I gently extricated my neck, walked home, and prepared to leave my country. At Petersburg I heard that Captain Khark, of Voronez, was about to sail to India to bombard a British fortress. I demanded an interview. "Sir," said I, "I am an unhappy man, whose misfortunes have compelled him to renounce his country. I am in possession of an art by which I can give you accurate intelligence of every thing going on in the fortress you are about to attack; and I offer you my services, provided you will give me a passage, and keep my secret." I saw by his countenance he considered me an impostor. "Sir," I said, "promise me secrecy, and you shall behold a specimen of my art." He assented. I squeezed the little bottle under my arm, sprung upward, and played along the ceiling, to his great amazement. He was a man of honour, and kept his promise; and in six months we arrived off the coast of Coromandel. Here I made one of the greatest mistakes in my life. I had frequently practised my art during the first part of the voyage for the amusement of the sailors; and instead of carrying my gravity-bottle with me, I used to divest myself of just sufficient gravity to leap mast-high, and descend gently on the deck, and by habit I knew the exact quantity that was requisite in northern climes. But when I ascended to view the fortress near the equator, I found too late that I had extracted far too much, and for this reason: if you hold an orange at its head and stalk, by the forefinger and thumb, and spin it with velocity, you will see that small bodies would be thrown with rapidity from those parts which lie midway between the finger and thumb, while those that are nearer are far less

affected by the rotatory motion. It was just so with me. I had been used to descend in the northern climates with a very slight weight; but I now found that in the equatorial regions I was thrown upward with considerable strength. A strong breeze was blowing: I was borne rapidly away from the astonished crew, passed over the fortress, narrowly escaped being shot, and found myself passing in this manner over the whole extent of India.

Habit had entirely divested me of fear, and I experienced the most exquisite delight in viewing that fine country spread out like a map beneath me. I recognised the scenes of historical interest. *There* rolled the Hydaspes, by the very spot where Porus met Alexander. *There* lay the track of Mahmoud the great Gaznevido. I left the beautiful Kashmir on the right. I passed over the head-quarters of Persia in her different ages—Hera, Ispahan, Kamodan. Then came Arbela on the right, where a nation, long cooped up in a country scarce larger than Candia, had overthrown the children of the great Cyrus, and crushed a dynasty whose sway reached uninterrupted for 2000 miles. I saw the tomb of Gordian, on the extreme frontier of his empire—a noble spot for the head of a nation of warriors. I skimmed along the plain where Crassus and Galerius, at the interval of three hundred years, had learnt on the same unhappy field that Rome could bleed. A stormy puff from the Levant whirled me to the northward, and dropped me at length on a ridge of Mount Caucasus, fatigued and hungry. I assuaged my hunger with mountain mosses, and slept a few hours as well as the extreme cold would permit me. On waking, the hopelessness of my situation distressed me much. After passing over so many hot countries, where the exhalations from the earth had enabled my body to imbibe gravitation more rapidly than usual, I had gradually moved northward, where the centrifugal force of the earth had much decreased. From these two causes, and in this wild country, without the means of chemically assisting myself, I now found my body too light to trust again to the winds,—intrenched as I was, between the Black Sea and the Caspian, but without weight to give firmness to my step; without the lightness of a fowl, I had all its awkward weakness in water. The savage nations cast lots for me, and I became a slave. My strange lightness was a source of mirth to all—even to my fellow-servants; and I found, by experience, how little weight a man bears in society who has lost his gravity. When I attempted to dig, I rose without effect on my spade. Sometimes, when I bore a load of wood on my shoulders, it felt so topheavy, that, upon the slightest wind, I was sure to tumble over, and then I was chastised; my mistress one day hoisted me three miles by a single well-directed kick. But, however powerless against

lateral pressure, it was observed with amaze how easily I raised the vast weight under which the most powerful men in the country sunk; for, in fact, my legs being formed to the usual capabilities of mankind, had now little or no weight of body to support. I was therefore enabled to carry ten or twelve stone in addition to a common burden. It was this strength that enabled me to throw several feet from the earth a native who had attacked me. He was stunned by the fall; but, on rising, with one blow he drove me a hundred yards before him. I took to my heels, determined, if possible, to escape this wretched life. The country was on foot to pursue me, for I had doubly deserved death—I had bruised a freeman, and was a fugitive slave; but, notwithstanding the incredible agility of these people in their native crags, their exact knowledge of the clefts in the hills, the only passes between the eternal snows, and my own ignorance, I utterly baffled their pursuit, by my want of weight and the energy which despair supplied me. Sometimes, when they pressed hardest on me, I would leap up a perpendicular crag, twenty feet high, or drop down a hundred. I bent my steps towards the Black Sea, determined, if I could reach the coast, to seek a passage to some port in Cathanoslaw, and retire where I might pass the remainder of my life, under a feigned name, with at least the satisfaction of dying in the dominions of my legitimate sovereign, Alexander.

Exhausted and emaciated, I arrived at a straggling village, the site of the ancient Pityus. This was the last boundary of the Roman power on the Euxine, and to this wretched place state exiles were frequently doomed. The name became proverbial, and, I understand, has been so far adopted by the English, that the word "Pityus" is, to this day, most adapted to the lips of the banished. In a small vessel we sailed for Azof; but when we came off the straits of Caffa, where the waters of the Don are poured into the Euxine, a strong current drove us on a rock, and in a fresh gale the ship went speedily to pieces. I gave myself up for lost, and heard the crew, one after the other, gurgle in the waves, and scream their last, while I lay struggling and buffeting for life. But, after the first struggle for existence, I found I had exhausted myself uselessly, for my specific gravity being so trifling, I was enabled to lie on the surface of the billows without any exertion, and even to sit upon the wave as securely as on a couch. I loosened my neck-cloth, and, spreading it wide with my hands and teeth, I trusted myself to the same winds that had so often pelted me at their mercy, and always spared me. In this way I traversed the Euxine. I fed on the scraps that floated on the surface—sometimes dead fish, and once or twice on some inquisitive stragglers whose curiosity brought them from the deep to contemplate the

strange sail. Two days I floated in misery, and a sleepless night: by night I dared not close my eyes, for fear of falling backward; and by day I frequently passed objects that filled me with despair, fragments of wrecks; and then I looked on my own sorry craft. Once I struck my foot against a drowned sailor, and it put me in mind of myself. At last I landed safe on the beach, between Odessa and Otchacow, traversed the Ukraine, and, by selling the little curiosities I had picked up on my voyage, I have purchased permission to reside for the rest of my days, unknown and unseen, in a large forest near Minst. Here, within the gray crumbling walls of a castle, that fell with the independence of this unhappy country, I await my end. I have left little to regret at my native Moscow, neither friends, nor reputation, nor lawful life; and I had failed in a love which was dearer to me than reputation—than life, than gravity itself. I have established an apparatus, on improved principles, to operate on gravity; and I am employed, day and night, for the benefit, not more of the present generation, than of all mankind that are to come. In fact, I am laboriously and unceasingly extracting the gravitation from the earth, in order to bring it nearer the sun; and though, by thus diminishing the earth's orbit, I fear I shall confuse the astronomical tables and calculations, I am confident I shall improve the temperature of the globe. How far I have succeeded may be guessed from the recent errors in the almanacs about the eclipses, and from the late mild winters.

KNIGHT'S QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

THE LANDLORD OF ROYSTON.

(ORIGINAL.)

ABOUT the year 1668, the George and Dragon, at Royston, was kept by a person of the name of Stephen Burrough; and from Northallerton to London there was not an inn that afforded better fare or more comfortable accommodation, and many an honourable member from the northern counties, as he proceeded to London to attend his parliamentary duties, or on his return home after a short session, took up his quarters for the night at the George. In those days, when country gentlemen resided for the greater part of the year upon their own estates, it was no unusual thing for a member of the House of Commons to set out for London on horseback, attended by a couple of servants, who carried their master's wardrobe in their saddlebags. Stephen Burrough, the landlord, was about fifty years of age, easy in his

circumstances—for the George was a money-making house—and generally esteemed by all who knew him as an honest, well-meaning man. He was not forward and bustling, like many landlords, but, on the contrary, was rather of a reserved disposition, and withal somewhat religiously inclined; indeed his love of gain—for Stephen had always an eye to the increase of his worldly goods—was not unfrequently so powerfully combated by his devotional leaning as to tempt him to give up his calling. But in the end, the force of habit and the real pleasure he felt in seeing his wealth increase, always proved too much for the admonitions of piety; the publican prevailed over the saint, and Stephen Burrough continued in his old business.

The domestic economy of the house was under the superintendence of his sister Martha, a widow, a few years older than her brother, who prided herself in the excellence of her cookery and the cleanliness of the house, from the garret—*attics* were not then known—to the cellar. The excellent brawn of her own preparation was an admirable shoeing-horn to draw on another cup of wine; the fame of her pigeon-pies at Midsummer, and her pork-pies at Martinmas, was widely spread over all the county, and was only rivalled by the high character of her spiced canary, in the preparation of which she was often heard to declare that she “would not turn her back on ever a woman in Christendom.” It was indeed when under the influence of this seducing liquor that Mr. Praisegod Barebones, in one of his visits—for he always called to see Stephen Burrough, when in the neighbourhood of Royston—forgetting the sanctity of his character, essayed, for the vain wager of another quart of Martha’s “*clear-the-wit*”—for so her spiced canary was christened by Dr. Charlton, the mathematical professor at Cambridge—to leap over the watering-trough at the door, and broke his thigh-bone in the attempt; an accident which caused great sorrow to the serious and devout, while to the profane and unregenerated it was regarded as an excellent joke; as if the fall, and crack, of so precious a vessel were a fitting subject for their indecent mirth. The George was, indeed, a house well frequented by men of all persuasions. Many a straight-haired puritan called there, who said a half-hour’s grace before he touched his drink, though he sometimes sat till he forgot to return thanks; and there many a ruffling gallant and swaggering cavalier, prime judges of liquor and lovers of good measure, clanked the wine-stoup till both coin and credit were out, while they trolled the merry catches of Etherege and Sedley, or chanted the praises of sack:

We abandon all ale,
And beer that is stale,
Rosa solis and damnable hum;
But we will crack
In praise of sack
’Gainst omne quod erit in um.

Stephen Burrough was a bachelor ; and as he had never, even in his younger days, shown any great attachment to the fair sex, though many a spruce widow and blushing maiden had set their caps at him, both at church and market, it was a subject of great surprise to his neighbours, and mortification to his friends, when he took unto himself a young wife. Catharine Austin lived with her widowed mother at a village about four miles from Royston. Her father, who had been a subaltern officer in the royalist army, lost his life at the battle of Worcester, leaving his wife and infant daughter wholly unprovided for, as he had been an extravagant careless man ; and their only dependence was on an annuity which was settled on them by one of the Compton family, the colonel of the regiment of horse to which Quartermaster Austin had belonged, and whose life the latter had been instrumental in saving on the day in which he lost his own. Catharine Austin was a very pretty girl, though the rival beauties of Royston and its neighbourhood were of opinion that her complexion was too dark, because it did not equal the milk and rose purity of their own. Her finely-arched eyebrows lent additional expression to her sparkling black eyes ; the healthy glow of youth mantled in her cheeks, and her form was such as Albano delighted to paint. Her contour presented no corners, and there was not the trace of a care to be seen on her lovely brow. She was of a frank and cheerful temper, and not unconscious of her charms, which she was rather fond of displaying to the best advantage by her dress ; a disposition for which her good easy mother not unfrequently reproved her, but failed to correct. Catharine was not without suitors, but none of them were so fortunate as to engage her affection ; possibly because no one had addressed her who appeared likely to maintain her in the manner she wished ; for, though poor, she had her full allowance of pride. She had not been educated to milk cows, churn butter, and make cheese, acquirements in those days indispensable in the wife of a small farmer, a class to which the most of her suitors belonged.

Her first acquaintance with Stephen Burrough was purely accidental ; no kind " mutual friend " introduced them to each other in the belief that they would make " a happy couple ; " no such person had previously whispered to Stephen that Catharine was beautiful, nor to Catharine that Stephen was rich. Her mother was expecting from London, by the Cambridge waggon, a parcel, which was to be left at the George, at Royston, where Catharine at the appointed time proceeded to inquire after it. It was a fine afternoon about the middle of June, and Stephen Burrough, who had been out in the morning to view the progress of some haymakers whom he had employed, was sitting in his snug little room behind the bar, enjoying himself with a pipe of the best Virginia and a



pinch of claret, when Catharine called to inquire for the parcel. Perhaps, owing to the influence of the delightful summer weather, the exercise he had taken in the hay-field, and the effect of two or three glasses of wine, Stephen's spirits were that afternoon more than usually exhilarated. He was struck with the appearance of the blooming Catharine; he thought he had never before seen a young woman so good-looking, and so good-tempered; and for the first time in his life, a thought crossed his mind of giving a mistress to the George.—“For Dame Mary Austin, Hartfoss, near Royston,” said he, reading the direction on the parcel; “but you are not Dame Mary Austin, my pretty girl?”

“No sir,” replied Catharine, “I am her daughter.”

“I was thinking that you were too young for a widow, and almost wishing that you were not a wife. But you must be tired with your walk this warm day; sit down and take a glass of wine,” said Stephen, laying down his pipe, and producing from a closet a long-necked bottle, and a small silver cup most beautifully chased. “You shall taste a kind of wine that I give only to great favourites, and you shall drink it out of the queen's cup too. This wine and this cup were taken with the late king's baggage at Naseby. The cup was once queen Henrietta's, you see her cipher is engraved on it. I have many pretty silver things in the closet there.—I only wish I could find a good mistress for them.”

Catharine smiled as she raised the cup to her lip, expressing a hope that he might be fortunate in his inquiry, and happy in his choice. “You need not be long in finding a mistress for the George,” said she, as her eye glanced towards the closet, where a number of silver goblets, salvers, and other articles of plate were displayed.

“That may be true,” answered Stephen, “but then the difficulty is to find one to my mind. I have no thought of marrying an old woman; and then the young ones will hardly look at a man in his prime, however well to do in the world, who might keep his wife like a lady; but are all for mere lads, with scarce a cloak to their backs, or a groat in their pockets, very likely. Now if I could persuade a good-tempered, pretty girl, like yourself, to have me, I would not mind marrying her to-morrow, and she should wear such a string of pearls on her wedding-day, as a duchess might be proud of. There! what think you of these pretty things?” said he, producing a small box, containing a pearl necklace and other female ornaments from the closet. “These were formerly Lady Weston's, and were pledged to me by her husband, the late Sir Ralph, who was killed at Marston Moor. They are all that I have had for two hundred pounds, hard money, besides interest.”

“You are jesting,” said Catharine, as she admired the splen-

did trinkets; "and I must now think of returning home, for my mother has been long expecting this parcel." Stephen now recollected that he had something to say to his haymakers—though he had not previously thought of going out again that afternoon—and as Catharine's road lay past his field, he offered her his company as far as he went. She accepted his offer; and so much was Stephen pleased with her, that within a week, he called upon old Dame Austin, and proposed himself as a suitor to her daughter. It is needless to relate the manner in which a wealthy man of fifty wins a poor, and rather vain girl of nineteen; it can be much better conceived by any reader between those ages than it can be expressed by words; let it be enough to say, that he proved so persuasive a wooer, that in six weeks, Catharine Austin became mistress of the George.

This sudden and unlooked for match caused no small surprise to all who knew the parties; and many persons uncharitably declared Stephen to be a doting old fool, that had been deluded into marriage by an artful girl, who in reality, cared nothing for him, but who had married him chiefly for the sake of what he possessed, and to have an opportunity of displaying her beauty and her finery to the gallants that frequented the George. Whatever might be the motives that influenced Catharine, her husband who loved her to distraction, had for three years no substantial reason to complain of her conduct; though her gaiety and love of dress, and the attentions which were paid her by some of his younger customers, made him uneasy and caused him to wish that either his wife were a little less admired, himself not quite so old.

The frequent visits of Charles II. to Newmarket, caused Royston, on such occasions, to be favoured with the company of many of the courtiers, and their attendants. A young man of the name of Richard Wilton, secretary to the Duke of Buckingham, was accustomed, at these visits, always to lodge at the George; and, amongst all who frequented the house, whether serious or gay, there was not one whom the young hostess received with a heartier welcome, or was more glad to see. He was always gallantly attired; was of an agreeable person and manly figure; and not a nobleman in his majesty's train rode his horse with more grace. He could sing, and accompany himself on the viol-de-gamba, like a professor; and, altogether, his manners and accomplishments were such as were likely to make an impression on the heart of Catharine, to whose charms he was far from being insensible. His visits, latterly, had been more frequent than usual, for he sometimes called when the court was not at Newmarket; but as he always, on such occasions, professed to be on some business of the Duke's, and made no lengthened stay, his calling excited no remark. When

he came, he seldom failed to bring some trifling present for Catharine, such as a pair of scented French gloves, or a piece of Flanders lace; while he propitiated the favour of Martha, who still continued to preside over the culinary department, by praising her cookery, which he declared was not excelled at the table of his master, and by occasionally bringing her a box of rare spices, or a bottle of citron-water. Whatever might be the real cause of his more frequent visits to Royston, Catharine was not displeased with them. She was always glad when she heard of his arrival, and was sorry when he went away. She had insensibly become attached to him without ever imagining that her regard was daily ripening into love.

One afternoon, on the first of May, Richard Wilton arrived at Royston. In those times when "Merry England" was no misnomer, this day was observed as one especially devoted to festivity and mirth; and the evening was always celebrated by a dance at the George, the only day in the year on which Stephen Burrough allowed of this vain amusement, as he considered it, in his house. Catharine's eyes sparkled with joy as she hastened to the door to receive Wilton, for her husband happened to be confined to his apartment from an attack of rheumatism, and Martha was engaged in decorating the great room with flowers and branches of thorn for the dance in the evening. "I am so glad to see you here to-day," said she, as she accompanied him to his favourite room, the little oak parlour looking into the garden; "we have a dance in the evening, and I expect we shall have your company. Stephen, who, indeed, never dances, is confined with the rheumatism; and if you will only join the Mayers, I will be your partner."

"I have come expressly down from London to ask you to be my partner," replied Wilton. "I could wish that this May-day night, if we are to be partners, might last for ever. Since you came here, Catharine, I never can bear to leave the George, and am never easy till I return again. But as you are glad to see me, you cannot refuse giving me May-day welcome," said he, folding her in his arms, and giving her a kiss more fervent than even holiday custom would warrant.

"For Heaven's sake, have done, Wilton, and do not talk so! You really grow worse every time you come. Recollect who I am!"

"Ah, that I do but too often; you are Stephen Burrough's wife; and were you but mine, a humble cottage would be to me a palace of pleasure, and I should not envy king Charles his crown."

"You are now repeating some of your master's lessons," rejoined Catharine; "we shall see at night if you can walk a galliard, or lead down a country-dance, as well as you sing a madrigal and talk court-compliments; but I hear sister Martha, who has heard of your arrival, coming with her cake and cordial. I shall see you at the dance."

Though Wilton's moral principles were so far corrupted by the example of what he saw occurring daily in the society in which the duke his master chiefly lived, as to permit him to attempt to seduce another's wife from her duty and her home, yet his feelings were not so far debased as to allow him to entertain the thought of withdrawing from her husband, and then abandoning to the world's scorn, a woman whose guilt was her affection towards himself. His regard for Catharine was too warm and too sincere to allow of his harbouring such an intention; and he endeavoured to silence the "still small voice" of conscience that whispered him he was doing wrong, by firmly resolving to marry her should he be able to prevail on her to leave her home. From the moment he perceived that the too incautious Catharine felt interested about him; that her eye brightened when he came, and that it was dimmed occasionally by something like a tear when he was to depart, his passion for her increased. He became unsettled and unhappy except when he was at Royston; and being unable to contend longer with his feelings, he had now come down to declare his intentions, and carry her off with him; and in the event of her not consenting, firmly resolved to expose her to no further trial, and never see her again.

From the time of Catharine becoming acquainted with Wilton, a change had gradually taken place in her feelings, and she began to be dissatisfied with her husband and her home without exactly knowing why. Wilton's engaging manners and flattering attentions had won upon her unguarded heart; and she already loved him before she was aware of the danger of her situation. Her marriage with Stephen had not on her part been one of affection; and when she compared him with Wilton, the young and engaging Wilton, who had often, half in earnest, half in jest, declared his regret that he had not known her before she became Mrs. Burrough, she bitterly lamented that she was a wife. Stephen had of late noticed an alteration in her manner, and having once or twice perceived her sitting alone and in tears, he gave her to understand—although he doted on her like a child, and the very thought was agonizing to him—that he suspected her altered demeanour to proceed from the secret preference she gave to another. These suspicions, as may easily be conceived, did not tend to rekindle the slumbering embers of duty, nor to reconcile Catharine to her situation.

In the evening, when she came dressed in her gayest attire to invite Wilton to the dance which was about to commence, she found him thoughtfully pacing up and down the room.

"And am I not to have you for a partner then, Wilton?" said she, half smiling. "I did not think that you would have required so much asking."

"That depends upon yourself, Catharine. But if a partner

now; a partner for ever. Let me at once declare the truth—you know I love you :—I have come here for the very purpose of endeavouring to prevail on you to leave Royston with me, and this very night, or to bid you farewell for ever. If you refuse me, you will never again be annoyed either by my presence or by my proposal. I can no longer bear to be as I am.—It is needless attempting to reason with me. Be mine. Fly with me; you leave no child to weep for you; to-morrow you shall be my wife. I shall leave the duke's service, and we can retire to some place where no one knows us, and live only for each other. Drive me not to despair by your refusal."

In language such as this did Wilton urge his suit upon the inconsiderate Catharine, who was already too much prepossessed in his favour to reject it as she ought. She had already taken the first step from the path of duty in listening to his previous flattering addresses, and she now had no longer the firmness to hold back. The principles of prudence and virtue generally afford but a feeble resistance to the current of human passions when previous addresses have been unguardedly listened to, and an attachment has been already formed. The voice of reason and of duty is unheard in the tumult, and the half-compelled, half-assenting victim is hurried away with the stream. After attempting in vain to combat his proposal, and overcome by his prayers, his entreaties, and his professions, she sank into his arms; and as she hid her face in his bosom, consented to abandon for him home, husband, and good name, and be his only for ever.

It was now agreed that Wilton should not join the merry Mayers; and he excused himself to kind old Martha, who also came to invite him, on plea of fatigue from a long ride, and the necessity he was under of forwarding some communications to the duke, which would unavoidably occupy him during the whole of the evening. When the dance was over, in which Catharine did not join, and all the household had retired to bed; she stripped off the ornaments she had worn during the evening—her husband's present on her wedding-day—and returned them to the little box in the closet where she had first seen them, leaving a letter on the table directed to Stephen, whose confinement to his room favoured Wilton's design. Drawing on a hood, and wrapping herself in a riding-cloak, she softly opened a back door which led into the garden, at the gate of which she found Wilton waiting for her, with his horse ready saddled. With a beating heart, and trembling in every limb, she mounted behind him, and, in a flood of bitter tears, bade a long adieu to a house in which she once fancied she could be happy. They soon reached Ware, where a servant that Wilton had left was waiting with a fresh horse, on which the fugitives continued their flight, arriving in London almost as soon as they were missed from the inn. In the course of a few days he was

privately married to her in his mother's maiden name, thus thinking to palliate his conduct by an act which the laws of his country considered an aggravation of the offence, and declared highly penal on the part of her to whom he thus sought to make reparation. He at the same time made a full declaration to Buckingham of what he had done, stating his intention of leaving his grace's service, and retiring to a distant part of the country.

Buckingham's own principles and practice, he being at that period a frequent visitor to

" Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love,"

made him look lightly on what he considered merely as a venial offence; nay, within the pale of Charles's profligate court, Wilton's conduct was more likely to be applauded than condemned. As he had a great regard for Wilton, he offered him the situation of steward on one of his northern estates, which then happened to be vacant, declaring his readiness to keep the appointment secret in order to favour Wilton's views. This offer, which corresponded so perfectly with his design, Wilton immediately accepted; and when he pretended to retire to Holland, he proceeded under his assumed name with Catharine to his new place of abode.

We must now return to the George at Royston. On the morning after Catharine's elopement, when Stephen Burrough awoke, he was rather surprised at not finding her in the room, nor any trace of her having been there during the night; he therefore concluded, that not liking to disturb him, she had slept in the apartment of his sister Martha. His wish to be satisfied on this point, however, made him forget his rheumatism; and he hastened down stairs, where he found Martha exclaiming against Catharine's negligence in leaving the keys in the closet. On learning that she had not seen Catharine since the breaking up of the dance, about eleven the night before—for our ancestors kept better hours than their descendants—he staggered to a chair; and before Martha had time to express her amazement, the ostler entered with a melancholy face, to say that some one had taken away Mr. Wilton's horse from the stable, together with his mistress's best pillion. Martha immediately hurried up stairs to see if Wilton was in his chamber; and as Stephen gazed wistfully round the room, not daring to trust his apprehensions, his eye was caught by the letter lying on the table, which had been left by his wife. He hastily opened it, and found that it contained her wedding-ring, and these brief words: "Forgive me, and forget me," signed with the initials of her maiden name, "C. A." The dreadful truth that his wife, his beloved, his cherished Catharine, had forsaken him, now flashed upon his mind; and uttering a piercing cry, such as man only utters in his agony *when the mind sinks under its torture, he fell senseless upon the*

floor. A surgeon was instantly sent for, by whom he was bled ; and after the lapse of a few hours he partially recovered, but his mind had received so severe a shock that he imperfectly remembered what had happened to him. He inquired anxiously for Catharine ; asked why she did not come to see him, and blamed her for neglecting him when he was so unwell ; and then, as a bewildered recollection of her elopement with Wilton crossed his mind, he would burst into a fit of childish crying, or vow vengeance against the spoiler who had robbed him of his only lamb ; who had defrauded him of the wife of his bosom, the being whom of all others he doted on and loved, almost as a father loves the child of his old age. For several weeks did the unfortunate man remain in this state, till at length the violence of his grief subsided, and reason reassumed her sway. He now ceased to talk of Catharine, and expressly desired that her name might never be mentioned in his presence ; and as he was always much affected when he entered the little room where he first saw her, and where he first became acquainted with his loss, he gave up the inn and retired to a private house, where his kind sister Martha nursed him in his affliction, and poured balm into his wounds.

After his retirement from business, Stephen Burrough's religious sentiments became deepened and confirmed. He became a frequent attendant at prayer-meetings and preachings, which were then often held by a class of itinerant ministers of the word, professing a sort of motley faith, compounded of the doctrines of Calvin and the new light of George Fox. They classed themselves under the comprehensive term of "Independents," which embraced every crackbrained visionary who happened to mistake the glimmering through the flaw in his own upper works for a ray of divine truth. They acknowledged no human authority in church government, and considered themselves called to the ministry by the direct operation of the Spirit. The discipline of the pump and the horse-pond, which was sometimes administered to those enthusiasts by the mob, they called the persecution of the saints ; a shower of rotten eggs was to them martyrdom ; and the magistrate by whom they were silenced was another Diocletian. By attending such teachers, Stephen Burrough became at length actuated by the impulse of religious enthusiasm. He considered the misfortune which had befallen him as an especial dispensation, to wean him from the things of the flesh, to which he now acknowledged he had been too much attached ; that being chastened by affliction, he was now fitted for the ministry, to which he fancied he had received a "call." Inspired with these sentiments, he was in the habit of leaving his home, and travelling through various parts of the kingdom, picking up, as the phrase ran, "fallen fruit from

the tree of faith," and endeavouring to save stray sheep that had wandered from the fold of grace, and exposed themselves to the jaws of that ravening wolf, the devil.

During his travels he had formed an acquaintance with a well-meaning enthusiast like himself, though rather more tinged with Quakerism, one Ezekiel Barker, who resided in the wolds of Yorkshire, between Kirkby-Moorside and Helmsley. Upwards of six years had elapsed since Stephen's wife had left him, without his ever having heard of or inquired after her, when he happened to pay a visit to his above-named pious friend. In the evening his host related, as an instance of the uncertainty of human life, and as an awful warning to all persons addicted to the profane sport of fox-hunting, an accident which had occurred in the neighbourhood only the day before. A person who acted as steward to a nobleman possessing an estate in that part of the country, had been thrown from his horse in a fox-chase, and pitching with his head against a large stone, had received so much injury as to die before he could be conveyed home. This intelligence having been suddenly and indiscreetly communicated to his wife, who was near her confinement, had brought on premature labour; and the child was dead, and the mother not expected to survive. Ezekiel Barker was in the midst of his reflections on this melancholy event, when a servant arrived from the house of mourning to request him to come and pray with her mistress, as she was dying, and the clergyman of the parish was from home. Taking Stephen with him, as one who might assist him on this solemn occasion, he followed the servant to the house; and as they entered the sick woman's chamber, they met the nurse leading out two weeping children, who had been brought in to receive the last kiss of their dying mother. As the curtain of the bed was drawn on the side next the door, they did not immediately on their entrance see the unfortunate woman, who, in broken accents, was lamenting the forlorn condition of her children. "What will become of them, without father or mother, or even a relation who will look upon them! Heaven is punishing their parents, and on the children too will be visited the parents' sins! Spare them! spare them, Heaven! and let our punishment suffice! Could I but in this awful moment see him whom I injured, could I but know that he forgives me, I could die more content. Stephen Burrough! couldst thou only know what Catharine endures—couldst thou but see her now, thou mightst pity and forgive her!"

Astonished at the mention of his own name, the sound of which recalled to his memory a long unheard, though now altered voice, Stephen under the impulse of the moment, drew aside the curtain and beheld his own wife, his once fondly

cherished Catharine. "He does see thee!" he exclaimed, taking her hand, "and forgives thee, as he hopes for Heaven's mercy himself." This sudden appearance of Stephen, as if a spirit had been evoked by her prayer, was too much for the exhausted strength of the dying woman to endure; it was as a gust of wind, that brightens for an instant, and then extinguishes the flickering light of an exhausted lamp. She looked at him for a few seconds, like one of bewildered mind, who gazes on vacancy and fancies he perceives an object. A faint smile of hope then passed over her features; she drew his hand towards her breast and attempted to speak, but a short convulsive throe choked her utterance. —The struggle was over;—her head fell back upon the pillow, and this world closed on her for ever. She was buried in the same grave with Wilton, and so wonderfully and mysteriously complicated is the web of human life, that he, whom they had so deeply injured, attended their funeral and wept over their grave.

Stephen Burrough remained but a few days after the funeral with his friend, and then returned to his own home, which he never again left, to wander about the country as a preacher. A few months afterwards he was found dead in his room, having been seized with apoplexy—to which he had been much exposed since his illness—as he knelt in prayer, at the side of his bed. In the little pocket-bible, which he always carried about with him, and never allowed to be out of his possession, were found the few words which Catharine had written to him, when she eloped with Wilton. They were pasted in beside the record of his marriage, and underneath was written in his own hand the day of her death, 13th December, 1677; together with the words, "Forgiven, but never to be forgotten. 'For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.'"—STEPHEN OLIVER.

THE IRISH LORD LIEUTENANT AND HIS DOUBLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE O'HARA TALES."

It is really quite true that some time ago, and not long ago either, there was a London gentleman who took a strange fit of ambition into his head. His partial friends, or himself alone of his own accord, or he, in concert with them, believed that he bore, in face, air, and even in the upper part of his figure, a striking resemblance to a certain nobleman, who had become highly distinguished in the annals of fame by brilliant qualities of various kinds. In truth there was a likeness, but a general one only, between him and the celebrated Duke (or Marquis—at present we cannot declare which ought to be the proper

title), and, highly flattered by this personal compliment of nature, he did all in his power to seem "the very image." He studied his original as closely as the nobleman's appearance in public, in the streets, in the parks, in "the house," gave him opportunities for doing so; and, in consequence of his observations, he changed his elongated hat for one of a round fashion, and his light hair for a sandy-coloured, or haply (for we hate being as demonstrative as he himself was) a raven-black wig; he instructed his tailor how to cut his coat; he spent hours before his glass, practising the very tie of his neck-cloth—to say nothing of the other hours occupied, by its aid, in trying to imitate a bow, a smile, a turn of the lip, or a droop or a toss of the head. But, although much was gained by all these adaptations and labours, something yet remained to be done, in order to procure a public and general misconception of who he was: for the Double's great longing consisted of a wish to have people gaze after him in the streets, in proof of how well he enacted his mute lie; and here (as regarded self-exhibition in the streets) lay his difficulty. At home, indeed, or in the houses of his particular friends, while he *sat* quietly at table, he succeeded amazingly well, because, in fact, in a sitting posture, you could not so easily detect that his figure was considerably shorter than the noble one of his supposed counterpart; but one cannot well sit down, out of doors, in a thronged metropolis; unless, indeed, one sits in a saddle, on horseback; and even if one could do the former-mentioned feat, it were of no avail in this particular case, inasmuch as the man to be cheated out of the admiration due exclusively to his own person, never did it; and as to sitting in a saddle, our gentleman had no saddle, not to talk of a horse's back to put it on. Truth must out; although "a *real* gentleman," the high prices at which human existence, with a reasonable share of enjoyment superadded, must be purchased in London, had deterred his hitherto economical and rational mind from attempting the keep of a steed worthy of being seen in and about the great city.

But what will not high ambition endeavour on the road to its object? The Double, after pondering the matter some time, started off, after breakfast, one morning, to scrutinize the studs of sundry livery-stables, of respectable character though reasonable charges; and with a vivid recollection in his mind of the often-contemplated horse most usually ridden about town by his own original, he selected, before dinner, an excellent likeness of the animal, and hired it, for two days in each week, at not a very extravagant price. And now, if ever a man were on his hobby-horse, surely he was on his; and twice every week, for months afterwards, we have seen him, at fashionable hours, walking or trotting, nay, even galloping, his new acquisition, up and down Piccadilly, and by Hyde Park Corner into Gros-

venor-place, and about the Parks, and where not; and veritable attention did they both draw from individuals of the passing crowds, who, having never seen the true man and horse any where but in the open air, were promptly imposed upon; nor is that all; but once or twice in the Ring in Hyde Park, we, and others along with us—(for, at the time we speak of, he was beginning to be blown among us knowing ones, as Master Shallow might say)—have seen him bowed, or smiled, or kissed fingertips to, out of carriages which he rapidly passed in the direction opposite to their motion; and, oh, intoxicating spirit of fame! what a happy glow did not those palpable hits impart to the countenance of the successful aspirant! Indeed, it cannot be guessed by what process of reasoning (to say little of feeling) he thus deemed himself honoured in his own mind, on account of only being mistaken for a celebrated person. What, then, were the grounds upon which the poor Double so anxiously would have disowned his identity? (so anxiously, indeed, that we do believe he was ready and willing to sell himself to the devil, as Doctor Faustus did, could the bargain have ensured to him as perfect a change into the likeness he thirsted after, as was the change from youth to age ensured to the doctor by *his* bargain.) But 'tis useless multiplying questions or conjectures on the subject; we only know that, in a vein of perfect consistency, he was nearly as proud of the deception practised by his hired horse, as of that toiled after by himself; that he often wished the poor brute were conscious of the laurels he had gained; and that (wiping his brows with a handkerchief in a way he had once seen his better self do) he has been heard to say, after returning from a day's exhibition about town, "I do own myself grateful and proud for having been cast in the same mould with that great man!"

And so far, for months as has been said, he passed a very happy life; when suddenly there arose a prospect of great interruption to the gathering of the triumphs of his deceptive existence. It is clear that if the nobleman were known to have left London, he could scarce hope to make people go on believing that he was still in London; unless, indeed, he wished to frighten passengers in the streets out of their senses, by being taken for the *wraith* or *fetch* of the absent public character. In fact, to continue in the glory of the occasional doubt that he was somebody else, the Double was necessarily chained to the place, though not to the spot of the place, inhabited by that somebody: and considerable, therefore, were his anxieties, and regrets, and sense of humiliation, when he read in the papers that the noble and gallant ——— of ——— was to go over immediately to Ireland as its Vice-King, or Lord Lieutenant. True, the high appointment flattered his vanity, in a kind of

personal way. He felt it as an additional homage very nearly paid to himself; and strongly was he tempted to spend the summer, at least, in the Irish metropolis, in the hope of coming in for his just share of the usual public, that is street, worship, to be paid to the representative of royalty. But then, first of all, he feared, if he did not dislike, the Irish; and they were at that time more to be feared than ever, many of the counties of their country being in open insurrection, famine, and typhus-fever. And next, what was he to do for his well-esteemed horse, in Dublin? he could not think of purchasing him,—the price was too much even for ambition to pay, taking purse into account; but by no other arrangement could he prevail on the owner of the livery-stables to allow the distinguished animal to float within view of Ireland's Eye—(the little island so called in the bay of Dublin): and, in a word, (and, alas!) the newly-appointed Vice-King sailed for his Irish capital, while his disconsolate Double remained, still torn by indecision, in London.

Scarce a month had elapsed, however, after the Lord Lieutenant's arrival in the land (sometimes) of potatoes, when the good folks of Dublin began to be puzzled, as their brethren of London had been, by the vision of his copyist, riding about the main streets, or along the beautiful quays, or in the Phoenix Park; the horse, too, whether the London one or not, being a very good similitude. One fortunate circumstance was in favour of our adventurer. The Lord Lieutenant (though he stuck no great bunch of shamrock in his hat or on his breast, and pointed at, or pressed his hand upon it, as some people had done before him) was beginning to be very popular, in consequence of a mode of conduct, as manly, and as suitable to his nature, as it was good in policy. In truth, from almost the day of his arrival, he had thrown himself upon the confidence of the people, asking the higher classes of them to share his hospitality, or goodhumouredly sharing theirs; and showing himself in public, with the least ostentation possible, to the other classes. To come to our point: he began soon to ride through the streets, very often quite alone: and here, it will be perceived, was the circumstance in favour of his untired and untiring mimic of which we have already spoken. Here was the Vice-Sovereign in a situation susceptible of perfect imitation by one man and horse; and it is quite true that the lonely impostor sometimes succeeded to his heart's content in consequence; hats and caps were taken off to him by men and boys at either side of the streets, as he rode along, bowing and smiling to a degree of similarity only conferable by long practice; and having heard that the object of his mixed adoration and self-esteem had alighted one day at the door of a pastrycook's shop, and chatted amiably with the pretty girl behind the counter, he also did

dismount at the door of another shop of the same kind, and did also overwhelm with a sense of being inexpressibly honoured and lifted out of herself, the not as pretty handmaiden of the rival establishment; and after all this, he would steal away, horse and self, to deposit the former in his livery-stable, and then win, by circuitous and unfrequented ways, his own humble lodgings, and sit down, a delighted man, to his chop or his steak, not now playing the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to his orderly landlady or her smoke-dried daughter; though indeed it added to his notions of self-consequence in the house, to hear them begin to say—even while he strove to disrobe himself of the character—"how very like he was."

But his happiness was again doomed to be sadly interrupted. It was announced that the Lord Lieutenant would speedily set out on a tour through some of the counties in Ireland, and some of the disturbed ones too! For all the reasons—and more with them—given for his internal troubles when he heard of the intended voyage from London to Dublin, he felt agitated anew. Doubtless, the Irish he had met with in Dublin, itself, were not so much to be dreaded as he had laid the thing down in his own mind; but the barbarians of the insurrectionary and remote quarters of the country! the savages, whooping among their hills and bogs, with scythes and pikes in their hands! His soul, although nothing of its darling thirst for renown had abated, shrunk from such a prospect of peril. Besides, would there be much glory, worthy of the name, to be gained by the mistakes of his person committed by the populace of small towns or villages, or by peasants on the road-side, even supposing he should escape danger? Yes! and a new and brilliant ray of future fame flashed on his soul. Yes! by some happy combination of circumstances, in his character of Lord Lieutenant, he, also—and he, really—might allay an Irish rebellion, or stanch the wounds of civil discord. But fears, deadly fears, came on him again. His horse, too, as in a former case?—In truth, we must a second time part from him undecided, and a prey to conflicting wishes and doubts, longings and terrors; and in the mean time, after some other things, let us occupy ourselves a little with his reality.

This was not a year of rank insurrection, in any of the usually disturbed (that is, starving) districts of Ireland. Great outrages were not committed by the neglected, uneducated, and despairing peasantry. The chief feature of their refractory spirit, for the season, was evinced in combinations and determinations not to cut down the corn of any of their landowners, no matter of what degree, who, during the speechifying of a recent election, we believe, had thought proper to give them rather hard words.

"An' so, we're not as much as to lay a finger on the poor Capt'n's whate, ather, Con?" asked one of a body of legislators among them, who were assembled, by stealth, at a late hour of the night, in an old barn, for the purpose of organizing the rebellious proceedings of the next day;—it will be understood that the querist spoke in a tone of mock compassion for "the poor Capt'n," while his features expressed a bitter sneer.

"The divvle a grain of id 'ill ever lie in shape wid help from our holy Roman reaping-hooks. Micky, *ma-bouchal*," answered Con, who might be termed chairman of their committee of public safety, though, indeed, he was only squatted on a thin lair of old straw, accidentally found in the empty barn.

"Och, an' its like, if we don't cut it for him, that he'll be forced to send a little way to the north for the nate Orange hands," remarked a third,—"becase, ye see, boys, we're only all a set o' the baste-brutes o' Romans that's to be found about him, in these parts, and that he said, out afore all the gentlemen, th' other day, ware'nt fit to be touched wid a pair o' tongs, so we ware'nt, the Lord look down on us!"—

"Amin," assented Micky—"an' since if he can stop his nose at us, afore the whate is ripe, he can do widout us, when it's ready to shell idself about the fields."

"That's a thruth," said another—"an', sure, when the people that God plaised to put in a country, aren't fit to cut the harvest that God put in it too, why, thin, the Capt'n must only thry to send for the Orangemen, the few hundred miles, as my gossip here told ye afore me, or else see how many rale, honest boys, like 'em, he'll be able to get in the barony."

"An' they're asily counted," resumed Con, the chairman,—
"four of 'em, all in a lump; ould Spear, wid the head shakin' on his shoulders, like the last lafe on the top of a papalar—he that cries 'amin' to his reverence, the ministher, in the church, every Sunday,—ould Spear, I say, is one; thru there's the two Hucks, brothers, the wavers; the only bodies that hears ould Spear in the church, or does be there to hear him, barrin the ministher's own wife and childer, and the Capt'n himself, long life to him—an' to his whate, too—the Hucks is—stop—ould Spear is one—yes—the two Hucks is three—cratur's so worn away with the shuttle, and goin' in winther to a could church, that—but, look up there boys!" cried the speaker, suddenly interrupting himself, as he stared towards the roof of the barn. The eyes of all the other rebels followed his, and fixed upon the face of a man which was visible thro' a rent in the thatch, and which earnestly regarded them.

"It's Connors, the informer!"—shouted Micky—"out wid us, boys, an' let us give him what some of us owes him, at last!"

"I'm no Connors, and I'm no informer," said the man overhead, "stop where ye are, boys, and look at my fatures again."

"By the mortal man!" cried one of the conspirators, a young, taciturn, sad-browed fellow, who previously had not uttered a word, tho' he now spoke with remarkable liveliness of voice and manner, as he sprang from his primitive seat on his heels by the rough wall of the building—"By the mortal man, an' he says thue!—it's poor Ned Cahill is in it, if he's a livin' man this night!"

"You're not far off from the mark, Peery O'Dea," replied the intruder—"and, now that you're sure o'me won't you and the other boys let me drop down among ye, to discoorse one word?"—He prepared to descend thro' the aperture as he spoke; his face disappeared from it; his legs, his body, took the place of the former; then he swung an instant, by the hands, from the rude joists of the roof, and saying—"tisn't the same way some people 'ud like to see me hangin', boys"—he alighted firmly on his outspread feet, in the middle of the earthen floor of the barn. There was ease, agility, and boldness in all his motions while accomplishing this not unperilous descent; and now, the rushlight which illumined the council of the disaffected Irish, showed the person of a slight-limbed man of thirty, or thereabouts, with broad chest and shoulders, and a well-favoured face, of which the only disagreeable expression was the suspicious curl of the brow, and the sidelong quick glance of the eye.

"Musha, my poor fellow! poor Ned!" resumed Peery O'Dea, hastening to him, and there were tears in Peery's eyes, and a tremor in his limbs, while they interchanged the usual salute—kissing each other's cheeks, as they held each other's hands. The other peasants looked on, with various expressions of countenance. Some showed sympathy; some anxiety, perhaps for themselves; and one or two regarded the new comer, as if forming a selfish resolution towards him.

"And how is Nelly, *ma-bouchal*?" demanded Ned Cahill.

"The only sither o' yees is brave an' hearty," answered Peery O'Dea—"if it wasn't for thinkin' a great daile about you, Ned, an' crying, mornin', noon, and night, on the head of it all."

"An' her *weenoch*?" continued Cahill.

"As fine a lump of a boy as ever you ——" began the vain father. His brother-in-law interrupted him.

"Oh, well,—sure I know, Peery; Nelly's gorcoon 'll want no praises you can give him: but that's not the business, now. I cum here, a good stretch o' road, to spake o' something else to you and the boys fornent me, only I'm hungry, not to say drouthy, an' 'ud ax a bit an' a sup afore I make my noration;

so you'll just step out, *a-vich*, and beg a mouthful for me from Nelly, and tell her I'll see her, may be, the night, afore I take to my travels again."

"I'll run out," volunteered one of the two men, whom we have mentioned as glancing at Cahill in a questionable way,—
"I'll run out, Peery, an' you can be stoppin' wid your brother-in-law."

"No," said Cahill, fixing upon him an expressive look—"no, neighbour (we're all neighbours afther a manner, tho' I won't take id on me to say I ever saw much of *you* afore); but no, neither Peery nor you need go now. Con, my boy," turning hastily to the ex-chief of the assembly, "you and I are ould friends, an' you'll think it no great throuble to run and ax a morsel to ate for a hungry and a tired man."

"Your afther just sayin it, Ned *a-vich*," responded Con, and he rose and strode towards the badly-secured and crazy door of the barn. "I'll let you out, my own self," continued Cahill,—"there," holding the door only a little way apart, while he again glanced keenly around him, "and now God speed you:" he shut the door, and secured it as he had found it; "and you and I, Peery, can just step, the closest of any, to the dour; for who knows who might be on the scent of one of us abroad; there's great temptation, boys," turning to the legislators, as he drew a pistol from his breast, "great temptation even among neighbours sometimes, in the reward offered for the head of a poor outlaw."

Short answers, yet such as sympathized with Cahill's well-known position, or seemed to do so, came from the greater number of his hearers after he had spoken: but Peery O'Dea was greatly moved; his friends heard him groan as he turned away his face.

"It's a long time since you cum this road afore, Ned," remarked Micky before named, "tho' we hard tell of you showing yourself, here and there, in other places."

"Aye, Micky, the life I'm forced to keep isn't the pleasantest: here an' there, as you say, good weather and bad; sleepin' little, and never two nights together on the same road, an' never undher a christian roof, but out in the fields at the snug side of a stack, or in a wood, or in a plantation, or near the fox's hole, or down by the river near the otter's bed; and all for fear of what I said a moment ago. The neighbours are very good to me—I'll never deny id; and, as yet, I have no rason to be in dread or doubt of any one; but the reward in the proclamations is a heavy one; that's all I have to say."

He started slightly, Peery sharing his emotion, as a woman's voice came to the door at the outside, high in anxiety, if not lamentation. Cahill, after listening a moment, hastily undid a

second time the fastenings of the door, using, however, some caution still, and after saying in a whisper to Peery, "Look about you," opened his arms to embrace his only sister, whom he had not for a long time seen, and who was his nearest surviving relation.

Their meeting evinced deep and true affection on both sides. The young woman had an interesting if not handsome face, and her person just began to indicate the matronly change, which her characters and duties of wife and mother were working in her mind. She wept abundantly, while her arms surrounded his neck, and her face lay hidden on his bosom; but for some minutes her attempts to speak could not get beyond, "Oh, Ned! Oh, poor Ned!" Nor was the rough man she clung to unmoved.

At length they began to talk a little more freely, and calling to mind the claim which her brother had forwarded by Con upon her hospitality, Mary O'Dea caused the outlaw to sit down near the door, with his back to the wall, upon her ample cloak folded into a temporary cushion; and confronting him, sitting also "on her hunkers," she gave him to eat of the plain fare she was able to snatch up at home, and to drink, too, out of a bottle of "potheen," diluted with water. During her attentions, and his industry in consequence of them, Mary looked every other instant at her brother's features, or scanned his person, or perhaps the state of his attire, while tears still flowed down her cheeks and plaintive mutterings escaped her. Poor Mary, poor as she was, deserves to be called a good specimen of the only really beautiful existence under Heaven's sun, a true-hearted and gentle-hearted woman; she possessed, too, as may appear, what (thank Providence!) often mixes up with female excellence in the softest shape, a strong, prompt mind, and a sacred sense of right and wrong.

"An' won't you stop wid us the night, Ned, *agraw*?" she asked, towards the conclusion of his hasty meal.

"You oughtn't to say to me, *won't* you Ned, but *can* you, Mary *ma chree*," he answered, turning his head to the door to note if Peery continued to do his duty at it, with the pistol he had slipped into his hand, "that's what you ought to say to me, Mary; but little's the use in thinkin' of the thing the heart 'ud like best to do, when a body isn't able to do it."

"I'll do something to get *you* lave to do *that*, Ned, my dear, afore I'm many days oulder," resumed Mary, glancing at her husband, and, with a nod of her head, looking expressively at her brother, while she spoke in a low, cautious voice.

"Mary! *asthore*!" he said, in the lowest whisper, although its cadence betokened sudden and deep emotion, "what are you for saying, girl? Get up; and come this way wid me."

He took her by the arm, and led her into a corner of the barn where they were far removed from the peasants.

"What's this, at all?" he continued; "tell me in one word, Mary!"

"I know all about it at last, Ned, and I'll do my best to free you from the outlawry," she replied.

"*Duoul!*" he cried impatiently; "the woman has taken away of her seven senses!—all about what? and what would you dhrame o' doing? and who tould you, Mary, if you *do* know all?"

"Himself, Ned."

"Peery, his ownself?" he demanded. "No other cratur; who could? Poor fellow, he couldn't long keep it from me; the heart in his body is too sthraight, and it loves and likes us both too well to let him lie down quietly, and you—"

"Whisht, Mary, for your life! whisht!" he cast his suspicious eyes all around him. "*Musha*, but he's a born fool of his mother to open his lips to you a word about it! an' tell me, Mary, what *are* you goin' to do? what *can* you thry that wouldn't be against your own husband—the father of your *wbemoch*?" he continued passionately, "and daare you, Mary—daare you attempt any thing so unnatural as that? Mary, my curse be upon your head—and I will pray to our father and our mother to curse you out of their graves, if you let only the thought of it come into your mind!" She several times strove to speak, he seemed resolved to afford her no opportunity; "give over thinking of it I warn you!" he went on, "and now good bye and God bless you, if you deserve his blessing; good bye, Mary, I'll see you again as soon as I can!" He hastily turned from her, and, standing with his back to the door, continued speaking to the peasants, without an instant's pause, "I'm goin' my road, boys, and as my time is short, I must say what I have to say to ye, at a hop-and-a-jump; so here it is. The Lord Lieutenant will be down among ye the morrow morning. He's to stop vid a good frind of yours, I hear, and that's like as if he wasn't far off from being a good frind himself. I don't want to advise ye to be good boys fornent his eyes; sure you'll thrate him well of your own accord, because ye all know his manes well to us, (the first of his kind that ever said so, at last,) and more betoken because he goes about the poor counthry like a man who has thrust in its poor people; ridin' his horse, sometimes, amost alone, along bye roads and *bosheens*, as simple, ay, and a great dail simpler than some o' the little squireens nigh hand to us; well, if it's a thing that Captain Lighton axes the Lord Lieutenant to ax ye to cut his harvest, it would only be a good turn, afther all, not to refuse; it may sarve yourselves, and may be it might sarve me, too, in an endayvour I'm goin' to make to get lave to come home from my rambles, and take

to arming an honest mouthful again; and so, there's what I'll come a begging to ye for; and, now the good night to ye, boys, or the top o' the morning; for that matter the day's breakin' already. God speed ye."

"Peery O'Dea," he added, whispering to his brother-in-law, "help me to open this ould door, quick, quick! and out vid you now like a hurler afore me! and let us run over a field or two together. I want to spake to you, and keep you free of harm! Come man, hurry!" He seized Peery's arm, and almost forced him through the door-way; and when Mary and some of the peasants went out to look after them, the brothers-in-law were not to be seen. Mary pondered a moment, shook her head, and then bent her steps homewards, little changed in the resolution she had taken to try and restore her brother to society.

"What fool's talk has passed between you and Mary, Peery O'Dea?" asked Cahill, when they had gained their place of concealment, the ruins of an old castle, which overhung the main road to their village.

"Ned," answered Peery, "you know I've told her all; don't fly in a passion wid me; I saw ye discorsin' together in the barn, and it was asy to guess what Mary was sayin' to you."

"An' that's the way you keep your promise wid me?" — questioned Ned.

"I couldn't help it, Ned Cahill, *asthore*. It was lyin' like a heavy stone on my heart. Sure enough, we both thought it would be for the best; I to hould my tongue an' thry to work for her and the *weenoch* while you were only forced to hide yourself for a start. But I'll tell you what it is, Ned; the mornin' I hard of them takin' you, I set off for the jail dour, to give myself up to them in your stead, as it well became me to do; an' nothin' but the news I larned on the road o' your breakin' jail, an' givin' 'em leg bail, the thing that put the out-larry on you, afther all, poor boy, nothin' but that sent me home agin. Ay, an' I have more to say to you, Ned Cahill; the first moment I hear of your falling into their clutches a second time, I'll be on the road to the jail dour a second time too; for I can't eat by day, nor sleep by night, thinkin' o' you. An' afther all we can say about Mary and the child, my heart tells me I'm not doin' a thing that a man ought to do."

"Bother an' botheration, Peery; do you mane to tell me, even if it did happen that I was locked up agin, that it *would* be the part of a man to start himself off, of his own accord, from wife an' *weenoch*; to say nothin' o' the poor ould father of you sittin' at home by the fire; an' let them send you for life across the wide seys, if they didn't take the life from you aforehand? I tell you, man, you have your duties laid out for you on this yearth; as for me, no one is dependin' on me, and

no one 'ud miss me barrin' yourself an' Mary; an' even ye only for the sorrow, an' nothing at all for the loss; an' I am not a boy given to marryin', I don't think the notion of id 'll ever come into my head agin; for, in throth, Peery, from the day I helped to carry poor Cauth Farrel to the berrin-ground, after the lang sickness that made her a light load to carry any where afore it endod her days"—Cahill's voice changed, and his eyes fell—"from that day to this, Peery, though I was a younger boy then, I never saw the *colleen* I'd care to be thinkin' of; no, nor wanted to see her neither. But we're talkin' a power o' *rammash* here, in this old place. Tell me, Peery, an' don't tell me any thing but the thruth, how much o' the raal business did you blab out to Mary?"

"I didn't hide a single bit of the raal business, Ned. I tould her that it was myself (an' you not wid us nor in the secret) that went up to Lightou's house that night, for the arms, along wid the other boys; an' I tould her you only follied us to get me home out o' danger, when, by bad luck, you found out what I was goin' to do; and that when the Peelers purshued us, after we got the guns and pistols, and were hard and close on my thrack, you ran up to me, Ned, and forced my gun from me, an' made me turn off home by a cross-cut; och, Ned! if it could come into my mind that night, what you were goin' to do—"

"Phu, Peery, I never meant they should ketch either of us, when I took your gun, an' if you were bid by me to use your legs sooner, they never would have to tell that they came up wid me; 'twas our argufyin' the thing that spiled all. Well, no matter now. Just listen to me over agin. What's Mary goin' to do, to thry an' get me free o' the outlawry? can you tell me that, Peery?" Peery solemnly protested he could not. He had never heard his wife mention the subject. Cahill looked grave, and, after a pause, kindling into a rage, said, "By the sky over us! if *my* sisther, my father's and my mother's daughther, ever attempts the like of it, I could kill her with my own hand!"

Peery asked what he meant; and it was obvious from his perfectly unconscious manner, that he did not share with his brother-in-law a single doubt of Mary.—Cahill evaded answering him.

"You must stop the day by my side, Peery—that's all; or as much of the day, at laste, as 'll be wanting to do what I mane to doe in. An', first of all, let us hide here till the Lord Lieutenant passes by to Mr. Lowe's big house; I'd like to see him, that I may know him agin; an' he'll soon come now, for Mr. Lowe expects him to the great break'ast."

Accordingly, both remained in the old ruins some hours, peering out upon the road through narrow window-slits in its walls. And Ned Cahill seemed to have gained true informa-

tion as to the movements of Vice-Royalty. After some time distant shouts reached them; they watched the top line of the hilly road; the uproar came nearer; clouds of dust arose in view; and, dimly seen through it, down streamed and trundled the crowds of peasantry, who were drawing his Excellency, with silken ropes, in his open carriage, and the huge crowds who, jumping and capering, were before them, beside them, and behind them and Mr. Lowe, and other gentlemen of the place, on horseback, in front; "an' not a soger nor a Peeler to be seen!"—as the ecstatic mob declared, and truly declared, the ecstatic mob, who, not two years before, had been enjoying the Insurrection Act, and who have not remained quite ecstatic, ever since that blessed morning.

"I'm tould I'll know him in the carriage by his takin off his hat and makin all manner o' bows and fine manners to the people;"—soliloquized Cahill, looking close, as the frantic rout whirled onward the truly and meritedly popular Lord Lieutenant, often tumbling over each other, in the miserable zeal of each and all to "have one pull at the ropes."

"Well, an' there I seen him, sure enough," resumed Cahill, "an' it 'ill be quare if I don't know him agin, after he ates his break'ast—much good may it do him, every bit an' sup of id!"

At Mr. Lowe's hall-door the people permitted his Excellency to stop. Their parish priest there read him a little address, to which he replied kindly, in impromptu. Again we have to notice the correctness of Ned Cahill's private sources of information. Captain Lighton, who, with other gentlemen, had ridden out that morning to meet the great man, handed a note into the carriage. The Lord Lieutenant, interrupting a few words of conversation with the parish priest, immediately glanced once at it, and then, saying something in a low voice, gave it to his late reverend panegyrist, who having perused it in his turn, thus addressed the assembled thousands.

"My good people—down to this morning ye have refused, even against my request, to cut Captain Lighton's corn; here is his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant General, and General Governor of Ireland, and your friend, if you will let him, by deserving his friendship,—and through my mouth his Excellency is pleased to ask ye, will you, or will you not, save the blessed harvest that Divine Providence——"

"We will, plase his Majesty and your Riverince;" interrupted a voice very like that of "Con;"—"we will, out o' glory to him for axin us,—an' for another little rason, because poor Ned Cahill, that we're all sorry for, an' love an' like, is afther bidding us do the same thing aforehand."

"Ned Cahill! the poor outlaw!" resumed the good priest, forgetting a little chagrin he had felt, on the head of being

cheated out of a very pretty peroration, by Con's interruption: and he and the Lord Lieutenant began to discourse anew, in seeming earnestness.

Ned Cahill and Peery O'Dea soon had proof, from a changed hiding-place, that the people respected Con's pledge as their spokesman; shouting and capering, and brandishing their sickles, hundreds of them rushed into the Captain's fields, and simultaneously attacked all the ripe corn they could find.

And still the outlaw showed a knowledge of how more important people were to act upon that—to him—memorable day. Having again spirited Peery along with him to a convenient place of ambush, he watched, earnestly, the expected approach of the Lord Lieutenant, along a bye-road leading, zig-zag, from Mr. Lowe's house. Peery knew his purpose by this time, and awaited its issue with his own mental reservations of what he would do, should evil come of Ned's bold thought.

"Whisht, Peery!" cried Cahill, catching his arm, as he glanced over the hedge of the road, with a sparkling eye, and suddenly flaring cheeks:—"here he is, sooner than I or others had a notion of!—and ridin quite alone, too, by the Powers!—not an *edge-a-gong*, nor Mither Lowe, himself, wid him!—well, an' that's quare! bud I s'pose they're behind the turn o' the road; or, at any rate, it's all the better for me---so here goes, in the name o' God and good luck!"---and springing upon the road, and falling instantly upon his knees, straight before the object of his soul's solicitude and reverence, he continued,---"Oh, your Excellency! oh, my Lord Lieutenant!---oh, please your Majisty, hear one word from a poor, heart-sore man!"

"Wha---a---t, what, what, friend?" stuttered the person he addressed, endeavouring to rein in and quiet his horse, who had been amazingly startled at the sudden vision of Cahill; and, indeed, the horse's master did not speak or look like a man of perfect presence of mind.

"My life, my life!" resumed Cahill; "wait, your honour, my Lord Lieutenant, an' I'll hould him, for you;"---and he jumped up and grasped the horse's reins---"an' now ---"

"Let go, fellow! let go!"---screamed the rider, in increased terror, for, from Cahill's brogue and impassioned pronunciation, he had mistaken the possessive pronoun which the supplicant had placed before the word "life."

"Och, an' won't I, your Majisty, won't I, when you only hear me spake one word!---sure I'm no one else in the world, bud poor Cahill the outlaw, that your Majisty---"

"Outlaw!" repeated the other---"savage villain! do you mean to murder me?"

"Murder you, my Lord Lieutenant!" repeated poor Cahill, in his turn, letting go the reins, and starting back, aghast, with

clasped hands---“ By the blessed stars in the sky! I love an’ like you so well, that I wouldn’t harm a hair o’ your horse’s mane, let alone one o’ your own head, for the round world stuffed full of gold!”

“ And why do you carry that pistol, then?” still stammered the poor Double, now a little soothed, however, by the honied flattery of Cahill, and the repetitions of the splendid titles addressed to him.

“ This? the bit of a pistol, my lord?” Cahill drew it from his breast, where its butt had not been well hidden---“ och, an’ is id me you fear, on the head o’ this!---lookee here, plaise your Majisty-----”

He discharged the weapon in the air, close by the horse’s ears, however; the animal pranced and reared in a frenzy of terror, and his rider, still sharing his feelings, could scarce keep his saddle.

“ An’ see here, agin”---continued Cahill hurling the pistol from him---an action lost to the confounded and dancing eyes of the Double---“ and now, at last, your Majisty ’ill please to hear me!”---he renewed his grasp on the horse’s bridle, really only meaning well---“ you put the outlawry on an innocent poor man, my Lord Lieutenant!---one that never riz a hand, for bad, in the counthry!---oh, take it off o’ me! take it off o’ me! Let me go home from the hills and the woods, agin, to sleep undher a christhen roof, an’ to meet my fellow-cratures widout bein’ afeard o’ them, an’ to put my hand to the spade or the plough, agin, that I may arn the honest bit, and the honest sup, an’ that I may go to the house o’ God, an’ kneel down, there, and put up my prayers for you an’ yours, to the last day I draw the breath o’ life!---ochown, take it off o’ me, an’ may you reign long in glory, an’ die happy!---It’s an innocent boy that axes you, my Lord the Lieutenant---it’s an innocent poor boy!---Say the word out o’ your mouth, say the word, an’ do a good action! say the word, an’-----”

“ Well, well, well, man”---interrupted the Double, his fears now only divided between the uncertainty whether he had to do with a wild-Irish assassin, or a wild-Irish madman---“ d---don’t you pull me about so, and we shall see---let go the bridle and I *will* say the word---there---stand aside, now, and you may regard yourself as a free man.”

“ Hurrah!” screamed Cahill, jumping up a good height from the ground, as he smote his breast in utter joy---“ Peery O’Dea, inside the fence there, do you hear that?”

“ Hurrah! an’ it’s I that do!” answered Peery, with another shout, discovering himself.

“ It’s off o’ me! it’s off o’ me!” continued Cahill, hugging his brother-in-law---“ isn’t id, your honour-in-glory---isn’t id?”

"It is, it is—to be sure it is—have I not said so? I revoke every thing—only won't you and the other man move away from my horse's head? So—good day to you both—all's right—good day——" and seeing the road at last clear before him, the speaker gave spur and rein to his horse, and was out of sight in a moment—ay, and out of Ireland in some hours after, from the nearest sea-port, cured, in a degree, of performing his absurd and miserable impostures in it.

"There you go, an' may honour an' glory be in your road, afore you!"—Cahill continued to shout.

"There you go, an' may you never know what it is to have a heart as heavy as the hearts you're afther makin' happy, this day!"—added Peery.

"Stand!" cried voices at their backs—"one of you is Cahill, the outlaw." They turned, and saw half a dozen police, who, with presented carbines, immediately surrounded them.

"Bother, boys, wid your 'stand!'"—answered Ned—"I'm Cahill, sure enough, but no outlaw, this blessed day, thank God, an' his honour the Lord Lieutenant! Hurrah!"—he jumped again.

"Come, come—your arms"—said the serjeant of the party.

"Arms? sorrow a one I have, barrin' the two God gave me;—a little while ago, to tell thruth, I had a sort of an ould pistol wid me—but I sint the bullet of id up into the air, an' itself afther the bullet, to the divvle, entirely—an' it's my word I give you, mather Peelers, honies, that, from this day, out"—

"Search him"—interrupted the serjeant.

"Here, then—sarch—sarch, sarch—oh, wid all my heart. I tell you, boys, it's only givin' yourselves throuble for nothin'—"

"Fall in with the men, then, and march for jail," resumed the serjeant, when the useless search was ended.

"Jail? *me* march for jail? ye're mad to spake of id. It's more than your lives are worth to use the words. Take great care what ye're for doin'."

"Come, fall in:—where are the handcuffs?"

"Handcuffs?" as he heard them jingling—"have a' care o' your behaviour to me, I tell you once agin!" ejaculated Cahill, while he vainly resisted the strength used to manacle his hands—"his own self took the ban off o' me, mather Peelers—his own self, my Lord the Lieutenant, only a minute agone, an' on this very blessed spot! ay, ye may laugh at me; bud I say he did! an' here's Peery O'Dea that's ready to say the same thing, for he hard an' seen him! didn't you, Peery, didn't you?"

Peery proved, indeed, a ready witness; but still the police sneered, until, after glancing down the road, in the direction of Mr. Lowe's house, the serjeant said, "well, Cahill, now's the

time to get grace from us, if your words are true,"—the man's tone was still deriding—"here comes his Excellency."

"Which way?" demanded Cahill, glancing up and down the road, in great astonishment—"Eh? the gentleman ridin' up to us wid Mr. Lowe an' the officers? stop—wait—stop—eh? by the powers o'man, an' it is sure enough, however the divvle—or by the Lord's will—he got there! Peery! Peery, *avich!*"---

"Shove aside, and clear the road," said the serjeant. The police and their prisoners accordingly stood at the fence, the men presenting arms. The Lord Lieutenant stopt before them, and was about to ask what was the matter, when Cahill broke forward, and falling almost prostrate, with his manacled hands, prayed his Excellency to look on him, and remember him well, and say whether or no he had not, a few moments before, pardoned him his offences; and at the same time he again shouted out for Peery O'Dea to support his assertion.

"The man must be mad"---said the Lord Lieutenant, to Mr. Lowe---"both of them must be so; I have never seen either of them, in my life before: and yet how apparently sincere is their earnestness; one of them weeps."

At the sound of his Excellency's voice, Cahill started up, staring in misgiving and dismay on the face of the speaker; and again he called, in a whisper, to "Peery! Peery, *avich!*" as if for counsel.

"No, Ned, *asthore*," replied Peery, after making his own observations, "tisn't himself is afore us---or---it is himself, I mane—or else there's two o' them—or, it was the ould divvle that came the road, first of all, to make you go thro' wid the foolish thought o' your mind, an' get you taken agin!"

While the Lord Lieutenant still spoke in an under tone with Mr. Lowe, the serjeant of the police advanced to recapture Cahill. Peery O'Dea now sprang forward and continued, in a loud, wailing voice—"But since they have you the second turn, Ned, it's time for me to do what I said!—Plaise your lordship, Ned Cahill, my wife's brither, tho' he broke jail, is as innocent as my own *weenoch* o' what sent him there!—I am the man—I, Peery O'Dea,—that headed the boys up to the house, for the arms that night,—an' Ned wasn't wid us at all, only met me on the road, after we got what we went for—an' forced my gun for me, an' stood to be saized by the Peelers! an' this is the holy thruth, an' I'll get your honor plenty o' witnesses to say so:—an' now, sure your Majisty 'ill just tell them to let him go, and take me, in his place, an'!"---

"Don't put thrust in a word the fool of a boy is sayin, glory to your lordship," interrupted Cahill---"the head of him is cracked, because I'm poor Mary's brother, an' he's often not in

his right mind ; 'twas in my hands the gun was found---an' 'twas I that broke jail---and, by coorse, it's I that ought to go to jail, over agin ; an' so, mister serjeant---now, the Lord save us ! an' what's this ?"

Mary O'Dea held him in her arms, sobbing and weeping aloud. " To jail you'll never go, brother Ned, *machree* !"---she cried---" never, never, praises to the good God, an' our good Lord Lieutenant !"---" *Avich*, you poor cratur ; an' did that desaitful divvle come across you, too, an' make you all manner o' promises ?" asked Cahill, returning her embraces. " Your honor, my lord !" continued Mary, " spake the word you promised me !"---

Addressing Mr. Lowe, his Excellency, touched and affected, turned his horse's head---" Pray, Sir, explain to the poor people." " Cahill," said Mr. Lowe, " your sister has saved you ; at least confirmed the Lord Lieutenant's merciful dispositions towards you, previously formed out of other circumstances. She contrived to meet his Excellency, before my house this morning, and, on condition that a considerable depôt of concealed arms---discovered by her, she has not said how," (Cahill glanced from Mary to Peery)---should " be delivered up, obtained your pardon. The tranquillity of the country for the last year, a word in your favor, from your priest and others, and indeed from myself, and a wish to show the deluded people that they will be treated mercifully, whenever they, themselves, afford the opportunity---all this helped your sister's prayers.---Thank his Excellency. You are a free man.---"

That Cahill did as he was bid it would be idle to enforce. Neither is it necessary to describe the joy of the re-united family. But, indeed, kind readers,---contradictory as the thing may sound,---men made of mortal materials similar to those which we believe you like in the brothers-in-law, Ned and Peery, often plunder arms, in some Irish counties, nay,---(and, alas for the admission !) use them fearfully, too. Let us hope and pray, however, that such an Irish Lord Lieutenant as we here have sketched for you, acting under the wise instructions which shape his own excellent feelings and inclinations, may soon gain possession of all the hidden depôts of distraction, accumulated by the wretched people.

As for his Double---

" Peery, *avich*," said Cahill, after they and Mary had been left alone on the road---" let us run hard, straight-a-head, an' thry an' lay hould o' that brute-baste of a pretender !"

ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT SPRING, AND THE SWEEPS.

(ORIGINAL.)

"Now ladies, up in the sky-parlour: only once a year, if you please."

YOUNG LADY WITH BRASS LADLE.

"Sweep—sweep—sue-e-op."

ILLEGAL WATCHWORD.

THE first of May! There is a merry freshness in the sound, calling to our minds a thousand thoughts of all that is pleasant and beautiful in nature, in her sweetest and most delightful form. What man is there, over whose mind a bright spring morning does not exercise a magic influence? carrying him back to the days of his childish sports, and conjuring up before him the old green field, with its gently-waving trees, where the birds sang as he has never heard them since—where the butterfly fluttered far more gaily than he ever sees him now in all his ramblings—where the sky seemed bluer, and the sun shone more brightly—where the air blew more freshly over greener grass, and sweeter smelling flowers—where every thing wore a richer and more brilliant hue than it is ever dressed in now! Such are the deep feelings of childhood, and such are the impressions which every lovely object stamps upon its heart. The hardy traveller wanders through the maze of thick and pathless woods, where the sun's rays never shone, and heaven's pure air never played: he stands on the brink of the roaring waterfall, and, giddy and bewildered, watches the foaming mass as it leaps from stone to stone, and from crag to crag; he lingers in the fertile plains of a land of perpetual sunshine, and revels in the luxury of their balmy breath. But what are the deep forests, or the thundering waters, or the richest landscapes that bounteous nature ever spread, to charm the eyes and captivate the senses of man, compared with the recollection of the old scenes of his early youth—magic scenes indeed; for the fairy thoughts of infancy dressed them in colours brighter than the rainbow, and almost as fleeting: colours which are the reflection only of the sparkling sunbeams of childhood, and can never be called into existence, in the dark and cloudy days of after-life!

In former times, spring brought with it not only such associations as these, connected with the past, but sports and games for the present—merry dances round rustic pillars, adorned with emblems of the season, and reared in honour of its coming. Where are they now! Pillars we have, but they are no longer rustic ones; and as to dancers, they are used to rooms, and

lights, and would not show well in the open air. Think of the immorality, too! What would your sabbath enthusiasts say, to an aristocratic ring encircling the Duke of York's column in Carlton-terrace—a grand *poussette* of the middle classes, round Alderman Waithman's monument in Fleet-street—or a general hands-four-round of ten-pound householders, at the foot of the Obelisk in St. George's-fields? Alas! romance can make no head against the riot act; and pastoral simplicity is not understood by the police.

Well, many years ago, we began to get a steady and matter-of-fact sort of people; and dancing in spring, being beneath our dignity, we gave it up, and in course of time it descended to the sweeps—a fall certainly; because, though sweeps are very good fellows in their way, and moreover very useful in a civilized community, they are not exactly the sort of people to give the tone to the little elegances of society. The sweeps, however, got the dancing to themselves, and they kept it up and handed it down. This was a severe blow to the romance of spring-time, but it did not entirely destroy it either; for a portion of it descended to the sweeps with the dancing, and rendered them objects of great interest. A mystery hung over the sweeps in those days. Legends were in existence of wealthy gentlemen who had lost children, and who, after many years of sorrow and suffering, had found them in the character of sweeps. Stories were related of a young gentleman, who having been stolen from his parents in his infancy, and devoted to the occupation of chimney-sweeping, was sent, in the course of his professional career, to sweep the chimney of his mamma's bedroom; and how, being hot and tired when he came out of the chimney, he got into the bed he had so often slept in, as an infant, and was discovered and recognised therein by his mother, who once every year of her life, thereafter, requested the pleasure of the company of every London sweep at half-past one o'clock, to roast beef, plum-pudding, porter, and sixpence.

Such stories as these, and there were many such, threw an air of mystery round the sweeps, and produced for them some of those good effects, which animals derive from the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. No one, except the masters, thought of ill-treating a sweep, because no one knew who he might be, or what nobleman's or gentleman's son he might turn out. Chimney sweeping was, by many believers in the marvellous, considered as a sort of probationary term, at an earlier or later period of which, divers young noblemen were to come into possession of their rank and titles: and the profession was held by them in great respect accordingly. We remember, in our young days, a little sweep, about our own age, with curly hair and white teeth, whom we devoutly and sincerely believed to be the lost



son and heir of some illustrious personage—an impression which was resolved into an unchangeable conviction on our infant mind, by the subject of our speculations informing us one day, in reply to our question, propounded a few moments before his ascent to the summit of the kitchen chimney, “that he believed he’d been born in the vurkis, but he’d never know’d his father.” We felt certain, from that time forth, that he would one day be owned by a lord at least; and we never heard the church bells ring, or saw a flag hoisted in the neighbourhood, without thinking that the happy event had at last occurred, and that his long lost parent had arrived in a coach and six, to take him home to Grosvenor Square. He never came, however; and, at the present moment, the young gentleman in question is settled down as a master sweep in the neighbourhood of Battle Bridge, his distinguishing characteristics being a decided antipathy to washing himself, and the possession of a pair of legs very inadequate to the support of his somewhat unwieldy and corpulent body.

Now the romance of spring having gone out before our time, we were fain to console ourselves as we best could, with the uncertainty that enveloped the birth and parentage of its attendant dancers, the sweeps; and we *did* console ourselves with it for many years. But even this wretched source of comfort received a shock, from which it has never recovered—a shock, which was in reality its death-blow. We could not disguise from ourselves the fact, that whole families of sweeps were regularly born of sweeps, in the rural districts of Somers’ Town and Camden Town—that the eldest son succeeded to the father’s business, that the other branches assisted him therein, and commenced on their own account; that their children again were educated to the profession; and that about their identity there could be no mistake whatever. We could not be blind, we say, to this melancholy truth, but we could not bring ourselves to admit it nevertheless, and we lived on for some years in a state of voluntary ignorance. We were roused from our pleasant slumber, by certain dark insinuations thrown out by a friend of ours, to the effect that children in the lower ranks of life, were beginning to *choose* chimney sweeping as their particular walk, that applications had been made by various boys to the constituted authorities to allow them to pursue the object of their ambition, with the full concurrence and sanction of the law; that the affair, in short, was becoming one of mere legal contract. We turned a deaf ear to these rumours at first, but slowly and surely they stole upon us. Month after month, week after week, nay, day after day, at last, did we meet with accounts of similar applications. The veil was removed, all mystery was at an end, chimney sweeping became a favourite and chosen pursuit: there is no longer any occasion to steal boys, for boys flock in crowds to bind themselves.

The romance of the trade has fled, and the chimney sweeper of the present day is no more like unto him of thirty years ago, than is a Fleet Street pickpocket to a Spanish brigand, or Paul Pry to Caleb Williams.

This gradual decay and disuse of the practice of leading noble youths into captivity, and compelling them to ascend chimneys, was a severe blow, if we may so speak, to the romance of chimney sweeping, and to the romance of spring at the same time; but even this was not all; for some few years ago, the dancing on May-day began to decline; small sweeps were observed to congregate in twos or threes, unsupported by a "green," with no "My Lord" to act as master of the ceremonies, and no "My Lady" to preside over the exchequer. Even in companies where there was a green, it was an absolute nothing—a mere sprout; and the instrumental accompaniments rarely extended beyond the shovels and a set of Pan pipes, better known to the many, as a "mouth organ." These were signs of the times, portentous omens of a coming change: and what was the result which they shadowed forth? Why, the master sweeps, influenced by a restless spirit of innovation, actually interposed their authority, in opposition to the dancing, and substituted a dinner—an anniversary dinner at White Conduit House—where clean faces appeared in lieu of black ones smeared with rose pink; and knee cords and tops, superseded nankeen drawers and rosetted shoes. Gentlemen who were in the habit of riding shy horses, and steady-going people, who have no vagrancy in their souls, lauded this alteration to the skies, and the conduct of the master sweeps was described as beyond the reach of praise. But how stands the real fact? Let any man deny, if he can, that when the cloth had been removed, fresh pots and pipes laid upon the table, and the customary loyal and patriotic toasts proposed, the celebrated Mr. Shiffen, of Adam and Eve Court, whose authority not the most malignant of our opponents can call in question, expressed himself in manner following: "That now he'd cotcht the cheerman's hi, he vished he might be jolly vell blessed, if he worn't a goin' to have his innins, vich he voud say these here obserwashuns—that how some mischeevus coves as know'd nuffin about the con-sarn, had tried to sit people agin the mas'r swips, and take the shine out o' their bis'nes, and the bread out o' the traps o' their preshus kids, by a makin' o' this here remark, as chimblies could be as vel svept by 'cheenery as by boys, and that the makin' use o' boys for that there purpuss vos barbareous, vereas he 'ad been a chummy—he begged the cheerman's pard'n for usin' such a vulgar hexpression—more nor thirty year, he might say he'd been born in a chimbley, and he know'd uncommon vel as 'cheenery vos vos nor o' no use: and as to ker-hewelty to the boys, every body in the chimbley line, know'd as vel as he did, that they liked the climbin' better nor

nuffin as vos." From this day, we date the total fall of the last lingering remnant of May-day dancing, among the élite of the profession: and from this period we commence a new era in that portion of our spring associations, which relates to the 1st of May.

We are aware that the unthinking part of the population will meet us here, with the assertion that dancing on May-day still continues—that "greens" are annually seen to roll along the streets—that sportive youths, in the garb of clowns, precede them, giving vent to the ebullitions of their sportive fancies; and that lords and ladies follow in their wake. Granted. We are ready to acknowledge that in outward show these processions have greatly improved: we do not deny the introduction of solos on the drum: we will even go so far as to admit an occasional fantasia on the triangle; but here our admissions end. We positively deny that the sweeps have act or part in these proceedings. We distinctly charge the dustmen with throwing what they ought to clear away, into the eyes of the public. We accuse scavengers, brick-makers, and gentlemen who devote their energies to the costermongering line, with obtaining money once a-year under false pretences. We cling with peculiar fondness to the customs of days gone by, and have shut out conviction as long as we could, but it has forced itself upon us; and we now proclaim to a deluded public that the May-day dancers are *not* sweeps. The size of them alone is sufficient to repudiate the idea. It is a notorious fact that the widely spread taste for register-stoves has materially increased the demand for small boys; whereas the men, who under a fictitious character, dance about the streets on the first of May now-a-days, would be a tight fit in a kitchen flue, to say nothing of the parlour. This is strong presumptive evidence, but we have positive proof—the evidence of our own senses, and here is our testimony:—

Upon the morning of the second of this present month of May, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six, we went out for a stroll, with a kind of forlorn hope of seeing something or other which might induce us to believe that it was really spring, and not Christmas; and after wandering as far as Copenhagen House, without meeting any thing calculated to dispel our impression that there was a mistake in the almanacks, we turned back down Maiden-lane, with the intention of passing through the extensive colony lying between it and Battle-bridge, which is inhabited by proprietors of donkey-carts, boilers of horse-flesh, and sifters of cinders: and through this colony we should have passed, without stoppage or interruption, if a little crowd gathered round a shed had not attracted our attention, and induced us to pause. When we say a "shed," we do not mean the conservatory sort of building, which, according to the old

song, Love tenanted when he was a young man ; but a wooden house with windows stuffed with rags and paper, and a small yard at the side, with one dust-cart, two baskets, a few shovels, and little heaps of cinders, and fragments of China and tiles, scattered about it. Before this inviting spot we paused ; and the longer we looked, the more we wondered what exciting circumstance it could be, that induced the foremost members of the crowd to flatten their noses against the parlour window, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of what was going on inside. After staring vacantly about us for some minutes, we appealed, touching the cause of this assemblage, to a gentleman in a suit of tarpaulin, who was smoking his pipe on our right hand ; but as the only answer we obtained, was a playful inquiry whether our maternal parent had disposed of her mangle, we determined to await the issue in silence. Judge of our virtuous indignation, when the street-door of the shed opened, and a party emerged therefrom, clad in the costume and emulating the appearance of May-day sweeps !

The first person who appeared was " my lord," habited in a blue coat and bright buttons, with gilt paper tacked over the seams, yellow knee-breeches, pink cotton stockings, and shoes, a cocked hat ornamented with shreds of various coloured paper on his head, a *bouquet* about the size of a prize cauliflower in his button-hole, a long Belcher handkerchief in his right hand, and a thin cane in his left. A murmur of applause ran through the crowd (which was chiefly composed of his personal friends) when this graceful figure made his appearance, which swelled into a burst of applause as his fair partner in the dance bounded forth to join him. Her ladyship was attired in pink crape over bed-furniture, with a low body and short sleeves. The symmetry of her ankles was partially concealed by a very perceptible pair of frilled trousers ; and the inconvenience which might have resulted from the circumstance of her white satin shoes being a few sizes too large, was obviated by their being firmly attached to her legs with strong sandals.

Her head was ornamented with a profusion of artificial flowers, and in her hand she bore a large brass ladle, wherein to receive what she figuratively denominated " the tin." The other characters were a young gentleman in girl's clothes and a widow's cap : two clowns who walked upon their hands in the mud, to the immeasurable delight of all the spectators, a man with a drum, another man with a flageolet, a dirty woman in a large shawl, with a box under her arm for the money,—and last, though not least, the Green, animated by no less a personage than our identical friend in the tarpaulin suit. The man hammered away at the drum, the flageolet squeaked, the shovels rattled, the Green rolled about, pitching first on one side and then on the other,—

my lady threw her right foot over her left ankle, and her left foot over her right ankle alternately; and my lord ran a few paces forward and butted at the Green, and then a few paces backward upon the toes of the crowd, and then went to the right, and then to the left, and then dodged my lady round the Green, and finally drew her arm through his, and called upon the boys to shout, which they did lustily,—for this was the dancing.

We passed the same group accidentally in the evening. We never saw a green so drunk, a lord so quarrelsome (except in the house of peers after dinner), a pair of clowns so melancholy, a lady so muddy, or a party so miserable.

How has May-day decayed! thought we. How many merry sports, such as dancing round the Maypole, have fallen into desuetude! And, apparently trifling as their loss may appear, with how many profligate and vicious customs have they been replaced! How much of cheerfulness and simplicity of character have they carried away with them; and how much of degradation and discontent have they left behind!

BOZ.

MONKWYND: A LEGENDARY FRAGMENT.

—BAST. Your sword is bright, sir: put it up again.

SAL. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

KING JOHN.

THE soft sunlight streamed sadly through many a dim and gloomy vista of Monkwynd Forest, towards the close of a sultry afternoon, in the autumn of 1399. On every side, beyond the eye's ken, stretched vast sylvan colonnades of amber-hued trees, here and there interrupted by a gaunt and hoary oak, who seemed struggling to maintain his patriarchal supremacy over his leafy brethren—and irregular clumps of towering elms. Dimly through the distance was occasionally seen the form of a solitary deer, glancing swiftly among the trees, as if in search of his strayed comrades.—Solemn and unbroken stillness reigned throughout the gloomy depths of Monkwynd. Rich masses of broken sunlight fell at intervals on the soft, glistening moss, which looked as though it had never been crushed beneath the proud footsteps of man.—The sun was yet at a considerable height above the vast outline of the Welsh mountains, which bounded the horizon.

A slight gloom overcast the rich and tranquil scenery; and the aspect of the sky betokened the rapid approach of a thunder-storm. The sun, with his regal train, presently disappeared behind a dense phalanx of towering clouds, which seemed as

though collecting from all parts, "the loud artillery of heaven." A few moments ensued, of that intense and sultry stillness which usually precedes a storm. Nature seemed to sink with fearful apprehension of what might follow. At last, a few large drops of rain were heard pattering slowly through the motionless branches; they were soon followed by an astounding peal of thunder, which seemed to shake the whole forest, as its long and deep reverberations died away among the distant groves. Several awfully vivid sheets of lightning shed over the scenery a transient ghastly light; and in a few moments the rain poured down in torrents. There was something freshening, in hearing its ceaseless clatter among the hurtling leaves and branches, and viewing it streaming on the emerald grass and moss beneath.

On a slightly elevated mound of grass, at some distance from the surrounding trees, in the very heart of the forest, apparently unconcerned amidst the torrents of rain, the reverberating thunder-claps, and the livid, incessant flash of lightning—stood the tall figure of a stranger. His arms folded on his breast, drew tightly around him the folds of a long dark cloak; it doubled over his head in the shape of a hood, which, in the present instance, was thrown rather aside. It was the monkish costume. His pale, stern, and forbidding countenance, and restless vulture-eye, conveyed to the spectator the idea that he contemplated a monument of ruined ambition. He was gazing on the sky; and the fitful lightning shed over his features a most wild and unearthly expression. His lips were compressed sullenly together; and his broad forehead, partially shaded with black hair, was knotted with a gloomy air of intense thought and disquietude.

"Ay!" he exclaimed, in a deep tone, after witnessing a terrific flash of lightning, "an' I envy not that cloud, may Satan asshrive me this night!—It hath cast forth from its dark chambers a troublesome guest, and now flitteth on its journey easily.—Holy St. Botolph! would *I* were able to cast forth the lightning which scorcheth me secretly—ay, blighteth every hour of my accursed life!—And that thunder—why the earth seemed to leap with horror at the hearing on't—yet it shaketh not the soul o' him that standeth thereon!—I weeten* that these fresh rain-drops would cool my burning brow—but, alack! they roll off hot—hot!—Marry! that was a doughty feat, in sooth!" said he, as the lightning descended on a giant oak, and rent it asunder with a loud crash. "That same lightning hath taught me a lesson. *It* careered over the sky till it had collected all its might—and then it flung down at once the whole of its fiery vengeance;—and see how it hath blasted the proud old king o' Monkwynd! In like manner *I* have wandered from far, over

*In several parts of the ensuing narrative I have adopted the colloquial phrases of the period at which our story commences.

lonesome hill and valley, and crossed the troublous seas—and now will I do in like manner, by the mass!” As he spoke these last words with subdued eager bitterness, he reached over his hand to his left side, as though he felt for something beneath his cloak. A wild smile past over his face.—“An’t shall please thy reverence,” exclaimed a husky voice, “thou hadst better turn within, and abide under cover, till the rain be overpast.” The voice issued from the door of a small cave, which conveniently opened between the trunks of two trees, at about ten paces distance from the mound on which stood the moody stranger. The speaker was a jolly obese little friar, with a smooth-shaven crown, and vermilion-tinted nose. The stranger stalked slowly to the cave, and stood leaning against one of the elm-trees. He glared silently on the lightning, as it flashed incessantly afar off.

“Sancta Maria! what a dreary even is this!” quoth Father Gootle, fingering his dusky beads. “Yon lightning looketh like fiery snakes i’ the sky: an’t please ye, sir serpents, I wot ye would keep far from this our comfortable resting-place!—Dost thou dread the lightning, holy father?”

“I prithee peace, sirrah: trouble me not with thy malapert questions. Rather sit thee down within there, and go to sleep,” replied the monk sternly.

“If it please thy reverence, I have but aroused a little while from my nap—and even then an unmannerly peal o’ thunder awoke me. But I can tell thee o’ something that will comfort thy soul: ay, in sooth, it *will* comfort thy soul.”

“Out with it, then!” said the monk, looking negligently over his shoulder.

“Body and soul be sworn brothers,—*charissimi fratres*, as saith one of the fathers, if it please thy reverence to recollect. Sith it so stand, it follows that they have all things in common. When one is griped, and pinched, why so is the other, as it were. Thy mind is now disquieted, after a certain sort; and by close examination thereof, according to the command of the Holy Church,—but thou rememberest what Father Ambrose saith:

Sint pura cordis intima
Abasit et vecordia—

I found that it was not disquieted because of aught evil in itself; (blessed be the mother of God!) but purely because the body is wanting in due and fitting nourishment: the stomach---the stomach---hem, hem.”

“Out on thy drivelling! What wouldst thou say to me?”

“Marry, that I have an excellent mutton pasty within here; which a certain pious damsel gave me this morning for absolution for an unspeakable thing. Doubtless thou wilt fall to, and partake thereof”

"Thou fat old dotard !" exclaimed the monk, turning his back on him, angrily.

"Nevertheless, *I* feel a certain craving after food, which must be satisfied. Doubtless, when the savoury smell of my pasty ascendeth to thy nostrils, thou wilt be of other mind than thou art now, for thou hast travelled far to-day," replied the good friar; and drawing a small knife from his vest, which seemed always ready on such occasions, he cut out a large piece, which he immediately began to eat, with great zest, and in silence. For some moments the monk stood gazing on the storm, which yet raged with unabated violence: but at last, it seemed that the prediction of his companion was verified, for he turned slowly round and seated himself within the cavern.

"An' thou likest, thou mayest portion *me* out a morsel, for I wax something faint with travelling, and a long fast. I have that to do which doth not admit of weakness—else I had vowed not to eat, till"—he broke off suddenly, and a gloomy pause ensued.

"Surely the damsel from whose fair hands did come this pasty, is blessed with excellent skill in the fashioning of pasties," said the friar, handing a slice to the monk, who ate a few mouthfuls in silence. At length he flung down the remainder, with violence.

"Sancta Maria! doth it not suit thy palate? Is it seasoned too highly?" inquired the astonished friar. "Thou couldst not have done more, an' it had been poisoned,—which our blessed lady forbid, for I have eaten a reasonable quantity!" he continued, passing his hands over his protuberant paunch, and looking rather alarmed. The monk, evidently striving to conceal from his companion his great perturbation, stammered confusedly, as a reason for his strange conduct,

"Carnis terat superbia
Potús cibique parcitas.

"Dost not thou know what that meaneth, thou that art gorging like a hog beneath an oak-tree?—I will taste no more o' thy vile dainties."

He seemed fearfully agitated. He quivered from head to foot: and glared so wildly around him that the friar, terrified by his vehemence, and apprehending that a long fast had somewhat deranged him, pulled out a small flask of wine, and offered it to him: he drained it off at a draught.

"Was that *blood* thou gavest me?" inquired the monk, in a hollow tone, fixing an appalling stare on the affrighted friar.

"Blood?—blood?—Holy St. Becket!—Why should I give thee blood?—Thou ravest!—Thou art certainly ill!—Look at this holy wood, Father, and be blessed!"—and he held before him a small crucifix.

"Ha!" exclaimed the monk, with a long shuddering gasp, gazing on the crucifix with a bursting eye. He suddenly snatched it from the trembling grasp of the friar, and dashed it into fragments upon the stone floor.

"Sancta---Sanctissima Maria! Henceforth a curse clingeth to thee for ever!" screamed the astonished friar, as the monk darted from the cavern, and staggered to the mound where he had previously stood. He shook himself violently, as though he had been flinging off the coils of a serpent, pressed his hands to his forehead, and gazed upwards with an eye quivering with agony and despair. He turned round with sudden calmness. He seemed with a gigantic effort, to have allayed his terrible excitement. He walked slowly to the cave, at the entrance of which stood the pale and agitated friar, rapidly counting his beads.

"Go thou within, Father Gootle; I have somewhat for thy ear."

"How shall I sit near one who hath broken and despised the blessed cross?" inquired the trembling friar. A look from the monk silenced his scruples, and he obeyed. The monk seated himself opposite to him.

"Dost thou remember," he resumed, solemnly, laying his cold hands on those of the friar---"dost thou remember San Marco?"

The shuddering friar made no reply.

"I see thou dost," continued the monk, gloomily; "but why art thou so startled? Dost thou remember in the inner court of the Abbey, in the still of the evening, what words they were which I spoke to thee?---What I said about England---about Cheshire?"

"Holy Father, I pray thee, take off from me thy burning eye! Thy fiendish stare hath maddened me. Help; I faint!"

"Weak fool!" exclaimed the monk, as he supported him till he recovered.

"Father Gootle---I ask thee, dost thou remember the word which I whispered in thine ear, when the bell rung to vespers?"

"I do!--I do!" replied the friar, gasping with terror.

"That word hath brought me from Italy to England, although thou thoughtest I was intrusted on an errand of state to Cardinal Superbè. That word hath been my support amidst troubles and sorrows unutterable. That word hath been to me for breath and for food. That word hath made me to laugh at the grave."

"And that word will be thy passport to hell!" replied the friar, vehemently.

"Hell!" ejaculated the monk, with a bitter smile. "Now, Father, do thou mark me, and mind me. I go to do a deed; which neither thou, nor any other man must see. Stay thou

within this cavern till I return---or thy blood be on thine own head. An' thou stirrest beyond these two trees till I return---by the cross which I brake, but this is thy grave!" said the monk, in a voice of thunder.

The friar fell on his knees, and clasped his hands in speechless agony.

"What meanest thou?—What wouldst thou?" inquired the monk sternly.

"By thy hopes of heaven, do not this dark and bloody deed!"

"Thou mayst cease thine entreaties, Father. Can the stamp of a foot crumble yon mountains into dust?—Then may thine entreaties melt the rock of my resolution. I tell thee I *shall* have my revenge, an' there be truth in heaven or in hell—Once again I warn thee—if thou leavest till I return, I will slay thy body, and curse thy soul for ever, an' it were in my power."

With these words he left the cave, and Father Gootle more dead than alive. He strode rapidly to the mound he had previously occupied. The armies of the storm had furled their flags, and left the sky to the brief, but serene dominion of the setting sun. Purple-tinged clouds floated around him in dim pomp and shadowy magnificence. The freshly-laved trees glowed in his soft lustre; and the winds swept through their foliage, as though they chanted the faint and mournful requiem of the departing day. The scene was delightfully tranquil; but not so he whose eye dilated upon it with sullen indifference.

The monk frequently cast his eye towards a grove of silvery sycamores, round which wound a circuitous pathway leading to Wrexham,—as though anxiously waiting the approach of an expected passenger. He often muttered to himself—"When will he come?—What an', after all, I am misled?—But, lo! there he cometh! ay, *he cometh!*—Why doth my blood stand still, and why mine eyes grow dim? What meaneth this sickness? this deadly faintness at the heart?—Hold! an' *it* fail me *now*—so shall my life!"

He drew his cowl over his face, and began to walk around, in a thoughtful mood, so that he might be speedily overtaken by the horseman who followed. It was an elderly man who rode on a large white horse. He was dressed in a long buff tunic, somewhat the worse for wear, with a broad leather band buckled round his waist,—and had on a coarse thrum bonnet. Covetousness and rapacity seemed to twinkle in his keen, deep-set gray eyes, and to be stamped upon every feature of his countenance; and a dirty grayish, straggling beard attached to his peaked chin, gave a perfect idea of a miser. He rode at a leisurely pace, and soon overtook the monk, who walked on with his chin inclined on his hand, in a posture of deep thoughtfulness.

"The blessing of St. Botolph be with thee, good stranger: hast thou alms for one of the holy church's poor servants?" inquired the monk, in a stifled voice.

"Good even to thee, holy priest: but syn thou askest alms, let me tell thee, I have not sufficient for mine own wants."

"An' it were never so little, give it, I priethee: wottest thou not of the widow's mite?"

"I tell thee," replied the stranger, peevishly, "I have scarce sufficient for mine own wants; and how, then, can I minister to thine?"

"How sayest thou so? Report babbleth that thou hast an indifferent good estate, adjoining—is it not so? *Davie o' Monkwynd* passeth for richer than any within many a rood, an' I am not misled."

"Then report is a liar—an' thou *wilt* have plain words. Even suppose I had some trifling property in tenements, and so forth—thinkest thou I am not sufficiently burthened with young King Richard's extortion!—Every month that cometh, is saddled with some new exorbitant tax. Marry, I tell thee, I am poor."

"An' it were never so small a trifle," continued the monk, imploringly.

"Thou shouldst not, because thou couldst not have it!" replied David, angrily, at the same time quickening the pace of his horse. But the monk still kept close to his side.

"Leave me, leave me, thou importunate beggar! Thou dost disgrace thy cloth!" said Davie, impatiently: had he seen the withering scowl with which the monk regarded him, he would have set off at full gallop; as it was, he urged his horse to brisker speed than before: but the monk, with his long and rapid strides, still kept even with him, and, seeing Davie inclined to set off at a gallop, he laid his hand on the bridle.

"Why—what meanest thou?—By'r lady, wouldst thou rob me!—Dost know that the greater half o' this forest is owned by me?" said Davie, with great trepidation.

"An' that be so, how canst thou be so poor as to be unable to give me a mark or two?—I pray thee give me alms, in the name of the blessed Virgin!"

"I will see thee hanged first, priest as thou art!" vociferated Davie, losing all patience.

"Then, mark me!" said the monk, in a slow and solemn voice, "I will give *thee* a gift!"

"Ay, i'fait?—ay?" inquired Davie, eagerly; "Money or goods? Money or goods?—Stay—perchance thou meanest thy blessing? If so, keep it to thyself: a monkish blessing I value not half a sterling."

"Davie, wouldst thou know what my gift meaneth?" asked the monk, impressively: "It is this! Gaze till thine eyes be

blighted!" and he drew from beneath his cloak a keen, long, and glittering knife, spotted with blood.

"Holy Mary! Dost thou mean to murder an old man?" stammered Davie, while he strove, but ineffectually, to urge his horse to a more rapid pace.

"Murder thee?—St. Dunstan forbid!—Dost thou think a monk a murderer?—Take thou this blade, and examine it well. I warrant thee thou shalt by and by discover in it something strange and wondrous," replied the monk, as he extended the knife to his companion.

"By the bones o' Saint Becket, I will not touch it! Thou art a fiend, and no man," replied Davie.

"Take it, or rue it!" thundered the monk. Davie took it with a trembling hand. "And what am I to do with it?" he inquired, faintly.

"Mark it well, and give it me again."

Davie viewed it with a dim and sickening eye, and returned it in silence to his companion, who clutched it with fierce eagerness, and replaced it beneath his cloak.

"Dost thou remember it, Davie?—Dost thou remember it?"

"No!" replied Davie, casting a wild and fearful glance on his companion, who drew his cowl closer over his face. A long pause ensued.

"And so thou art poor, art thou?" inquired the monk, with feigned calmness.

"Thou speakest truly, reverend father."

"How long hast thou lived in these parts?"

"I have dwelt here syn my youth," replied Davie, with trembling submissiveness.

"*Hadst thou ever a brother?*" inquired the monk, abruptly, in a voice which thrilled to the very marrow of his shuddering auditor.

"Ay!" he replied, at the same time grasping the pommel of his saddle, as if he with difficulty preserved his seat.

"Why dost thou tremble, and turn so white in thy face, Davie?" inquired the monk, with a fierce smile.

"A passing fit of sickness, such as I often have.—Would that Gideon Drench, the leech, were here: I lack his assistance. I pray thy reverence to remember, that I am a weak and year-stricken man."

"Doubtless it is so; but—thy brother?" continued the monk, with cold solemnity; "is he alive now?"

Davie was silent.

"I ask thee, Davie—is thy brother alive?" repeated the monk.

"With great grief of heart, I must tell thee, he is dead. God's peace be with his soul!" stammered Davie, as if his words choked him.

"When did he die, Davie?"

"It is now a matter of ten years, so please thy reverence."

"I prithee, did he die at home—in his father's house?"

"Alack, no! He died at Wat Tyler's rebellion. He was slain by a knight, in Smithfield. I grieve to say he was a traitor."

A long pause ensued, which neither seemed inclined to break.

"Where didst thou say he died?" inquired the monk, abruptly.

"Peace be with him! He followed the Duke o' Hereford to Lithuania, and was left dead on the field of battle. I had like to have gone beside myself with sorrow for him—for I was the only one of the family that loved him."

"I thought thou saidst he was a rebel, and died in Wat Tyler's insurrection—in Smithfield?" said the monk, slowly fixing a keen and startling glance on Davie, who made no other reply, than by gasping, "Heaven pity me—I grow distracted!"

"Hadst thou other brothers than he, Davie?"

"No, he was the elder, and only one."

The monk drew his cowl closer over his face, and said, in a voice which seemed to rise from the depths of the grave,—

"Davie, thou didst *murder* thy brother!"

The reins fell from Davie's hands, and he fixed on the shrouded face of his companion a cold, unmeaning stare, while the monk continued, in the same sepulchral tone—

"Davie, dost thou remember the Elder Tower?—Dost thou remember who sate in it at midnight, when stillness was upon the earth?—Dost thou remember that thy brother received from thine hands a cup of sack—drank it,—and presently fell asleep?—Dost thou remember that thou didst take from thy tunic—a knife?—Dost thou remember baring the cloak from thy brother's bosom?—Dost thou remember the hot blood that gushed over thy clasped hands?—Dost thou remember the hooting of an owl, who settled opposite to thee, on a hazel-tree, and sang thee a death-song on thy deed?—Dost thou remember that the broad eye of the moon wellnigh froze thee into stone, as thou lookedst on it?—Dost thou remember hearing a wild shriek—that a maiden started from the bower, where she had been sleeping, close by, and was awoke by the owl,---that thou wast following her, with thy red knife in thine hand, when thy feet failed thee, on the ground slippery with blood?---Ha! dost thou remember that ghastly night?---Thou didst not see the blue hell-fire which flickered around the shrubs and bushes by thee! Davie!---I tell thee thy soul is dyed with blood!---Blood---blood---blood cryeth out against thee for vengeance!---It was licked up by the thirsty earth, into its dark womb, where it is preserved until now!---*Cain*!---dost thou hear the curse which is denounced upon thee?" inquired the monk, through his closed teeth.

During the whole of this heart-freezing recapitulation, Davie

had gazed fixedly on the gloomy speaker, with a lack-lustre eye, and his features bedewed with a clammy sweat. His horse had for some time ceased to move,---as if the withering words of the monk had operated as a spell on the horse as well as the rider. At length the monk shook him from his lethargy.

"Davie!--dost thou hear thine accuser?"

"Oh, thou fiend---thou fiend! why dost thou fright me?" gasped Davie, striving to trace the figure of the cross.

"Away home, Davie!--*I will meet thee again!*---See thou be prepared for my coming!"

More dead than alive, Davie urged his horse gently forwards. The monk watched him till the winding pathway had hid him from his view, and then darted through the trees, where he was heard rapidly urging his way among the crashing and creaking bushes, as he pushed them on each side.

Davie rode along for some time, at a very slow and mournful pace; but a sudden recollection of the last words of the terrible stranger---the fearful mystery in which he was shrouded---and the dreariness of his own situation---altogether, so awed his imagination, and overcame his feelings, that, with sudden and desperate vehemence he struck his horse, till it bore him along at a rapid rate. He soon reached the borders of the forest, and rode up towards a pair of dim and lofty gates, on each side of which was placed a rudely-sculptured boar, scowling with great fierceness. He dismounted, and fastened his horse to the gate, with a trembling hand. With hurried, unsteady steps, he passed through the courtyard, which was growing gloomy with the shadows of evening. He approached a large, irregularly-built mansion, heavy with cumbrous, dingy-hued timber-works;---and each angle was garnished with a small square turret; but for what earthly use is beyond conjecture. The door was beneath a ponderous stone porch. He raised his hand to the latch; but he could not move it. Again and again he shook the door, with what little strength he had left---but he heard only its faint echoes through the silent chambers. He called out faintly, "*Jeanet!*" but received no answer. As he turned round to examine the ground-casement, his startled eye caught a glance of a tall dim figure, gliding swiftly and noiselessly by the gates through which he had entered; and his ear caught the low querulous neighing of his horse,---as though it had been startled or disturbed by the being, whoever it was, that passed.

Once more he shook the oaken door, but in vain. He leaned disconsolately against the porch, and groaned. He was gazing on the door---when he saw it move: he pushed it, and it fell back. After a moment's pause of apprehension, he crossed the threshold. Had he possessed sufficient recollection and presence of mind, he might have been surprised and alarmed at



the sudden opening of the door—but it escaped his notice. As he paced the dim passage, his heart leaped within him at the echo of every foot-fall. He was surprised at the unusual, the dreary, the ominous silence which pervaded the house. Sickening with a vague apprehension of horror, he ascended the oaken stairs which led to his sleeping-chamber. He opened the door. The last lingering sunlight, which shed a melancholy gleam around, revealed to him the figure of his wife, stretched in blood on the floor, which had issued from a wound in her breast, where the fatal instrument yet remained. He seemed petrified, as his reeling eyes encountered the staring eyeballs of his murdered wife. While he gazed in silence on the frightful spectacle, he heard a wild unmeaning laugh behind him: he turned round with tottering steps, and beheld the *Monk*.

"Ha, Davie!--Art thou at thy trade of blood again?" he inquired, with bitter derision.

Davie's limbs refused him any longer support; and he fell down by the side of his wife, his eye still rivetted on the fiendish figure of the monk.

The monk drew back his sleeves from his hands, and knelt down deliberately by his side. He slowly drew out the long knife, which stood in the gashed bosom of the wife.

"Dost thou remember, I said I would meet thee again? Art thou prepared?"

He wiped the wet blade upon his sleeve, and, with terrible calmness, unbuckled Davie's tunic. He laid his hand upon Davie's heart.

"Thou art still warm with life, Davie: it *is* warm!" he continued, and it seemed as though a pang of momentary remorse thrilled through his black heart; for he folded his arms on his breast, and gazed anxiously on the haggard countenance of his unresisting victim.

"Davie! dost thou remember me?" asked the monk, flinging wide his hood.

"My Brother!" gasped the dying wretch.

The words had scarcely quivered from his lips, when the monk uplifted his knife, and plunged it thrice into his bosom, yelling "Die, accursed! Die, die, die!"

"It is done!" groaned the monk; "now for Italy." He sprang from the scene of fratricidal horror, and hurried through the courtyard.

Soon after the monk had left the cavern in Monkwynd forest, Father Gootle contrived to rouse his sinking spirits, by an appeal to a sure and often-tried friend, *i. e.*, a flask of Gascon wine, which he had concealed in a dark corner by way of *dernier resort*. Never had a similar application been so instantaneously successful. It infused new life and vigour into

his system, and recruited his mental energies. He commenced a soliloquy.

"An' it please Heaven, this deed of blood shall either be prevented, or visited with due punishment. It will be a deed of excellent service to the church. But what an' I should perish, in working this good? Could the holy mother church afford to lose me? Truly, I fear not. Marry, this is my consolation, *Sanguis martyrurum semen ecclesie*, as one saith. My singular eloquence hath often, in times past, edified the church; and I have done many other excellent things, which it becometh not me to name. And,---supposing I should die, at a sudden push, in defence of the church's purity---hem, hem," chuckled the friar,---"methinks it would sound indifferent well in after ages, for folks to beseech the intercession of *Blessed St. Gootle*!---But I must be doing: ay, i'faith; and what shall I do?" Here a short pause ensued. "I will hie me to Wrexham (which lieth at little more than half a mile's distance), to *Irongripe*, the bailiff, and bring him, with some few other stout fellows, to Davie's house: and our Lady grant I may be in time to prevent the shedding of blood!"

It is true, the fierce threats of the monk came to his remembrance; but then he easily consoled and fortified himself with mentioning the words, "*Blessed St. Gootle*." So away went the good father, as fast as his limbs could carry him, puffing all the way to Wrexham. He was successful. *Irongripe*, a very valiant and noted thief-taker, instantly accompanied him, with three other bloodhound followers. They met the monk riding rapidly along on the horse of Davie.

"See---see the blood on his cloak! Look, stout *Irongripe*!"

The monk heard the voice of the friar, and looked up: for he was riding along moodily, with his eyes bent towards the ground. He saw Father Gootle, who had considerably preceded *Irongripe* and his party. He sprang from his horse, exclaiming,

"*Thou* here, caitiff?---Die!"

Before he had seized the trembling friar, the monk was locked in the strong arms of the bailiff and his constables.

"Die! thou caitiff friar! Die, caitiff!" thundered the monk, his eye still singling out Father Gootle---at the same time that he struggled to burst from those who held him.

"Haste thee! Haste thee, holy father! Mount that horse, and ride off for thy life!" roared out one of the men. Fear lent agility to the exhausted friar: he managed to clamber, with some little difficulty, into the saddle, and was out of sight presently.

The infuriated monk struggled like a giant, with his resolute and powerful assailants. Twice he burst from their united grasp, and flung *Irongripe* and his head constable on the ground with

stunning violence. But his opponents, beside being familiar with such encounters, were well-trained wrestlers, and rose unhurt from every fall.

"Unhand me, knaves! --- Bloodthirsty villains, away!" roared the monk, as he hurled them off on all sides. He perceived, however, that his strength began to fail, while that of his assailants seemed wholly exhausted. His eye glared furiously around him; in the darkness he had discovered his revenge.

"The cliff! the cliff!--He drags us to the cliff's edge! Hold away, or we are lost!" shouted the constables. The powerful monk swayed his devoted foes nearer and nearer to the fatal verge. Around three he wreathed his giant arms: he had devoted them to destruction.

"Help, as ye are men!--Help!" roared Irongripe, as a body of horsemen appeared, bearing torches, headed by the indefatigable friar. Again, trusting to their instant arrival, he rushed to the rescue of his companions. But the monk also had seen the approaching reinforcement; and, with a last tremendous effort, whirled himself and his four assailants from the edge of the precipice. Close clasped together in the embrace of death, they fell, crashing from crag to crag, into the river beneath.

When the horsemen, with their waving torches, galloped to the scene of this terrible castastrophe, it was overspread with the pall of silence and darkness.

Ever after this terrible transaction, superstition hung her portentous ensign over the ancient forest of Monkwynd and the house of the murdered Davie. The peasant who dared to linger within its dreary precincts an hour after sunset, was esteemed unusually stout-hearted. But, as for Davie's mansion, if report may be credited, none ever had the temerity to enter its blood-stained walls, which were suffered, year after year, to crumble in solitary gloom and desolation. Many legends of the spectre monk (first promulgated, perhaps, by Father Gootle) were current in the neighbourhood. Nay, one very valiant fellow went so far as to say that he had several times seen, in the gloom of evening, a tall, gaunt, dim shape, sitting upon the edge of Monkwynd Cliff (as it was called), which then sunk down out of sight: which circumstance, as he very sagaciously predicted, evidenced that his soul was doomed to suffer penance there, for nobody knows how many centuries.

As for Father Gootle, I have never been able to meet with any information respecting his history; and, as one never hears, in the Cornish calendar, of the name "*Blessed St. Gootle*," we may fairly infer that he was never thought worthy of canonization.

Q. Q. Q.

DESTINY.

THE manner in which I have been thrice rescued from impending death, is almost sufficient of itself to induce me to believe in what is generally called "Destiny;"—a word, the meaning of which is easier to be comprehended than explained. Certain impressions which I received in boyhood, concerning fate, omens, second-sight, ghosts, witches, and fairies, have tended to strengthen this belief, and to convince me that the destinies of particular persons are often connected in a manner that is never dreamt of in our modern philosophy, which can tell to the sixteenth part of an inch how high a man, with a moderate effort, may jump at the surface of the moon, but which is lost in a maze when it attempts to explain, upon pretended rational principles, why a person should *fancy* that he saw the "eidolon," or "wraith," of an absent friend, but a few minutes before the latter yielded his breath in a far distant land. Why shrouds should be only seen in candles, or deathwatches be only heard a short time preceding the decease of some friend or relative of the observer, has never been satisfactorily explained on philosophical grounds; and it is much easier to trace the eccentric orbit of a comet than to account for the wanderings of the mind—or rather soul—when the body is in a state of repose.

I cannot say that I have ever seen any wraiths or ghosts myself; but I have known several persons of unquestionable veracity who have. My old nurse, who occasionally acted as a country "howdy," or midwife, had seen as many wraiths and ghosts as there were persons in the parish where she lived; but then she partly owed this extraordinary faculty to the circumstances of her birth; for her father was a parish clerk and sexton, and she was born at midnight on Christmas-eve, A. D. 1732. My old and highly-esteemed friend, Lieutenant Bowden, who served under Rodney in the first American war, had twice seen and been within hail of the "Flying Dutchman," that is doomed to beat up off the Cape of Good Hope till the day of judgment; and a frigate to which he belonged was for many years haunted by the ghost of a boatswain who had died of the fever at Port-Royal, without making a discovery of some doubloons which he had hidden in the fore-castle. This ghost, which Lieutenant Bowden had often heard, and once spoken to, was most particularly annoying when the ship was at anchor in a tideway, more especially towards high and low water, at which

time marine ghosts have generally most power; sometimes clanking the gangway ladders, making the ship's timbers creak as if she was about to go to pieces; or kicking up a racket in the cable-tier, occasionally crying out in a peculiarly "gousty" voice, well befitting the ghost of a deceased Boatswain, "I cannot find my Spanish doubloons!" When the ship was docked, about six years after the boatswain's death, his hoard of sixty pieces of gold was discovered between the timbers, wrapped up in the leg of an old stocking, and from that time the ghost was never seen nor heard again. My own maternal uncle, Captain Joseph Hunter, who made his fortune in the Guinea-trade,—as honest, and, I may say, as truly humane a man as you will meet with at a charity dinner or a ranter's tea-drinking,—my brave and worthy uncle, who feared not the face of man, and who set the devil at defiance, was sometimes alarmed at the appearance of the unsubstantial ghosts of black slaves who had died on the middle passage. On one occasion, which I have often heard him refer to, when they had a long passage between the coast of Guinea and the Spanish main, about eighty slaves died out of a cargo of two hundred; and although a heavy weight was attached to the feet of each corpse before it was committed to the deep, yet they would frequently rise breast high out of the sea, and with horribly distorted visages seem to threaten destruction to the vessel and her crew. When the ship was becalmed for about ten days, my uncle would frequently see a black ghost start up from the sea under the ship's quarter, and which, after glaring at him with a most terrific expression of countenance, would clasp its hands above its head, and sink slowly down. One evening, when he was sitting alone in the cabin examining a chart, he thought he heard something move behind him; and on turning his head round to see what might be the cause, his eyes encountered those of a gigantic black slave—who had died and been thrown overboard the week before—glaring over his shoulder, and about a dozen other black ghosts were grinning and moaning at the cabin windows. He instinctively grasped one of the pistols which he always wore in his belt, but before he had time to cock it and pull the trigger, the ghost of big Sambo vanished through the cabin window without breaking a pane of glass, and his companions outside disappeared at the same moment. But I find—not being accustomed to authorship—that I am forgetting the story which I intended to tell, which is about my own three escapes: some account of the life of my late worthy uncle, Captain Joseph Hunter—whose meerschaum, his dying bequest, I am smoking as I write—I may perhaps give at some future day.

When a boy, I was sent to a school about thirty miles from home, kept by a clergyman, a friend of my father's, who eked

out the income afforded by a poor curacy by teaching a few pupils. The school was situated in a pleasant village in one of the northern counties; and there was an excellent trout-stream about a mile distant, which we boys used frequently to visit, as well for the purpose of angling as for bathing. When about the age of fourteen, I went to this stream one fine afternoon with several of my schoolfellows, in order to enjoy the pleasure of a bathe. The place which we were accustomed to select on such occasions, was a retired part of the narrow vale through which the burn flowed, and where the winter floods, rolling over a slight declivity, had hollowed the channel into a pool, which was deep and dangerous in the middle and at the upper part, but gradually shallowing towards its outlet.

As I could swim tolerably well, I thought that on this occasion I would perform a feat which none of my companions would venture to imitate. There was a ledge of rocks towards the upper part of the pool, about nine feet above the level of the water; and, as I claimed to be best swimmer in the school, I had been frequently dared to submit my pretensions to the test of leaping from this ledge. Determined to give this proof of my superior daring and skill as a swimmer, I leaped from the highest rock into the pool. As I had yet to learn that the best mode of taking such a leap was by plunging into the water in a slanting direction, with my head downwards and arms "stretched out like a V," I foolishly threw myself off the rock in such a manner, that my breast and unprotected face first came into contact with the water. The consequence was, that I felt, on touching the water, as if I had received on my breast and face a slap from a tremendous pair of "taws." I was, in fact, stunned and stupified in consequence of the resistance offered by the water to the surface of my falling body; and before I could recover myself I sank. As none of my companions were sufficiently expert divers to render me any assistance, and as they could not reach me with an old rail which they endeavoured to hand to me, there was every likelihood of my being drowned, had not my "fortunate star" at that critical moment gained the ascendant.

A young man, who proved to be a blacksmith employed at a forge not very far from our school, happened to pass near the place within a few seconds of my leaping from the rock; and hearing the outcry of my companions, he hastened to the margin of the pool, where hastily throwing off his clothes, he plunged into the water. As he was an excellent swimmer, he dived and caught hold of my arm—for the water was so clear that he could see me as I lay—and succeeded in immediately bringing me to land. Although I was senseless when brought to the shore, yet after two or three hearty thumps on the back I soon reco-

vered myself; and though I felt giddy, and my breast was sore in consequence of the smack which it had received from the surface of the water, I was able to walk to the school and to creep unnoticed to bed. In a few days the circumstance came to the master's ears; and the consequence was that we were forbidden to visit the burn except in his company, or when accompanied by his factotum—a lean, lanky, straight-haired man whom he employed to keep the garden in order, look after “Blink-bonnie,” an old wall-eyed spavined horse,—to brew a barrel of medium ale once a month, and—as the Rev. James Walby never used the rod himself—to occasionally flog the boys, to whom he was known by the significant name of “I’ll-a-go Switch’em.”

About a month after this occurrence I was visited at school by my mother, who, on hearing of my narrow escape, determined to see the preserver of her son's life, and to present him with some reward. I accompanied her to the forge where he was employed, for the purpose of pointing him out; but as I did not know his name, we had some difficulty in making the foreman of the establishment understand what individual it was that we sought. “We have so many young men at work here,” said he, “that I cannot guess which is the one that the lady wishes to see; for I have never heard of any of them having saved one of Mr. Walby's scholars from being drowned. Was there nothing particular about him that you can bring to mind?” said he, addressing himself to me. I at length recollected that the young man spoke with a southern accent, as if he was not a native of that part of the country.

“Was he rather a tall young man, with black curling hair?” inquired the foreman.

“He was.”

“O then,” rejoined he, “I dare say you want Mark Wortley.”

Mark Wortley was accordingly sent for, and he proved to be the person whom we sought. My dear and affectionate mother thanked the young man as the preserver of her son's life, and made him a handsome present as a more substantial token of her acknowledgment. During the remaining twelve months that I continued under Mr. Walby's care, I frequently saw Wortley, who bore the character of a quiet, inoffensive young man, and of being “one of the best nailers in the country-side.” He became quite a favourite with all the boys in the school, whom he supplied with tips for their arrows for rook-shooting: and as he had some little skill in farriery, he gained the especial good graces of Mr. Walby by firing old “Blink-bonnie” gratis.

A few days previous to my leaving that part of the country, to proceed to the military college of ———, I called at the forge to take leave of Wortley, and to receive from him a curious old pistol which he promised to give me before I should leave school.

On inquiring after him, however, I was much disappointed to learn that he had left his employment, without any warning, about a fortnight before; and that where he had gone, or what had become of him, was only conjectural. It however appeared that at the village races, which took place only the week preceding his departure, he had formed an acquaintance with the sergeant of a recruiting party, who belonged to the same part of the country as himself; and this fact, coupled with the report of a love affair, was held to be sufficient to account for his absence, which, as he had not gone off in debt and was not much known—having come to the forge as a “tramp”—excited but little observation.

As it is not necessary to write a continuous narrative of my life, in order to elucidate the three extraordinary passages in it, which my present object is to record, let me carry the reader about eight years forward, and present myself to him as a lieutenant in the second battalion of the — regiment of foot, serving under Sir John Moore, at the time of his disastrous retreat to Corunna. The division to which our regiment was attached formed the rear-guard, which, from the nature of its services, was more particularly exposed to the hardships which assailed that illfated army. At the period of which I am now speaking, though only twenty-three years of age, and having seen only six months of actual field-service, I had, in consequence of the loss our corps had sustained in officers, to discharge as well as I could the arduous duties of adjutant.

One cold dreary day, our poor half-clad, half-hungered soldiers arrived, after a fatiguing march in which they had been much harassed by small advance parties of French cavalry, at a village about ten leagues to the south-east of Lugo. Here it was determined to halt, be the consequences what they might, and endeavour to procure some refreshment: this, indeed, became absolutely necessary; for so desperate and disorganized were the troops that it would have been impossible to make them proceed. Of eatables but little was to be had, as nearly the entire stock of the inhabitants had been required for the main body; but there was abundance of wine, and in this the men could not be prevented from indulging.

Probably owing to the previous cold and fatigue, and to having but little to eat, the effect which the wine produced in a short time was surprising. Within two hours from the time of our arrival at the village, most of the men were in a high state of excitement, and not a few of them so intoxicated as to be hardly able to keep their feet. It is far beyond my power to adequately describe the scene which then presented itself. The character and temper of the men appeared to be suddenly changed, as if they had drunk of an enchanter's charmed cup. The deep curse of

discontent was no longer heard, and features, which but a few hours before were clouded with a savage scowl, were now lighted up with a kind of frenzied merriment; which to those who could survey the scene with any degree of calmness, and with a regard to circumstances, was yet more appalling. In the delirium of intoxication the present seemed to be annihilated; and memory and imagination seemed only to dwell upon the past and to anticipate the future. Some trolled with maudlin energy the songs which they had learnt in their father-land long ere necessity or providence had urged them to the perilous trade of a soldier; while others wildly danced to the well-known merry tunes which in brighter days had called forth their vigorous exertions at a merry-making or a fair. Whenever the enemy were mentioned it was only to anticipate their defeat; and the general was loudly blamed for believing that the French would be certain to defeat his army without venturing to try the hazard of a battle, in which he might gain something—were it but for his country's reputation—but could scarcely be worse off than he was. According to them, he had only to give battle to obtain a victory which would open the road to Madrid, where the English army would be received as deliverers, and supplied in winter-quarters with all the luxuries of Spain.

In the midst of this frenzy, the bugle—which always induces some attention from the soldier, and habitually reminds him of his duty—sounded to arms, as a party of French cavalry were within a short distance and rapidly advancing. All was now riot and confusion. The few who were capable of duty were busily employed in forming a barrier of carts, waggons, and logs of wood, at the entrance to the village, to arrest for a while the advance of the enemy. Officers were seen hurrying from house to house, endeavouring to collect their men, and drunken soldiers were seen reeling about, alike unconscious of their danger and incapable of making any effort to avert it. To enforce any thing like discipline was impossible; several of the men were left behind, unable or unwilling to move; and of those who did depart, the greater number proceeded like a band of stragglers, without any regard to order, but each according to his ability to get on. Having a horse, I remained in the village until the enemy arrived at the barrier—which was within an hour from the time of the first alarm—when I rode off in the direction which our men had taken, thinking to reach, before it was dark, the place where our division was to take quarters for the night.

As the road was much obstructed by straggling parties of our men, it was impossible for me, although on horseback, to get forward with any considerable degree of rapidity. Some of the men had fallen down from intoxication, others were staggering on, shouting and singing like so many drunken men returning

from a fair; while here and there a group might be seen, not satisfied with what they had already got, sitting by the roadside and drinking wine from their canteens, which they had taken care to fill previous to leaving the village.

I had not advanced more than four miles, when the report of straggling shots was but too plainly heard; and in a few minutes a party of French hussars and lancers appeared from behind a rise in the road, about a quarter of a mile distant, riding over and cutting at our men, some of whom threw down their arms, while others made an ineffectual attempt at resistance, and from the few shots that took effect, rendering the enemy more infuriate. After an ineffectual attempt to rally a body of men which might keep the French in check, I resolved to shift for myself as well as I could. To gallop off might seem the most obvious mode of escape for such as were mounted; but to attempt this, in the state that the men were in, was more hazardous than to remain and share their risk; for more than one musket did I see raised that afternoon against an officer on horseback, who appeared wishful to push forward and save himself, without regarding the unfortunate beings who were exposed to be trodden down in his flight.

The road which we were upon lay across a moor, and was bounded on each side by rather a broad and deep ditch. As the ground to the right was broken and uneven, to gain it by crossing the ditch seemed to afford the most likely chance of escape, either by pushing directly across the country, or by endeavouring to regain the road when the enemy should retire, as it was not likely that they would take up a position so far in advance of their main body. I therefore put my horse to the ditch, expecting him to clear it; but not being willing to take the leap, he shyed and wheeled suddenly round, throwing me, though a tolerably good horseman, awkwardly across his neck; and before I could recover my seat, I received a pistol-ball in my right shoulder, which fractured the collar-bone and caused me to drop my sword. A party of French cavalry now came rapidly up at a gallop, and after receiving a slight sabre-cut on the head, both I and my horse were thrown down. Whilst I was struggling to extricate myself, a French lancer rode up, and he was just on the point of giving me the *coup-de-grace*—his lance was within a foot of my breast—when a musket-ball, discharged from that part of the moor which I had been attempting to gain, arrested his purpose. It entered his left temple and passed through his brain, and he fell headlong from his saddle, dead ere he touched the ground.

As the French cavalry pushed forward, the person who had rendered me this service, an English soldier, now made his appearance from behind a heap of stones, which were piled up

at the foot of an old cross, on the other side of the ditch. He came to where I was lying entangled with one leg under my horse, and assisted me to rise. As the horse appeared nothing the worse, I took the bridle in my left hand, and scrambled across the ditch as well as I could, while the soldier, applying his bayonet to the animal's flank, by way of a spur, compelled him to follow. "Mount, mount directly," said the soldier, as soon as we had got across the ditch; "for fear any more of those monsieurs should come up. Only let us manage to get out of sight, and we will reach our evening quarters after all; it will be dark in half an hour, and we cannot be more than three miles from the outposts. Is there any thing the matter with your arm?—Oh, I see it is hurt. Let me help you to mount, and I will lead the horse. You have got a scratch on the head, too: wipe the blood from your face, and you will see better. 'Never say die!' cries Pat, 'till the life's out.' I'll be bound, sir, that when you have got a plaster on your head, and your arm set, if it be broken, you'll find that you haven't received a hap'orth o' harm."

With some difficulty I got into the saddle, notwithstanding the soldier's assistance and heartening; and with him as my guide I made across the moor in the direction that I supposed the head-quarters of our division to lie. After travelling about a mile across the open moor, we came to a well-trodden path which we determined to follow; and just as it was growing dark, and in less time than we had expected, we were challenged by the pickets of our own party, and directed to the quarters of the division. After seeing me safely lodged in a convent, in which the remainder of our regiment were quartered, he went to seek out for his own, promising to return as soon as he could.

After my wounds were dressed and the fracture was reduced, the soldier returned, according to his promise, to inquire how I was. As I had now got my baggage, I made him a present of ten silver dollars, which was half of all the money I possessed, and I gave him a shirt, of which he stood in great need. "I am under great obligation to you, my good fellow," said I, as I pressed the money into his reluctant hand. "At present I cannot make you a suitable return; but, should we ever get safe to England again, I may perhaps have an opportunity of rendering you a service. Pray what is your name, and to what regiment do you belong?"

"My name," replied he, "is Mark Wortley; and I am a corporal in the — fusiliers."

"Mark Wortley!—Did you ever work at Embleton forge?"

"I did."

"Do you remember saving a boy from being drowned, when bathing near the alders, in Witton burn?"

"Well enough. I have good reason to remember; the best suit of clothes I ever wore was bought with the money which the boy's mother gave me for saving her son's life."

"Well you have saved that life a second time. Look at me and be convinced."

With a look of astonishment he surveyed me from head to foot. "Heaven bless us!" exclaimed he; "can you be young Harry Peirson that was at Mr. Walby's school? There's something above and around us that we know nothing of, and care too little about. There's a mystery in this!—for, as I drew the trigger against the French lancer, I thought on the boy in Witton burn; and the very same words came into my head as when I dived to bring him up. Something seemed to whisper in my ear two lines from an old ballad that I had heard my father sing:

' You're doomed to save
This man from the grave.'

But let me shake your hand, Mr. Harry—your left, since your right is in a sling."

After mutual expressions of surprise were past, we talked for about an hour on former times, when he was a hardworking smith, and I a "thoughtful, thoughtless" schoolboy. He then left to return to his own quarters, and I did not see him again for several months, as I was sent forward with the wounded; and after the battle of Corunna our regiments were embarked in different transports. In the succeeding Peninsular campaigns, however, I had many opportunities of seeing my honest-hearted preserver; as it not unfrequently happened that our regiments were attached to the same division. On many occasions did I experience the benefit of his services; and often at the end of a weary march, when our rations were neither too good nor too abundant, his canteen and haversack—for he was an excellent purveyor—afforded me the refreshment which I otherwise should have gone without. He possessed an excellent temper; and if refreshments were to be procured from the Spanish peasantry, either for love or money, Mark Wortley, on one score or other, was seldom disappointed in obtaining a share.

At the conclusion of the peninsular war, Mark Wortley went with his regiment to America, while that to which I belonged was ordered home, but was in a short time re-embarked for the continent. After the battle of Waterloo, having for more than seven years had a good deal of hard service and seen some tolerably "sharp work," and as my father and elder brother had both died in the interim, I retired, "with a respectable name to travel by," to undertake the management of my paternal acres—"ma pauvera regna," as Captain Dugald Dalgetty says—and to enjoy

the pleasures of a country life; and to save my half-pay as a building-fund for the restoration of the old house in which I was born, and in which—my perils past—I hope to die.

About the beginning of 1817 I received a letter from Wortley, acquainting me with his arrival in England, and that, having obtained his discharge and taken unto himself a wife, he was wishful to establish himself in some way of business. As I happened to have a public-house vacant at the time, I wrote to him to say how much I should like to have him as a tenant, and to ask him to come down and look at the place.

A few weeks after the receipt of Wortley's letter, I happened to be on a visit to an old brother campaigner, whom I had not seen for three or four years previously, and who was then in garrison at Tynemouth, a pleasant village at the southern extremity of the county of Northumberland. The weather, though generally fine and bright for the season of the year, was occasionally boisterous and squally, and shortly after my arrival a vessel was cast on the rocks, and wrecked immediately beneath the castle. A few days after the vessel had been driven on the rocks, the weather became more calm and settled; and one bright, flattering morning, my friend proposed a short excursion out to sea, merely round the haven, to take a view of the wreck. I willingly assented, and another officer joined us. A boat was quickly engaged; and as we were perfectly equal to its management, and did not think of going far, the only person whom we took with us was a boy. "I should advise you not to stretch too far out, gentlemen," said the owner of the boat; "the wind is rather fresh from the westward, and the flood-tide will begin to make in half an hour. The boat, too, which wants ballast, does not lie well to windward under that single lug-sail, and you may get too far off the land before you are aware."

We promised to attend to his advice, and setting our sail we stood pleasantly out to sea. Just as we were clearing the mouth of the haven we met a fishing coble coming in, one of whose crew hailed us, advising our return. "You had better come back," said he, "or you will be getting blown off the land. The westerly wind will increase with the flood-tide, and we shall have a stiff breeze before twelve o'clock yet. You had better come back! Recollect what time of the year it is; and mind, 'tis Good-Friday." So indeed it was; but we did not consider the day with that ominous feeling with which, as we afterwards learnt, it is regarded by the fishermen of that neighbourhood, none of whom will cast a line or draw a net on that day.

As the morning was remarkably fine, and a pleasant breeze filled our sail, we were inclined to think that those friendly

warnings were dictated rather from an opinion of our want of skill in the management of a boat, than from any danger that was to be apprehended on account of the weather. We therefore heeded those admonitions less than they in reality deserved. We soon arrived at the wreck; and as the opportunity was so tempting and the day so fine, we continued our course precisely in the direction which the owner of the boat had cautioned us to avoid. We now passed several vessels that were getting under weigh to proceed into Shields harbour with the flood-tide; and though the breeze freshened and our boat passed rapidly through the water, we noticed that our progress, as measured by stationary objects on the shore, was not so great as might have been expected. We were, in fact, making but little headway; but on the contrary, with our close-bauled lug-sail and the opposing tide, falling rapidly to leeward. We now perceived that we were getting too far out to sea, and resolved to put about. The fisherman's prognostic also began to be verified: the wind continued to increase, and our little boat could hardly bear her sail. Our approach towards the land seemed to be as slow as our progress along the coast; and at one o'clock, four hours from the time of our setting out, we found ourselves driven considerably to the southward of the point of land which we had hoped to reach, and about ten or twelve miles out to sea. As the waves increased the further we drifted out of the shelter of the land, we were obliged to take in our sail, and the boy whom we took with us was kept busy in baling the boat, which now and then shipped a wave. The wind at length increased to a perfect gale; and we had considerable difficulty in keeping the boat's head to the sea, which threatened every minute to sink her. We continued in this situation for about three hours, drifting rapidly out to sea, and the only vessel in sight was one of his majesty's revenue cutters, which we had spoken with in the morning, at least twenty-miles to the north-east, and apparently standing out to sea. Even if we were to set our sail again, and run before the wind, there was not the slightest chance of us reaching her before it would be dark, even if she were lying at anchor.

High water, however, brought us a gleam of hope. Several colliers for the south were seen leaving the harbours of Shields and Sunderland, and could we only manage to keep our frail craft so long afloat, we trusted that some one of them might notice our signal of distress, and shape her course towards us. In a state of agonizing suspense did we watch them pass us one by one, miles to windward without appearing to perceive the signal that we had displayed. When the last vessel passed us my feelings were more truly painful than I had ever before

experienced. I had braved death in the field at the bayonet's point and the cannon's mouth, where

"The boldest held his breath
For a time;"

but had felt nothing, even in my first battle, compared with what I experienced at that moment. *There*, after the first sensation of dread is past, all fear of danger is lost in the hurry of conflict; but *here* we were merely passive, with all our faculties about us, threatened momentarily with a death which we could not by any exertions evade. My friend by whose side I had stood in more than one hard-fought field, gave me a look which informed me that his feelings were similar to my own. "Albuera," said he as he grasped my hand, "was nothing to this!" Our danger was indeed becoming every minute more imminent. The mast, to which we had fixed a handkerchief as a signal of distress, was pitched overboard from the rolling of the boat; the sea had broken one of our two oars; and evening was approaching to render our situation still more dreadful.

A vessel which we had observed some time before to the southward, seemed now evidently bound for the north; and could we only attract the attention of her crew before daylight should depart, a chance of preservation yet remained. My friend undoing his sash, quickly tied it to the end of our remaining oar which he immediately hoisted in the step of the mast. The vessel continued to approach rapidly towards the north, though considerably to windward; she was already opposite to us without having noticed our signal, and our last spark of hope seemed about to be extinguished, when she suddenly altered her course, and stood directly towards us. It was not long before she reached us, when she hove to and threw us a rope to leeward. Our boat was quickly hauled alongside, and the first person to greet me as I gained the deck was Mark Wortley! He had taken his passage from London on board of a light Shields collier—for such the ship proved to be—intending to visit me according to my invitation. My astonishment that he again should be a witness of my extreme peril was scarcely less than the joy which I felt at my escape.

"You may thank your stars gentlemen," said the captain, "that I had this soldier on board; for otherwise I am afraid that we should have passed you. I had been looking round only the minute before and saw nothing of you. I was just handing the glass to the boy to take below for the night, when this soldier came up and begged to have a look; and he had scarcely levelled it when he had you in his eye. The man must be a conjurer! for as soon as he perceived that your signal was a sash, he declared that one of the party was the very gentleman whom

he was going to see; and it is wonderful, certainly, that such should be the fact."

"How was this, Mark, did you know me at such a distance?"

"O no, sir! the lines of the old ballad came into my head a third time—

‘ You’r doomed to save
This man from the grave;’

and I then felt as sure as I was living that you were in the boat.

"This is the third time, Mark! The prophecy of my old nurse, as she read my hand before I went to school, is fulfilled; and my perils I trust are past."

‘ Have a care, bonny Harry,
Have a care by sea and land;
For aince, twice, thrice, your death’s forecast,
If saved not by a’e hand.’"

My three escapes are now told; and the manner in which I was thrice saved, by the same individual, I cannot for a moment admit to have been the result of mere chance.—In the course of twelve hours from the time of our being taken on board, I and my companions were landed near the place from which we set out. The next day Wortley attended me home, and it was not long until he was comfortably settled in the public-house which I had proposed to him, and which he still keeps, at the sign of the Duke of Wellington, his old commander, who had so often led him to victory. Every year on the 21st of March, the anniversary of my last escape, my tenants, "the trusty subjects of my small domain," dine at his house, and drink the health of their landlord and his preserver.

H. P.

MY LITTLE GREY LANDLORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCENES IN POLAND."

"And you will not go?" said Frank, seizing the knob of the door, and darting a glance of impatience.

"Not for this time. To-morrow is packet day—a number of letters."

"The old song—letters—despatches. Our minister can scarcely have more business than you. You are a strange fellow. Here you come over in a hurry scurry, run the first three days over all the theatres and ball-rooms like a madman, and then immerse yourself in one of the dirtiest, shabbiest corners of the most desolate parts of London, at an equal distance from Billingsgate and Smithfield."

"Not quite so desolate as you may suppose," returned I, pointing at a trio of vagrant minstrels, who were just establishing their perambulatory quarters right beneath my windows.

"Only look," said Frank; "but the fiend may look here!—nothing but murky walls to be seen. I pledge you my word, the most lovely day you ever beheld in London. Confound ye!" added he, running up to the window, and tearing the curtains down—

The trio had begun their concert—an invalid violin, a shattered harp, and an asthmatic flute, sending forth a sort of cacophonous omnibus, to the great delight of a gang of ragamuffins and idlers who clustered around—

"That's the third serenade I have enjoyed this morning. You see, John Bull is becoming quite musical. A German organ and a Scotch bagpipe have preceded these delightful instruments. If you stay, there may be a chance of hearing more!"

"You are insufferable," retorted Frank. "You want me to go. What is it that keeps you? Do you expect any body?—'Something pleasant to look at,' as our quaker says."

"Not that I know of."

The trio had in the mean while toiled through a skeleton of Weber's hunting chorus, looking anxiously towards the window. A dirty-capped, squaw-like woman, was stretching forth her brown wrists, when an elegant cabriolet came up the narrow lane, and right through the crowd. A young fashionably-dressed man jumped out, knocked at the door, and was, after some delay, admitted.

"Is the visit intended for you?"

"I presume not."

"To whom can it be then?"

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

The minstrels persevered in regaling us with a doleful ditty; but above the shrill sounds of the music arose a cry of fury and terror, declining into a low, pitiful, and fearful moan. A long silence succeeded. The cry seemed to startle even the musicians; they paused, surveyed the windows, and retreated from the pavement. Immediately the gay young man came slowly down stairs, the bolt of the door was unfastened, and he approached his cabriolet; but what a change! The colour had deserted his cheeks—he was pale—he reeled as he mounted the vehicle!

"That's strange," said Frank: "strange, indeed. Why, Charles, where are we? Methought—"

"Hush!" said I; for I heard the sound of footsteps. I was not mistaken—a scarcely perceptible touch of the door indicated

that some person was outside—it opened, and a head peeped in—it was my landlord.

“Ah! Mr. —, you have company?”

I seized a couple of newspapers and ran after him. He took them.

“At two o’clock you will hear the signal. The King will dissolve Parliament.”

I shook my head, and returned to my room.

“Who is that fellow?” demanded Frank, with a slight shudder; “as often as I see him an ague overcomes me.”

“It is my landlord.”

“I know; but who is he—what is he?”

“Hush!—more anon. Are you still bound to Regent’s Park?”

“Certainly.”

“Well, then, I am at your command.”

Frank shook his head, and we descended. We rode on without a word, through Holborn. When we arrived at Tottenham-court-road, my friend broke silence.

“Charles, your landlord is a singular personage. I should not much like his company.”

“Nor do I.”

“Why not leave him then?”

“That’s another question—but listen.”

Frank drew his bridle and his horse approached mine.

“You remember,” said I, “that in 1826—27, I sojourned about eight months in London, and in this very house. It belonged then to the firm of G—— and Co., a mercantile establishment connected with our friends. The concern failed, and this house went over to its present owner. One morning, just as I was on the point of going out to hunt for apartments, this little, grey, thin man entered my room, looked around, and announcing himself, after a long glance at me, as the new proprietor, invited me to reside with him; I did not quite relish his appearance, but I hate moving about, and remained. Every Saturday at five o’clock, five minutes, five seconds, he came regularly for his thirty shillings, which I had to place on the corner of the table, and for which he left the receipt. There was no intercourse whatever between us, for the six months I stayed with him, and when I departed he looked as dry and stale as ever.

“Three days after my arrival last December, a transaction on ‘Change kept me the greater part of the day in its vicinity. After I had concluded the business, I returned; but immersed as I was in thought, my steps led me unconsciously toward my old residence. I was already in sight of the house before I discovered my mistake. Curiosity prompted me to inquire after its proprietor. I had not spoken three words to the old woman,

when the little grey man came down, grinned slightly and took me by the hand, pointing up stairs. I followed and entered my former apartments. Every thing stood as I left it,—even some papers I had forgotten lay in the same corner.

“ ‘You stay of course again with me,’ said the little man, who, turning round abruptly, quitted the room for his own. I moved into his house.

“ As I had left him four years before, so I found him again. Not one additional wrinkle. The same withered, ashy features, with their yellow ground, not unlike a silver medal badly gilt. His thin grey hair carefully combed over his forehead, his visage as impassable as ever, his reddish rabbit-eye, protected by the identical dirty green spectacles, his nose as sharp as of old, his lips as meagre as though food had never found its way through them.—His very whisper uttered with the same calculating care not to mismanage the stock of his breath. He never talks, he only lisps, and if you speak to him while a carriage is passing, he will delay his answer till every thing is still, for fear of straining his lungs. Now and then you may hear a noise—a shriek—a cry—a yell in his room, but never his own voice; and like a spell, this silence has always an unaccountable sudden effect on the most clamorous visiter. A deadly stillness succeeds a moan which resembles the hushing moan of the waves after they have engulfed their victim. He is the most absolute egotist I ever yet have seen. His age is a problem to me. During my short stay in Paris (you know I landed at Havre, and spent a couple of weeks in the French capital), I became by chance possessed of a secret of some importance at the period. It was on the second day after I had taken up my abode with him, that he entered my room to look over my newspapers. He asked me a few questions respecting trade in Paris, and in the course of conversation, I gave him some hints as to the stability of a most eminent and flourishing house. The man quailed under my information—I pitied his consternation and gave him proofs.

“ No sooner had he inspected the papers, than he grasped my hand, and ran out of the room. Four days afterwards he entered with a ghastly smile, saying, ‘ You are right—your information is correct.—It is still a secret—keep it. It will not be to your loss—have you two thousand pounds to spare?’

“ ‘ No,’ said I.

“ ‘ Here they are,’ returned he. ‘ The ——— stocks are down—in a week they will be up thirty per cent. and more. Buy now and sell then—but let me see—I will do it for you: I have no use for this money.’

“ He kept his word. As he said, so it happened. After the lapse of a week he laid six hundred pounds on my table, the fruit of his whimsically generous speculation. From that time I

have lived rent-free in his house, and his confidence in me is almost unlimited. The subsequent day I was admitted for the first time to his room. It is a perfect picture of himself. Every piece of furniture worn out, brushed thread bare, from the bed-cover to the green cloth on his writing-desk. I never yet saw the coals blaze in his grate, they smoke away, smothered into a thick sheet of ashes. He passes his life without making more noise than the ticking of a crazy clock, as regular in his habits as the movement of the pendulum, going down at sunset, and winding up at sunrise."

"I wonder what country may have given birth to this precious anomaly?" asked Frank.

"To judge from his protruding cheek-bones and a slight accent, I should think him a cannie Northman. Whether he has friends or relations I do not know."

"Go on," said Frank; "the account is marvellously interesting."

"His life is a mystery; no one ever enters his room except myself. At eight o'clock he makes his own coffee, the woman bringing him milk and water, and a roll of bread. At ten precisely he comes to look at the papers, over the contents of which he glances with the eye of an eagle. His acquaintance with every thing relating to trade, commerce, or credit, is astonishing. At eleven he walks out to return at half-past five. Till this time, the man, lost to every thing save money concerns, lives in a state of absolute somnambulism; but at half-past five the transmutation of the metal into something like humanity, takes place; then you may see him occasionally rubbing his hands, but softly and moderately, with a smile which might give you a nerve fit,—his harsh, withered, features contracting into ineffable bitterness.

"At six o'clock the woman carries up his dinner, which she places on a small table in the corner of the staircase: two raps at the door are the sign of her presence. Once she presumed to intrude, but she was wellnigh dismissed. Every Monday, at six o'clock, she fetches his linen, which she returns on Saturday at the same hour.

"To save expenses, he himself receives his bills, delivers his cheques, and transacts his business. However, with all his care and prudence, he is not unfrequently his own martyr. Last week I walked round the corner with him, when a sovereign dropped out of his pocket; how, I cannot yet conceive. A gentlemanly-dressed man took it up and presented it to him.

"'It is not mine; it is not mine—I never carry gold about me, you may believe me—It is this gentleman's,' whispered he; pointing at me. He was frightened out of his wits.

"I had to take the sovereign, in spite of my protestations

for he would never have forgiven me, had I left it in the hands of the stranger. His satisfaction when I took it, showed that he felt something like a benevolent inclination towards me."

We now had approached Ulster Terrace, which presents so magnificent a range of palace-like houses to the view. It was one of the finest April days. The sun peered from the silvery clouds in bashful joyousness, with just sufficient force to burst the buds of plants and flowers, and yet not strong enough to dry up that humid fragrance which thrills through the English atmosphere, like the tear glistening in the eye of gentlest beauty. I enjoyed the scene fully—a scene so eminently calculated to impress a stranger, like myself, with the might and grandeur of this noble aristocratic country. As we approached Clarence Terrace, the clock struck two. A long-drawn peal of thunder came rolling on the breeze from the south.

"What is that?" said Frank; "it is like the sound of cannon."

I paused.—Should it be as my landlord foretold.—It was the St. James's guns.

"The King is dissolving parliament," said I.

"You are joking."

"By no means. Let us hasten down."

We trotted round the corner, and galloped towards Regent Street. Hurry, confusion every where increased as we approached Whitehall. It was as the little man had said. England's great, patriotic King—a Citizen King in the noblest sense of the words—was hastening to give his people the highest proof of his unbounded confidence—was going to put it in their power to speak to him as man speaks to man. He was going to dissolve Parliament. We gave a hearty hurrah! to the unflinching monarch as he passed by.

"Now, Charles!" said Frank; "you go with me, and dine with a dozen of our countrymen. We'll have a bumper to his Majesty."

"Not for this time, I must be at home," said I, turning my horse, and pressing his hand.

My little grey landlord filled my head. Where had he got the news—the positive news of an event which the King himself, probably, knew not at the time when he predicted it so confidently. The man had assumed a fearful importance with me. I hastened up the Strand, gave the stable-boy my horse, and paced home. Mr. Lomond was not in yet—I turned into the street, and paused; something unaccountable stirred within me. I entered the next coffee-house, ordered a hasty dinner, and scarcely taking time to finish it, proceeded through the narrow lane towards my residence.

"Is Mr. Lomond at home?"—"Yes." A secret satisfaction accelerated my steps—I ascended the second staircase.—It was dusk already in the street—our house was completely dark; I groped my way, and my hand touched the door.

"Who is there?" asked he, scarcely audible.

I gave my name.

"Come in."

I found my little grey landlord in his arm chair before his smoking grate, motionless as a statue; his eyes fixed on the mantel-piece, on which stood an old lamp, once bronzed, that threw a pale light over an empty frame garnished with a variety of bills, cheques, accounts, and the like papers. As I looked into his sallow unearthly face, he glanced up, and the rays of the lamp shed a reddish glare upon his features, over which flickered something like a smile.

"Have you heard? Mr. Lomond," said I—

"I have, and know what you are going to say."

"And what do *you* say?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I knew it these four weeks."

"These four weeks?" The tone of my voice was rather doubtful.

"Look here;" said he, pointing to a paper. It was a transfer of stock-property to a great amount. Again he relapsed into his former silence.

Does this creature think like other people, said I to myself. Does he know that there is a God? Has he a heart in his bosom? Has he ever felt the influence of love? Does he know any such thing as woman, or happiness? Or is his soul shut up with his bonds and bags in the coffers of the bank, where his better self is assuredly deposited.

"Well you have made a good business of it?"

"About a thousand pounds," he drily remarked.

"And yet you are as mute and thoughtful as on the day when I gave you my confidential warning."

"That you *have* given, young man," said he, "I have retrieved—saved—nay, gained a great sum through your forewarning. I am still your debtor, I shall pay, rely on it; sooner or later; I shall pay: Lomond is sure."

"Don't speak of it, Mr. Lomond, you have largely paid."

He stretched out his fleshless hand and pressed mine. It lay like a piece of ice on my fingers.

"Have you met with any disappointment, for really you seem to me—"

It was the first time that I ever touched so closely. He cast an inquiring glance at me, and said, after a pause—

"I am... myself."

"Amuse yourself," said I.

He again shrugged his shoulders, and darted a look of pity on me.

"Do you suppose there is no amusement, save that purchased by pounds and guineas in your ball-rooms and party saloons? Do you presume there is no poetry, save that which comes from Murray's or Longman's wholesale shops?"

Poetry!--This head, thought I, and poetry! but I kept my thoughts to myself.

"Poetry---brilliant poetry---my young friend;" the first time he had honoured me with this appellation. "Yes, my friend, Byron was never more in his trances than I was just now."

His eyes glittered from behind the green spectacles as he drew up his lips.

"I am sorry then for having interrupted you."

"Never mind, I am glad you are come. You shall hear, and from the recital of the events of this morning, you may, in some measure, be enabled to form an idea---but let us see---"

So saying, he arose and rang the bell. We sat for a while without speaking a word, for the woman's heavy steps were heard upon the stairs.

"One of the bottles with the ducal coronet, and two tumblers," he said.---Again a pause. After some minutes the attendant came up; he went towards the door through which she held the bottle, and he handed it to me with a corkscrew.

"Fill the glasses. The King has no equal to this Madeira in his cellars."

"I never have tasted the King's wine, but this I am sure is the best that ever reached my lips."

"This morning," he began, after having sipped at his tumbler, "I had only three bills to present. Of the rest I had disposed yesterday. The first of these three bills had been handed to me by a hanger-on of the exquisites or exclusives of our capital---a frequenter of Crockford's, whose transition will be Newgate, and finally the halter. I have set him down for January, 1832. He came in a cabriolet; the bill was signed by his Grace of ---, a trifle of three thousand pounds lost and won, as is the fashion. The second of my bills came through a fine young dasher, who sported a tilbury, a most elegant fashionable. His scrap again was signed by one of our most charming women, the wife of a baronet, of good property, but somewhat embarrassed: this bill was for two hundred pounds. How the signature came upon it, I guessed, but that's not to the purpose. The third, for one hundred pounds, was to be honoured likewise by a lady---for the signature showed a Maria ---. It reached me through a linendraper.

"The first object of my visit lives---you know where. The second occupies a fashionable mansion in ---square; the third I was to find in one of the fag-ends of our bloated city---Chelsea.

"If you knew the conjectures which crossed my brain on leaving home. These two women. What overtures, what anxiety, what tremors, what palpitations. How condescendingly they would press my hands---nay, offer gifts---gifts."---The grey man darted a glance at me, which chilled my veins.

"Two hundred pounds are a trifle, comparatively speaking; but what might a woman not do for them, if pressed hard. While I, cold---ice-cold, stern, disdainful, would stand before her like the avenger of blood, seize her with the gripe of justice---but let us on---I respect rank, and my first visit, therefore, was paid to his Grace of ---.

"I entered the gorgeous mansion, freshed up with some assistance of my purse too---repaid---however---repaid. Times were once a little more prosperous in that quarter---the range wider. Things have changed---you comprehend---

I nodded.

"On I passed through the court-yard, the colonnade, when I was arrested by a grinning, yawning, gold-laced varlet, who handed me over to a fellow-idler, who again sent me forward to another; all of them grinning and jibing at me.

"His --- has not arisen yet," said a powdered man.

"When can I see him?"

"That is uncertain."

"My name is Lomond, I shall be here at three o'clock."

"Stop a moment;" said the minion, quailing a little under my determined look, "I shall see."

"I looked through the colonnade of the entrance. The fellow came down with a courtly, almost humble smirk. 'His --- is at leisure---please to walk up.'

"I ascended the stairs, entered a magnificent drawing-room, and was ushered into a suite of apartments, each of them furnished with regal splendour. Just as I passed through, a figure was coming up from the back entrance of the mansion, who shrunk behind the door as soon as he caught a glimpse of me. However, he had not escaped me; it was the A--- n A---, that prince of coxcombs and profligates. Ah! thought I, does the wind blow from this quarter? But a door opened, and towards poor Mr. Lomond advanced, who should it be, but his Grace of --- himself! 'Be brief, Mr. Lomond,' said the mighty man, 'my time is precious.' I drew my bill from my pocket-book, and held it towards him. His --- is said to be unyielding---hard as iron---but he flinched a little, I can assure you.

"Ah, dear Mr. Lomond! three thousand pounds? The

rascal was very quick, indeed; I hope, however, Mr. Lomond—dear Mr. Lomond, (I was *dear*, do you understand), I hope,” continued his —, “you will wait a couple of days.”

“ ‘Till three o’clock precisely;’ and I put my bill again into my pocket-book.

“ ‘Till three o’clock;’ muttered his —, ‘till three o’clock! Why that’s little more than three hours.’

“ ‘Exactly.’

“ ‘You would not, you would not.’ The iron frame, methought, shook.

“ ‘Were it an emperor I should not hesitate, if he refused acceptance.’

“ At this moment the *valet-de-chambre* whispered something into the ear of his — relating to the visitor I mentioned.

“ ‘Ah, well, very well; I am at his command. All is right, Mr. Lomond; at three then I shall have the pleasure —,’ The patrician’s imperturbable countenance brightened up as I retreated.

“ My second visit was to the beautiful Lady N—. It just struck twelve, when I entered the hall. Her ladyship, I was told, was still in bed; she could not be seen.

“ ‘When can I come then?’

“ ‘At two o’clock.’

“ ‘My name is Lomond. Tell her my name, I shall be here at two o’clock,’ and I went away. My course lay down Chelsea, through King’s-road, into one of the lanes, where a carriage is seldom or never seen. The cottage which I had to discover, was retired in a nook, pleasantly sheltered from the whirlwind of fashion and dissipation. I was admitted into the cheerful dwelling by a cleanly-dressed woman, who showed me up stairs into a neat drawing-room. Nothing can be more inviting than these abodes of our less wealthy fellow-citizens: this was a sample of the very best. No richness, no luxury, but every thing pretty and sparkling and convenient; I am a friend to order and cleanliness, and there I met it to my heart’s content. Not the least trace of dust: there was an air of modesty, of noble simplicity, of virtue, in the room; true English, home-bred virtue. I drew a deep sigh. On a sofa lay a prayer-book and a bible, with some needle-work; on a working-table, some linen; every thing white as snow. The door opened, and a girl, about eighteen, came out of a bed-room, from which a distressful coughing was heard. It was a sweet, delightful creature.”

The man paused, and took his glass and emptied it.

“ Fill, my young friend, to her health; I should like to see you carry off this prize.”

“ I?”

"Stop, let us go on. She was dressed simply, but with extreme taste; her fair hair was arched, in two beautifully clusters, above her temples. One is seldom permitted to enjoy such a sight."

I emptied the tumbler.

"The girl stood a second or two looking at me before she said, 'My mother is very sorry, but she is confined in bed.' I then presented her the bill; she stepped into the next room, and returned soon after with a cheque on the banking-house of — and Co.

"If, Miss, should perhaps—you understand me?' I said.

"I do not," replied the girl, with an inquiring glance.

"If the payment should fall heavy upon you, I can and will wait."

"It fell hard; but my mother is better; no, no," she added, and retreated a few paces, as if afraid of me.

"I was touched—really touched. I felt almost as though I ought to leave the hundred pounds behind, but, on second thought, I deemed it better to put it into my pocket-book. She works hard to keep herself and her mother in something like respectability. A hundred pounds thrown in her way in such a manner, what mischief might it not create? One must consider every thing—why she might have a cousin, or some such connexion, who would fain drive his pony---or the hundred pounds might find their road into one of the thousand craters of French millinery. No; wiser to leave her as she was. She is the daughter of a mercantile gentleman who failed some years ago, and the remains of whose fortune are locked up in Chancery. *Apropos*, this Chancery business---it would be a pity if Brougham should succeed in curtailing so salutary an institution. It has brought many a thousand pounds into my coffers. Truly that girl would make a fine wife for you, young man; but let us proceed. When I regained the King's-road, the clock struck one. I looked for some time at the caricature shops, and at two found myself in — square. I mounted the stairs of my lady's mansion, leaving, with every step, a foot imprinted into the Brussels carpet. That pleases me. I was desired by the servant to wait a moment, and seated myself in one of the gilded arm-chairs.

"Her ladyship has just rung the bell for the first time," said the waiting-maid, with an air of importance. 'I scarcely believe Mr.---what is his name? will be admitted.'

"Tell her ladyship my name."

"She came in a few moments, and in a hurry, as it seemed, beckoning and running before me. I was ushered into a splendid apartment; the door opened to a second, and out came a woman. No; I shall not easily forget her, and how I saw her, and when, and where; there, young man, where no mortal will behold

her save her husband, in a state---but hear. Over her bare shoulders she had flung, in the hurry of the moment, a precious *cachemire*, into which she shrouded herself so anxiously, that her fine proportions were developed every where. She was dressed in a *peignoir* white as snow. Her auburn air escaped luxuriantly from a *madras*, ingeniously wound round her head, *à la Creole*---(by-the-bye, I once kept a large assortment of French goods.) The half-open door presented a *coup d'œil* for which a painter would have given a world. The bed was thrown into the most picturesque confusion. Her dreams must have been very violent; a snowy pillow lay at the foot; the blue silken coverlet, garnished with white lace, was half flung on the carpet. Behind one of the lion-jaws carved into the foot of the *acajou* bed, lay a white satin shoe; another straggled further off. Over a gilded chair dangled a robe crumpled into shapelessness; stockings, which a breath might have wafted away, were slung round a screen; flowers, bracelets, gloves, garters, and girdles, were strewed all over the room. She must have hurried to bed without the attendance of her maid; all was luxury and disorder. A vague, voluptuous odour pervaded the apartment. As these vanities lay scattered before me, I could not restrain a smile of pity. In their proper places they might have driven a dozen of men into delirium; here they gave strong indications of passion---of reckless passion, with misery and shame, scorn and utter desolation, close on the heels; nay, they lurked already beneath the bronzed eyelids of her ladyship. She was an exquisite piece of workmanship, the very image of passion---wild, overpowering, restless, careering on to destruction."

The man cast a feverish glance at me.

"Her eyes sparkled with a sleepy fire; she resembled one of the Herodiades, whom we owe to Leonardo da Vinci---(I have dealt in pictures too). Yes, a powerful woman she was; a matured form of beauty, with a tropical haze around her; nothing mean, all noble---her colour, her traits, her very paleness lighted up here and there by red streaks; they all showed fire and love; and yet she seemed stronger even than love. She made a deep impression on me. My heart beat almost. It is long since it beat last. I was already paid; for what are two hundred pounds for a sensation?---a sensation which recalls our sweetest hours before expiring phantasy!

" 'Mr. Lomond,' she said, 'will you please to take a chair? Will you be so good as to wait?'

" 'Till to-morrow noon, Madam,' I answered, folding up the bill which I had presented to her; 'till to-morrow noon; then we shall see see further.'

"My glance must have told her what was passing within me."

Pshaw! thought I, pay for thy luxury—pay for thy happiness, thy dissipation, the monopoly which thou exercisest. For the hapless wretch whom thy fastidious eye scorns to look upon, there is Bow-street, and Newgate, and its juries and judges, and the gallows; but thou who reposest on silk and lace, for thee are the scorpions of shame, and the world's sneer and contempt.

“‘*A protest!*’” said the beautiful woman; ‘Mr. Lomond, you cannot be so cruel, so utterly, Mr. Lomond!’

“Her words were interrupted by a rap at the door.

“‘Not at present! not at present!’ ejaculated she; ‘I am engaged; I am not at leisure,’ she added, imperiously.

“‘Caroline! I *must* see you,’ said a manly voice.

“‘Impossible, my dear!’ returned she in a softer, but still very positive tone.

“‘You are not in earnest? Who is it whom you talk with?’ and with these words the door opened, and a middle-aged gentleman walked in. The lady cast a beseeching glance at me. I understood it. She was my slave. Ah! there was a time when I would have been fool enough, *not* to *protest*.

“‘Who is this man?’ asked the baronet, measuring me from head to foot.

“‘My upholsterer, Mr. —.’ The brow of her ladyship began to darken. She hesitated---she advanced.

“The baronet cast another glance at me, and then turned towards the window. The bill was still in my grasp, gaping most unmercifully at the beauty. At this direful sight she hurried towards me, and, with a broken whisper, pressed a diamond into my hand. ‘Take it and go---Go, for heaven’s sake!’

“I glanced at the jewel, slipped the bill between the fingers of her ladyship, and turned away.

“The diamond was worth full three hundred. When I descended I found two brilliant carriages for her ladyship; a couple of liveried loungers brushed their coats, a third stood gaping and laughing. Ah, look! said I to myself, what leads these people to my poor house; what brings the duke and the marquis, the earl and the viscount before my door in the shape of supplicants; what makes them lose hundreds of thousands, and brings women to betray their husbands, men their country and themselves? They must live in style and extravagance!---just as I was thus meditating, there arrived in his elegant tilbury the young man who had transferred the bill to me.

“‘Sir,’ I said, as he alighted, ‘here is one hundred pounds. You will be so good as to deliver it into the hands of her ladyship, and you will at the same time be pleased to tell her, that I shall keep the diamond at her disposal until next Wednesday.’

day at two o'clock, should she be inclined to redeem the pledge.

"The youth took the hundred pound note, a sardonic smile playing over his countenance.

"Ah! she has paid then, has she? All the better."

"This smile, these words, they said every thing. Her ladyship was already *perdita*!

"And now I passed to the mansion of his Grace of ———; half a dozen of gold-laced servants marshalled my way, and I entered the *sanctuary* of the Duke. Every thing sumptuous, but stern, like the possessor; yet dissipation was gleaming through.

"His Grace kept his seat, and presented me with a cheque on—on—No, I cannot mention it! but the cheque—While his keen eye rested on me, I remained, to all appearance, cold and indifferent.

"You understand me, Mr. Lomond? I shall perhaps want you soon again."

"He put his finger on his lips. 'Can you be silent?'

"I knew where the wind blew from. I knew what had passed---what was to come."

My landlord paused, laid his green spectacles on the table, his ghastly countenance expanded, his reddish eyes hung with a chilling glare upon me. "Do you now understand my pleasures?" said he, with a rising voice; the first time I had heard him raise his voice. "Do you reckon it nothing to penetrate into the innermost recesses of the human heart, to read the crooked counsels of statesmen, to lay bare the most hidden folds of society, to have placed before one's eyes the life of the proudest-born, of the brave, the crafty, and the beautiful, in utter nakedness and in utter helplessness. These scenes, ever shifting, ever varying, in a thousand ways; those hideous gambblings, those despairing joys and bootless ravings, which lead to the scaffold, those hysteric laughs of despair, those frantic festivals of dissipation green and grey. Now a father, who cuts his throat because he can no longer endure the cries of his starving children; again, a woman who offers the very jewel for which she has bartered name and happiness. O, these actors! these inimitable actors! Here Garrick and Kean and Kemble might have studied; but their art is lost on me. Often, indeed, a lovesick girl, an old merchant, a starving worthy mechanic, or a mother who panted to conceal the scandal of a beloved child; a noble lord on the brink of ruin; often have they made my hair stand erect like the main of a frightened horse; but now I can look at these scenes, I can, young man; nothing now deceives me; nothing will. I can pierce the heart through; and what do I want? I possess every thing. I may buy

ministers and consciences; that is in my power. The fairest women are rushing upon their knees before me. Here, young man, here in this room," said the withered usurer, "here have paid me homage, beauties, to delineate whose charms would outstrip the artist's skill. But I stand immovable in my scorn, for I am past this frenzy; and I revenge myself on mankind who spurned and buffeted me while I was young and vigorous, but helpless and penniless, and with no house to shelter, no friend to console me. I have tasted and am satiated. I am one of forty, who are the silent, the mute, the unknown kings of this country, the arbiters of life—for gold is life. Forty we are, bound together by the same ties, the same interests, though not the same motives. Once every week we assemble and compare notes, reveal the mysteries of finance, and of existence; no fortune, no condition escapes our view. We hold the secrets of every family from the highest to the lowest. Public credit and private happiness, the safety of the bank, and the stability of commerce, depend ten times of the year upon us. What is your secret police? It is we who analyse, who anatomise the world and its value. We love money; we love it, but we love power still more, and money is power. Yes, yes it is—

"Here," said the little grey man, pointing round his comfortless walls; "here, within these dingy naked walls—here the most enraptured lover, whom a word from the lips of his divinity would drive mad, here he will beg with folded hands; here prays the merchant, who never acknowledged the name of his Creator; here she bends low—low, before whom the state-liest noble would kiss the dust. Here the artist and mechanic, the farmer and the landlord, learn to unite in prayer. Here," added he, drawing his hand over his brow, "is the scale in which the destiny of thousands, of London itself, is balanced. Do you then believe that I have no rejoicing, no pleasure, no poetry, under this cold and shrivelled mask? that there beats no feeling under these blasted muscles?" He laid his hand on my shoulder, and rivetted his eye once more upon me. "Yes, you shall hear more; yes—" and so saying he turned and retreated to his bed-room.

I arose, and staggered towards the door almost stupefied. I tottered down stairs. The little grey man had swollen up before me into a frightful monster. He had changed into a fantastic horrible being. He was the incarnate representative of the arch-demon. Existence, man, and beauty, looked hideous in my eyes; for all, all appeared subservient to his infernal power.

DIARY OF A SURGEON.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

I AM the youngest son of a poor clergyman of the old school, and was born in an antiquated whitewashed parsonage, standing by the road-side, some hundred and twenty miles due north of London, where my father held a small living. At eight years of age, I "began my travels;" for the "gudeman," finding the olive-branches grow yearly round his slender board, without his tithes increasing to supply the "oil and wine," transplanted eight of us, besides my mother, to a romantic village in the eastern part of Sussex; where, through great interest, exercised by a certain colonel to whose regiment my progenitor had officiated as chaplain, he had been presented to a benefice better calculated to feed his hungry flock.

To this day, I have the most lively recollection of our arrival at the parsonage. It is with difficulty, if at all, time erases the impression made on the mind of a child by a new and beautiful object. The spacious and substantial mansion had been some time untenanted, but our arrival having been announced, care was taken to cleanse and air it; and on the approach of the little cortège, the grey smoke from the chimneys was mounting slowly and silently into the evening sky. We overtook some villagers returning from their labours; and around the post whose white arms point out his road to the ignorant rustic, a curious group was collected of both old and young, who eyed us, as we passed, with rude yet unoffending curiosity.

On the first night we were compelled to sleep upon the polished oak floors—some here, some there: but this was little hardship to children. Our discomfort, indeed, did not last long; for my father being a goodnatured and talkative man, soon procured plenty of acquaintance, from whom we received many acts of kindness; and after the little alterations which every new tenant thinks it requisite to make in a house, we were fairly and comfortably settled.

And a pleasant abode it was! The house was situated in a deep, rich valley, open only on its southern side, in which direction extensive and luxuriant woods ran almost to the sea, diversified by small estates and petty lakes, while a river also held its wide course through the dale. The temperature was mild as that of Italy, and the high velvet downs for which Sussex is so deservedly celebrated, sheltered our peaceful hamlet.

My father's income had improved; it amounted to upward of 300*l.* per annum, including now and then an extra fee for riding ten miles (out and home) to preach a sermon in a marshy district, whither a richer brother-divine objected to go, from fear of

catching cold. With foresight and strict economy, he managed to maintain us, and keep besides, two female servants and a gardener, the latter to trim the yew-trees, groom his horse, and fetch letters from the neighbouring town. He also paid a small premium with each of my two eldest brothers, obtained employment for two others in London, and had my three sisters respectably educated at home, at 20*l.* per annum, by a competent governess---an exemplary young woman, who has since, through continued industry, risen to fill a station which is both opulent and flattering. I am proud to confess that to her I am indebted for first learning a Latin verb.

At the age of ten years, I alone remained to be disposed of; for my father being an indecisive man, it was not yet determined whither I was to go to acquire education. Within four miles of us lay the town of ---, remarkable for its excessive neatness, clean windows, and pretty women; while for the antiquary it has a still greater charm; its castle, a noble remnant, partly of Roman and partly of Saxon architecture, which, standing in the centre of the town, is from the surrounding hills an object of no small beauty.

At this place is a free grammar-school, which at the period I speak of stood in high repute for flogging and learning; whether the latter was a corollary of the former I leave to be decided by professed writers on education. The master was Dr. M---, who kept, as I was informed to my great discomfort, a goodly collection of birch's in *brine*. Application was made on my behalf to Lord G---, who was a patron of my father, inasmuch as he occasionally honoured him with an invitation-card to dine at eight o'clock off silver, and return home by night through a succession of green-lanes (oh, how the old gentleman dreaded it!) The result of the application was auspicious, and accordingly I was taken one day---the first after the vacation---and presented at school. A shadow of a boy I was!--my heart in my lips, my hands (but nothing else) in my breeches-pockets. I shall never forget my *debut* among a hundred boys; what a heavy forlorn sense of loneliness fell upon me, when my father, having slipped five shillings into one of the empty receptacles, closed the door after him. The orchard, the attic, the *stable*, at the parsonage, would have been Elysium in comparison! Dr. M. ushered me into the lofty school-room, with its dingy windows in the roof, and its desks and forms all in terrific array. But what were these inanimate presentments to the hundred pair of living eyes that were on me!--to the rude, mischievous laugh that assailed me from all quarters! I was always shy, but this scene made me tremble at thinking of the time when the dominie would leave me to the mercy of my new comrades.

On issuing into the playground, I found that, although active at every kind of romp, their boisterous sports almost demolished

me. I was obliged to fight three battles (and be beaten in two), in order to prove myself no coward. They plundered my desk; and while the tears of vexation were running down my cheeks, the only recompense I got was a worthless promise from one or the other to *teach me my next lesson!* But I could have put up with all this, had they allowed me to *sleep* quietly: the little devils, however—for schoolboys are nothing else—tortured me both night and day.

At length I experienced so strong a sense of oppression, that I determined I would run away! We were allowed between school-hours to stroll into the town; and on one of these occasions, the pleasure of liberty was too tempting to be resisted. I reached the outskirts of —; the hill, beyond which lay our village, rose just before me. But my heart turned coward. The rod, whose *primum tempus* I had already tasted—the dark hole under the kitchen, where you could *smell* the dinner, but nothing more—and, I am proud to add, the *disgrace* of playing truant, filled my imagination and scared it; so I sat down, indulged in a passion of tears, and, by the detestable hour of two, was back at my prison-door.

A month of this drudgery—for of course I *fagged* for a dozen of them—*broke me in*, as they term it; but it almost broke my heart. I grew sentimental; engraved my name deep in the bark of a tree, fancying I could not live a year in such misery; and on visiting the school since, I found the characters still un-effaced. Thus we live on through all kinds of oppression; but what are the hardships of school compared to the mortifications of manhood? At school, the young and buoyant mind (though under the hard penalty of task) can soar unshackled. A school-boy, unenvied and unhated by the world, can without fear pierce the wood or climb the verdant hill. Philosophers might envy him his *real liberty*, though he himself scarcely perceives it. But I must not forestall my subject.

Nothing out of the common course of school events occurred to me during a five years' pilgrimage from the Eton grammar to the pages of Zenophon, by which time I had become first boy. I remained on the foundation till after the decease of Dr. M., which happened suddenly. A paralysis carried him off in a few hours, and silenced for ever the tongue of many languages. He was an excellent master—petulant and severe, yet at heart the boy's friend. I became gradually—I think from a sentiment warmer than habit—attached to him; and I believe, presented a solitary case in lamenting the holiday which his death-knell proclaimed.

A young divine, fresh from one of the emporiums of classic lore (Cambridge) succeeded to the head mastership. We did not much like him at first, for he was excessively proud and

pedantic: however, he soon conciliated us, as he fed us well and flogged us seldom. But in spite of all his exertions to maintain the high reputation of the school, its numbers fell, and by the end of the first year (when I left) it presented a miserable attempt at forty. In fact, the school had reached its zenith: a Diogenes could not have reclaimed it.

I retired as *captain*, which delighted my father. Oh, he thought me such a genius! Yet, in reality, I was none. My classics were respectable, but not great; and still less so my attachment to them. If I had any partialities at this epoch of boyhood, they were divided between two pursuits, each (particularly the first) of a nature well calculated to attract the boyish fancy---namely, *acting* and *fishing*. The pages of Shakspeare occupied me at home; the rises on a trout-stream were my delight abroad. I was a disciple of old Walton, to an extent that quite alarmed my mother, and half inclined her to doubt whether I had not some innate sympathies with the finny race; and when I attempted OTHELLO in presence of the servants, decked out with black silk gloves, a tablecloth, and a corked face, my father trembled for my morality and my Latin verses.

Oh, how happy was I as an actor! I caught the malady of spouting, where many other obnoxious things are caught---at school. Our new *magister* encouraged his young Thespians, and would treat us half-yearly with an elevated stage, a first and second fiddle, and, though last not least, a supper. The scenes were devised and painted in verditer, rose-pink, and whitewash, by our drawing-master, on copy-book leaves and sheets of brown paper pasted together. The best friend I ever made was one of our *corps dramatique*, who thought himself its star---the Kean of our schoolboy-stage; but his talents were greater at *criticism* than at *acting*;---indeed, I have generally remarked that good critics make but indifferent players.

My line was varied. I enacted to a large coterie of parents, minors, ushers, and servants, *old OVERTO*, in the "Blind Boy," and *young FRIBURG* in the "Miller and his Men;" and as our performances drew down great applause from our goodnatured audience, we felt infinitely proud of our feathers and paint, and no doubt, in our enthusiasm, spoke much more than was "set down for us." I can recollect facing our back scene---a wood fronted by pillars and bordered with Dutch leaf (to serve both for temple and forest), but I could never face my audience. My eyes were resolutely bent upon the ground, as if I either was, or ought to be, ashamed of my position.

But oh! what sunny days, what pleasing dreams, were those, contrasted with the afflicting realities of afterlife! Never, for the world, have I made my toilet with half the spirits, half the care even, with which I dressed for the stream in neat fustian and hat of straw---or for the stage, in blue calico jacket with

vest and pantaloons to match, bespangled throughout. The ease of the one, and splendour of the other, compared so advantageously with the formal suit the faculty of the present day must ever wear! The Sangrado costume, like his medicine, will do nothing for the modern surgeon; who nowadays is not considered fit to feel a pulse without his repeater and his ring, his unruffled cravat and tight skin of black from the scissors of a Stulz. Nor should he *walk* to his patient, if he hopes either to experience a polite reception or effect a cure. An equipage, and a handsome one too—not merely an old-fashioned gig and servant to correspond, but a dark-coloured *cab*, a spirited horse, and a *tiger* behind, is now essential to the disciple of Æsculapius. Such a *turn-out* stamps, in the eyes of the multitude, his standing and talent, and proves his best introduction both to the palace of the noble and the obscure lodging of the poor. If the confidence of the great is obtainable through the skill of the coachmaker, what must be the impression on the *canaille*!—it must amount to something approaching the awe and veneration of the Hindoos at the ceremony of the Jugernaut.

As a professional man, I have proved the utility of equipage too painfully to write in error. During the first four years of my practice, I was a pedestrian, and often felt a shyness—a want of self-possession, which has vanished since fortune has placed me upon wheels. When I used to enter quietly a drawing-room or boudoir, and sit patiently listening to a string of symptoms for *half-an-hour*, my fee was just *half-a-guinea*. But I have since discovered that the *taking* method is, to appear hurried to death! A dash up to the door in your cab, or carriage, with your servant ready to announce you, privileges you to enter a room as abruptly as you please; to ask the most delicate questions; and give your advice with a confidence, a pithiness of manner astonishing to yourself, and demonstrative to the clique of patient, mother, and friend, that you are a first-rate man. In truth, I think one of the most essential qualities to a medical man is *address*. It tells better far than a head studded with theories; and the practitioner desirous of acquiring a fortune will gain his point much more readily by a knowledge—a smattering will do—of the polite accomplishments. Music, if he can either play or sing, is an introduction without the aid of merit; and French, Italian, and German are pleasing accompaniments. Patients are better able to appreciate *these* matters than your professional knowledge; and I would counsel every medical aspirant to infuse deeply into his studies, that of *the world*.

But I am anticipating my subject, and in resuming it at the proper point, I find the light-heartedness of my recollections materially dashed. The sky of my destinies had been hitherto unclouded, seasons fled by me like days, and I contemplated nothing that could rob me of a single pleasure. Alas! the blow

was even then hovering over, which plunged my family and myself into profound sorrow.

One dark January night I had left home, in the company of a friend, for the neighbouring town, where a fresh company of strollers had advertised Mrs. Shelley's terrific *Frankenstein*. To me, the chief attraction was the *Monster*. Nature had formed the actor who played this part admirably for the purpose. She had almost made him, like Janus, double-faced; his fingers were in reality double-jointed; and he had a voice whose tones seemed to scare even himself. The mute anxiety—the icy horror—I felt when *Frankenstein* succeeds in giving vitality to the abortion he had moulded, overpowered my young nerves, and I was seeking a release from these horrors in the small lobby of the playhouse, when I encountered my father's servant. A few words explained his errand: my father was ill—dangerously ill—his *life* in danger. A gig waited for us at the door, and by eleven we were at the parsonage.

What was the ideal tragedy I had quitted to that authentic one I was now called on to witness? My dear mother, and the whole household in fact, were in tears. Death stood already at the threshold, to enter we knew not how soon. And indeed he delayed not; our trial was short: notwithstanding the watchfulness and skill of the surgeon in attendance, epilepsy soon proved too formidable an antagonist for human art to grapple with. My father's spirits and health had been for some months shaken by anticipating the result of a chancery suit, instigated by an unfeeling sister. *She should have witnessed his death*. Deathbeds are terrible scenes;—when the senses and the reason desert their frail tenement, leaving it to be convulsed and destroyed by the expiring pang.

By this sudden blow, our family was deprived of its only protector. As for myself, I remained but three days in the village after the funeral, and my mother no longer than sufficed to witness the erection of a plain tombstone to her husband's memory. The house was then abandoned—it became another's; and we all returned into the North—my destination being to be placed with my eldest brother, then a medical practitioner some hundred miles in that direction from London. I hid myself in a corner of the coach that conveyed me, with my brothers and sisters, from our beautiful village (for the grief of early youth is always timid), and wept the whole way to town, and a long distance beyond it.

My brother intending me for his profession, placed me during another twelvemonth at school, where, among sundry improvements, I took drawing lessons from the figure, which I afterwards found of great assistance during my study of anatomy. This year passed, and my doom was then sealed for seven more, I being articled to my brother and his partner, a bold and ex-

perienced surgeon. A junior apprenticeship is the devil!—it spoils the hands, ruins the clothes, and often cripples the best abilities. These portentous axioms I soon imbibed, and conceiving accordingly a due horror of the laboratory, sought, by every means in my power (though seldom successfully) to vary the scene. In consequence, before I knew even the nature of the drugs it was my duty to manipulate into the several shapes of pill, powder, plaster and potion (for the joint advantage of ledger and patient), I found myself—where does the “gentle reader” imagine?—in love!—or what I fancied love to be. I was *taken aback*, as the sailors call it, during the excitement and glitter of a theatrical performance (for the Thespian mania had not deserted me). My fair captor, however, was not, as might perhaps be supposed, an actress; but the daughter of a half-pay officer residing in the town. She was an acknowledged belle, and her figure might be described by a poet as just set in the luxurious mould of womanhood. But her simplicity of manner interested me even more than her personal appearance! To be brief, my inexperienced heart was stormed. I cultivated pathos; cut (in the wrong sense) solid food; and for a week or so lived on thought and tea. But who has not fasted thus long when first absorbed by the universal passion!

Our acquaintance was altogether clandestine, for my charmer's father, unlike most half-pay officers with daughters to go off, threatened to shoot the first man who dared cross his threshold with an *offer* as his errand. This humour of his might have been fortunate for both Margaret and myself, young as we then were. We did indeed occasionally meet and occasionally reciprocate a friendly billet; and this restricted intercourse continued for near four years, toward the end of which time Margaret's health appeared to be waning. I am almost ashamed to say, that vanity led me to mingle a certain feeling of complacency with my regret on observing this. I deemed that the want of a free and unrestrained communion with the object of her affections had occasioned the poor girl's indisposition; but, strange to say, as if a certainty of success had damped the ardour of the pursuit, this conviction certainly slackened rather than increased the warmth of my admiration. I felt much sympathy for Margaret's future happiness; but I could not be blind to the fact that circumstances were hostile to our union. I had, young as I then was, sufficient foresight to perceive that attachments so early contracted often act as a bar to the best endeavours. Before me in life lay a long tract of difficulties, through which love could be no guide—no stimulus—rather an impediment. These thoughts grew stronger as the period approached at which my articles should expire; and they were but occasionally crossed by a sentiment of commi-

seration for the mischief I might have caused in a fresh and susceptible bosom.

With pain do I retrace these occurrences—evidences of a reckless selfishness. The bitter fact, and bitterly do I now taste the flavour of its recollection, was, that Margaret, a year or two my elder, had construed a boyish impulse into a sentiment of depth and stability. Her affections, once kindled, had *fostered themselves*; for it is remarkable that, during our entire intimacy, neither by word or letter did I ever breathe the name of *love*! At length the time arrived, when a few days more would place distance between us. I wrote to her to appoint a previous farewell meeting. That letter occupied me for hours. I felt a consciousness that I had acted, and was acting, indirectly. I sought in lengthened periods and involved expressions, to cover this perception. To my half protesting, half apologetic epistle, the following simple answer was returned, which I have kept in my possession ever since—with little cause, for the words are indelibly imprinted on my mind:—

“Dear Friend,—You write of leaving us on the 10th, and say that you are already busied in the painful task of bidding your many friends adieu. You must not forget Margaret, who will be left alone---why should she conceal it---in grief at your departure, but in earnest prayer for your safety; the only solace remaining. I enclose a plain ring, to be worn in private *alone*. You will surely accept this as a pledge of the *friendship* you talk so much of. If an inanimate thing could speak, it should. It has been taught much by one who must think of you to her grave.

“MARGARET.”

I saw her not, after the receipt of this letter. Whether she had penetrated the flimsy veil which cloaked the hollowness of my professions, or whether she dreaded the excitement of a parting interview—from whatever cause, she came not to the appointment I had proposed.

At the commencement of the spring session, I was in the metropolis, and my name duly entered at an excellent hospital---then a low, obscure, and dingy looking building, but now a structure which forms a leading ornament in that part of the town wherein it is situated. My appointments as a student were by no means despicable: I had a comfortable lodging near the New-road, a tolerable library, and 400*l.* in the three-and-a-half consols---my share of the property of a kinswoman on my mother's side, who at her recent demise had bequeathed all she was worth amongst us. I was at this period, a very tyro. I knew the bones, the medical plants and their uses; I could read any Latin medical author with fluency. In surgery I had *witnessed* a good deal: I could perform various operations theoretically, and took especial delight in the requisite instru-

ments. I fancy my brother detected this *penchant* on my part for the "cutting and maiming" department, as he presented me, on leaving him, with six lancets, besides a small treatise on Erysipelas, and his old pocket-case (it lies before me now), as he used it. This was all I ever derived from my apprenticeship, beyond the ability of bleeding and book-keeping; for my masters, according to the usual system of wholesale dealers in apprentices, taught me nothing else. In most cases, the expiration of this servitude is simultaneous with the pupil's discovery of his ignorance, and upon himself after all, devolves the labour of dissipating it.

If youths in our profession were carefully taught the *practical* part, as they are in trades, we should have much more skilful surgeons. Young sculptors and painters know the portion of anatomy their arts require, far more perfectly than the majority of medical students. The latter, indeed, eagerly take up the knife, because its use is novel, and mutilate their subjects in a manner that would disgrace a butcher-boy. Our colleges require a minute knowledge of the human structure; and how is this sought to be attained? By books! a shameful error, and still more mischievous than shameful. I think, indeed experience has convinced me, that lads intended for the healing profession should be taught anatomy---the substratum of all knowledge relative to medicine and surgery---in their boyhood, instead of the information being deferred till they are nearly men. Other thoughts, and often other pursuits, then thwart its retention; but where is the boy who forgets his rules in syntax, or who has not exercised his invention on some piece of puerile machinery?

Amidst study, attention to lectures, and episodical visits to the theatres and other places of amusement, I still found leisure occasionally to think of Margaret, and after awhile I wrote to her. Her reply was prompt, but mournful. Time had been making fresh ravages on her health. She told me she was going by advice to the sea-side, on account of a troublesome cough: "I have thought of you," the conclusion of her letter says, "too frequently to be at peace. Our intimacy sprang from a circumstance too trivial, you will probably think, to be called an *event*, but it will *end* with one!"

And this was a prediction of the truth. I shortly after received another communication, which proved to be her last. It was almost illegible; written amidst fears and suspicions which I, to my great sorrow, was appealed to to confirm. A dreadful catastrophe had occurred in her family, the knowledge whereof first reached it as a dark and vague rumour, which time however speedily illustrated. It related to the death of her eldest brother in India. He had been murdered in a manner at which nature revolts and sickens. The poor fellow, stationed with his

company to keep in subjection a district of savage marauders, had indiscreetly left quarters with a handful of men, on an exploring march up the country. The natives intercepted their return, and murdered every man; but their officer shared not so merciful a death as that of the sword. He was tied to wild horses, which were whipped in the direction of the four quarters of the elements, until he was torn limb from limb!

It was with a trembling and foreboding heart that I made the necessary investigation; nor, as the event proved, were my apprehensions groundless. At official quarters all was ratified. I communicated the melancholy intelligence with the caution and tenderness I conceived Margaret's weak state to require; but even thus tempered, the event occasioned too painful a stimulus in a shattered constitution: the powers of life gave way beneath the shock, and instead of any further correspondence from this amiable girl, an early post brought me the tidings of her death!

I will not obtrude upon the reader's attention any detail of the regret, the remorse, which Margaret's dissolution stirred up within me. Whence or why is it, that the period of our losing any possession should be precisely that in which it assumes the greatest appearance of value? At the moment when I received this fatal news, I could have willingly died for or with the fair object of my anxiety. And yet, could I be merely selfish in my retrospect, my present position is perhaps more palpably fortunate than it would have been, had Margaret recovered and consented at that period to link her destiny with mine. Early marriages have been generally prejudicial to those whose lot it is to carve out their own fortunes. Our mind is not a distinct reality, above obscurity from the shadows of poverty; and the daily encounter with actual wants is calculated in a certain degree to pervert the nature of both husband and wife, and render each to the other what love had never meant them to be.

Inquietude of mind, together with study, not constant, (for *perseverance* was never any great virtue of mine), but by fits and starts (when I read excessively) now began to unnerve my system. I was told it would be unwise to risk further mischief, by slighting the first indications of it. The sessions were over, both parliamentary and medical. "The world" was leaving town: my friends were urgent in their advice that I should leave it too. With spirits languid and indifferent enough, I adopted this counsel, and one sultry morning found me stowed upon a coach bound for a certain fashionable watering-place. My *compagnons-de-voyage* were a change of garments, my flute (on which I could play respectably), and a purse containing fifteen pounds; and thus appointed, the next chapter will start me a "Citizen of the World" and a Surgeon.

DIARY OF A SURGEON.—CHAPTER II.

THE DUEL.

I DEVOTED a month (which passed rapidly enough, amongst the few friends of my earliest days), to fill up the many inroads which the toil and anxiety of study had made upon my health. I wandered once again through all the scenes of childhood, which, although no longer such to me, held over my mind an unfading and refreshing influence—to which I owe much of the vigor of after life. The hope of returning there again—to spend the evening of my days in that secluded village, has often kept me up, under the thousand difficulties which at first beset me; whether or not it will be realized, fate only can decide. Reluctant indeed was I to tear myself from these scenes; but the dream at length was over, and the difficult road of life lay before me.

It was on the morning after my débüt at the Royal College of Surgeons in London—the site of which most members of the profession doubtless recollect—and the excitement of a successful examination had scarcely subsided, inasmuch as I had still heated brows, a rapid pulse, and excessive thirst—that I sat at my small breakfast-table, occupied, not in eating (for appetite had fled), but in reflecting. It is true, thought I, that the gulf into which thousands abler than myself both in head and hand have fallen, has been passed:—but the mere capriciousness of any of the members of that imperious tribunal, might have sunk me too low to be reclaimed; for my feelings on this subject were poignant, peculiar, and determined. Had the *stigma* of rejection (for such the world erroneously considers it) been cast upon me, it would have been a wound that neither time nor place could have healed, and I should have relinquished my profession for ever, although from it only could I expect to derive the means of existence. I should have felt that I had expended in vain the sacred bequest left me by a devoted relative with the sole stipulation, that it should be applied to place me on a respectable footing, in the profession I had aspired to;—that I had directed the fullest energies of my mind to a subject, which it could not master;—and the conviction would have blighted all my future exertions. Had indeed rejection awaited me, I was resolved with the next morning's dawn to sail from father Thames for the continent of America—and in case of such an alternative, I had, on the day preceding my examination, drawn from the 3½ consols; the sum of 100*l*.

Fate however, and the Royal College of Surgeons, would have things turn out otherwise. I therefore returned to my lodgings, somewhat poorer in purse but infinitely richer in spirit. I have heard men boast, how differently they would act in case of rejection ; that they would defy the court, and *prove* to the world they were competent men. But very opposite has been the conduct of the only two individuals known to me under such circumstances. They left the dreaded *horse-shoe* without a murmur or a word—with pale faces and sickened hearts, and quitting the college by a private door, sought solace only in the retirement of their chambers.

Having now launched my boat, I prepared to embark upon the crowded and dangerous waters of life. And where lay the first point of my destiny ?—I was roused from a deep reverie on this subject, by the postman's familiar knock, who brought a letter for me bearing a foreign post-mark. I knew the hand in an instant. It was that of Manvers, a fellow-student with whom I had passed many hours of pleasure as well as of research. I opened it and read as follows :

" My dear Friend,

" You recollect that at the end of the season I left London for Paris, there to acquire a better knowledge of anatomy and surgery. These important objects have, alas ! been neglected. I am now many miles from that metropolis. A friend has stopped me here ; and here I am likely to find my grave. I left not England *alone*, but associated with one, to tear myself from whom is impossible, yet to stay with whom is a disgrace. Oh, what a folly is it to be too fond ! There is a secret of the most sorrowful nature on my heart—it must be divulged, and to you. I hasten to accomplish this duty :—My intimacy with Miss —— which you were not a stranger to, terminated (you pause and dare not read on) in marriage. We were mutually and ardently attached, and passed the first months of our new life in the enjoyment of every pure feeling of which the heart is capable, and in the anticipation of future years gliding on in the same unruffled way ; but we had raised the cup too high, and it was dashed from our lips by a villain who has sacrificed her honour and my peace."

I had read enough—I guessed the entire purport of his distressing letter—namely, that he required my assistance, on one of those occasions, which my nature revolted at. My suspicions were indeed too true. The letter continued,

" I am now under the restraint of a physician, who tells me it would be death, in my phrensied state, to leave my room---and I obey him. But why ? To regain strength to be avenged ! My peace, my love are both destroyed ; my views of life all imbittered ; and this convulsion of my nature must have its end in

vengeance. If you can sympathize with my extreme misery do so in action, not only in heart. I am a stranger here, and can neither seek new friends or forget old ones. The only appeal I probably shall ever make to you, is this!--Come to me with as little delay as possible---if you value your unhappy friend,

“EDWARD MANVERS.”

The postscript contained an order on a tradesman in Conduit-street for 10*l.*; enclosed as I inferred to defray the expenses of my journey.

The habitual restlessness of my disposition did not permit me to think too long or too intently on the course I ought to pursue; and without taking any immediate steps in my friend's affair, I occupied the greater part of the day in obtaining my diploma from the secretary (an errand I believe few young men think irksome). But the evening was to be devoted to a different, though an equally important business. During my residence in town, I had been frequently tempted into the society of some musical friends, and where can there be found more delightful people than the Londoners? On one of these desertions from Galen and the midnight lamp, chance (that eternal match-maker) introduced me to a kindred spirit in the person of a young lady, the elder daughter of a professional man then attached to the Court of Chancery. The occasion was a ball, neither at the larger nor lesser “Willis's Rooms,” but on a first floor in the immediate neighbourhood of Brunswick-square. *She* played that night and *I* listened. *She* danced and *I* was her partner. She spoke in so sweet and artless a manner, that, from the first hour of our meeting, without debating *pros* or *cons*, without seeking any adviser but my own heart, I silently betrothed myself to her; and when the morning's reflection came, I felt forgetfulness impossible: in short, I had never loved till then.—And who can withstand the heart's first real passion?

But these delightful emotions brought, with their roses, thorns: ---I felt that I had studies and duties to attend to, which demanded all my thoughts. My little fortune in the stocks had dwindled to about 180*l.*: and with these startling facts before me, were it not dangerous to love? This important question was, however, as will be readily imagined, soon answered in the negative. It was at my mother's apartments I first met my beautiful friend, and there we met again. Her look, her voice were still the same; and in the excitement of those happy hours, my thoughts, my feelings, were all hers. I had but a single wish, a single view in life, and she only could grant the one, or darken the other. Till all was told and known, I could do nothing; my lectures were neglected---my books opened in vain.

Happily I had not long to endure this weight of anxiety; and having said thus much, the reader will infer that our at-

attachment soon became reciprocal:—it went on undisturbed; and with similar views regarding the future (which were far from romantic) we lived but in the anticipation of being united; this, however, was impossible, till my studies were completed; and the few additional months they occupied did indeed drag on with iron-bound steps.

It was under such circumstances, that on a Saturday evening in the summer, after a fortnight's absence from town, I left my lodgings for the northern environs of mighty London, where the constant object of my thoughts resided. As the harbinger of good news (for it was the day of my passing), my step was by no means slow: nevertheless, I felt somewhat agitated. Half an hour's walk brought me to the well-known street—my hand was on the knocker; but my summons was a tremulous one; it was long ere it was answered, and I was about to repeat it when the door opened; I needed no announcement, all had become so familiar to me. The dining-room door stood open, and I entered it, but Mary was not there. The moments seemed hours till I heard her voice; she came from an adjoining apartment, in tears;—and, oh, how altered! She had been ill, but there had not been the sickness of the heart—a severe typhus had attacked her immediately after my departure from town, and I knew it not. Oh, that mine should have been days of pleasure, whilst hers were darkened by suffering! The danger, however, was over, and the evening passed away delightfully. I had been a traveller since we parted, and although my peregrinations were confined to one small county, south of London, they had afforded me many little incidents worth relating. The bold and husky watchman of the street had groaned out his “past one!” ere I had courage to say good night. But we parted directly afterwards, and as I raised my Mary’s sickly head for the first time to my lips, I felt that the kiss was ominous, for I was happy then; for I had experienced none of those worldly trials, which so soon destroy the harmony of life, and render us but sad companions even to those we love. So deep was I in reveries of this kind, that I found myself after some time in Cavendish-square, the clock as it struck two awakening me to my error.—It is almost impossible to pass through any street in London, without the eye being shocked, or the heart sickened, by some distasteful scene or other; but so absorbed was I in dreaming of future days of domestic bliss, that I heeded nothing; I saw not the lamps, or heard the watchman’s call; even the pitiable votaresses of dissipation and crime seemed to glide by like so many phantoms. But my dream being broken, I retraced my steps, and with reason for a guide, soon reached home. Upon my table lay the cards of three of my hospital friends, who had called, no doubt, to congratulate

me on my success. They might have envied me other feelings, did they understand them, but of these I could not have spared even one. Their mementos of civility and good fellowship reminded me, however, of a duty which I owed to my earliest benefactor, my brother. He had evinced a desire to be immediately written to after my examination, respecting which ~~he~~ had no misgivings, although I had many. Not to seem forgetful of a wish so kindly meant, and so easily gratified, I sat down and opened my desk, for my over-excited frame seemed altogether to refuse entrance to the god of sleep; on doing so, my eye immediately fell upon Manvers's letter, and what a sensation it occasioned! His forlorn and pitiable situation at once engrossed my mind. He was on a foreign shore, separated from family and friends; robbed of the greatest treasure of his heart, and in the midst of bodily and mental anguish; his hour of death might be approaching, and no friend near him.—whilst I, surrounded by those I valued, had my cup of happiness full to the brim. The comparison bore with it a conviction, which, I am proud to say, I could not withstand, and I came to the immediate determination of leaving England to join him on the morrow, which had already dawned. I did not seek my feverish pillow till I had written a short and affectionate note to Mary, informing her that my absence from town would be but short; that I was leaving it, indeed reluctantly, but of necessity, for Calais. On Manvers's unhappy business I was silent; for she had some knowledge of his connexions; besides, why need her fears be roused either for me or him? Her health then was too precarious to be trifled with.

It was within two hours of this, that I was threading my way through the sleepy avenues between Russell-square and Regent-street. What can be much more dreary, than an early walk in London? You meet, it is true, those useful members of society, chimneysweeps, shambling along and breakfasting by the way on a slice of bread (looking exquisitely white by comparison), which they help in its digestion with a pint of saloop at the next corner; or should you be a traveller in the west-end, you may perchance encounter a less innocent sect of Londoners than these—namely, the victims of that heartless, sordid passion—gambling. The clock of St. George's, Hanover-square, chimed seven, as I entered the shop of the tradesman with my friend's draft. I had no scruple in using it, for my means were limited, whilst his were adequate. It was paid without hesitation; and this business being arranged, I had but to secure the earliest conveyance to Dover; this was a van, both for passengers and luggage, which I was led to believe would reach its destination by the time the mail packet sailed for Calais. Although the vehicle was cumbersome, and

slow, I nevertheless soon lost sight of the spires of London—but all was not then forgotten. The road to Dover passes through one of the most beautiful and fertile counties in England, Kent; yet I little enjoyed the ride, for my thoughts were painfully engrossed. The unlucky errand I was on might, and would, in all probability, be attended with fatal results. Should I fail in the attempt to subdue Manvers's master-passion, revenge (and I regarded duelling almost in the sense of murder), I must probably witness bloodshed. It could not end as such occurrences sometimes do, harmlessly. No, the injury had been too deeply inflicted to be easily atoned. His family—oh, what an estimable and united one it was!—would shrink from the name of him who had stood by, and seen their only son murdered. But his father had been neglected; I alone knew of Edward's danger, and kept it secret. Informing him of all that had happened, I might have violated my friend's confidence, but, at the same time, I should preserve what I valued more, his life. A father, by his entreaties, (for Manvers revered him,) might have rescued his son unharmed from the vortex into which a heartless woman had plunged him. He might have brought him back safe into the bosom of his family, and felt the comfort, in his fast-declining years, of having snatched an affectionate child from the brink of an early grave. But the die was differently cast.

With these reflections, my only travelling companions, this journey of seventy miles proved painfully tedious; and it was not until I caught a faint view of Dover-castle, on the heights, that I experienced the least relief. We reached the town in the dusk of the evening, just half an hour too late for that night's packet. I had anticipated this; it was my usual luck; so, adding it to my other troubles, after taking some refreshment, I retired to bed. Fortunately, I did not pass another anxious and sleepless night; so jaded was I with the rumbling and shaking of the Dover van, that sleep quickly supervened. The ringing of the harbour-bell awoke me early, and after a hasty toilet, but no breakfast, I went on board the first packet, wherein I had secured a berth immediately on my arrival.

On as sultry a morning as ever shone, we bore slowly out to sea, which, without a wave or even ripple, seemed to say, Go no further! But I disregarded its foreboding. It took us a whole day, to traverse the salt miles which separated us from France, and experiencing scarcely any tide, at length we came to anchor at sunset, in Calais harbour. My friend was at Boulogne, and thither I was conveyed as fast as a pair of French horses could drag me. As I entered the hotel where Manvers and his wife, as I supposed, were staying, my heart almost ceased to beat; and in order that my agitation might in some

degree subside, I hesitated to announce my arrival till I had seen his medical attendant, Monsieur —, who had his *étage* in a street contiguous to the hotel. Thither, as soon as the house opened, I repaired. The simplicity of his rooms contrasted strangely with the costly establishments of some of our successful physicians, who find a spacious hall, two livery servants, and a library loaded with large and erudite-looking works—with here and there a head of Hunter—or Soemmering, as necessary for the increase of their connexion, as calomel and Epsom salts are to their successful practice.

Monsieur — received me as he would a patient, and his *English* being much better than my *French*, the particulars of poor Edward's case were soon told: this was all I wanted from him. He informed me that his disease had on the sudden completely changed its character; that the phrensy at first so violent as to render coercive measures absolutely necessary, had subsided into obstinate sullenness, which was so settled that the most brief and indistinct answers alone could be obtained from him. I also learnt that Mrs. Manvers was at the same hotel, but that he had not seen her.

The other circumstances he was doubtless acquainted with; but I deemed silence on these points his duty (it would have been mine), and at once changed the subject of conversation. He very politely agreed to walk immediately back with me to the hotel; and I availed myself of this opportunity to suggest that it would be better he should inform his patient of my arrival. In this he acquiesced;—and having done so, he speedily rejoined me, and pointing to the door of the sick chamber, took his leave.

It was ajar, and as I entered I perceived, as well as the half-darkened room would admit, a figure on the sofa, which, notwithstanding my familiarity with my friend's appearance, I at first hesitated to approach. His voice, however (and mournful indeed it was) soon set all doubts aside. I took his pale attenuated hand in mine, and pressed it with a cordiality, which I hoped might rouse him from his lethargy. It did so, for the excitement of that moment, brought back the colour to his sickly cheeks. He then raised himself to a table before him, and leaning on his hand, asked me about his father, the only member of his family he seemed to think of. In these inquiries he was earnest, though dispassionate, which latter was the effect of his surprise at seeing me so soon. The torrent of his feelings speedily burst forth, and it would have been as easy to quench the great fire of London with a single bucket of water as to stay its impetuosity. When he had in a great measure exhausted himself, I ventured to reply. I urged his family's future peace; his own views in life—which, save for the cloud they were now under, seemed brighter than most men's; that *her betrayer* (words I dreaded

to make use of) was a wretch totally worthless of an honourable meeting, and fit only to live on in disgrace, and to smart under the stings of conscience for his villanous and guilty conduct. He heard me calmly to the last; but I felt that my good intentions were all defeated. To turn him from his purpose was impossible; and so forcibly did his distressing situation appeal to me, that I at length gave up the point, and passively bent to his determination. A duel was inevitable. He occupied himself in folding steadily, and with the greatest precision, a letter, which he put into my hands, entreating me, having read, to deliver it, and bring him an answer.

In my room I perused it; it had evidently been written with an unshaking hand, and the feelings which dictated it showed how far the heart was injured. It was eloquent though brief: heaping reproaches on the seducer, and in the end appointing a meeting for seven the following evening on the sea-shore in the vicinity.

This letter it was my unpleasant office to deliver, and to whom?—To an Englishman, and an officer—if such a stripling as he was, deserved that epithet. I found him at his hotel, just as one enters Boulogne from the hill, and at breakfast. The army gives every man address, would that it also gave him principle. The young man's manner towards me was particularly pleasing and gentlemanly. Being seated, I had full opportunity to observe his appearance, which, had it not been somewhat effeminate, must have struck every one as elegant and graceful. His features were fair and regular, his eyes large and sparkling, whilst a profusion of hair, the only true auburn I ever met with, clustered in loose curls over his brow. His figure, for he stood to read the letter, was tall and excessively slender, and seemed rather moulded for the painter than the field. And with this prepossessing exterior, could it be possible that the heart was already so depraved? His years might at most have numbered 20, and yet he was far in his career of depravity.

I had just finished my survey as he closed the letter. I expected he would write an answer—but he did not; and, without seeming in the least astonished, or disturbed, coolly desired me to assure my friend that he should be *punctual*. He then moved and rang the bell; and ere the servant had time to answer it, and show me out, had resumed his breakfast.

Monsieur — was with Manvers when I returned; they were conversing in a subdued voice, but evidently with more freedom. Money lay on the table, which shortly afterwards Monsieur took up and left the room.

Manvers must have anticipated the answer I bore, for he heard it in the most collected manner. His last remark to me that night was relative to the pistols. He had provided them:

they were in a box upon the lounge, and to me were they consigned till required for their detestable purpose.

Whilst these sad preliminaries were arranging, where was the thoughtless woman who had rendered them necessary? She remained near the husband she had disgraced; in the same hotel, but I happily did not see her; although previous to her marriage we had danced and sung together, at the house of Manvers's father, who having, by foresight, industry, and attention, amassed a considerable fortune as a general merchant in Madras, had retired to Hampstead, to terminate his days in the bosom of his family. But his cup unhappily was imbittered when he least expected it. Mrs. Edward Manvers was indeed a beautiful young woman, with a countenance so free from guilt, that her very smiles seemed to certify truth and constancy; but it was like the lake---the smoother its surface, the deeper its waters. She wrote to Manvers on the night before the duel.

My arrival had stirred within her guilty bosom a suspicion that she was about to expose himself to danger. Her letter gave me the next day as we were going to the place appointed. He said, she dared not keep it; she had made all the atonement words she could do, but they could never meet again, and the letter would but rekindle feelings that pained him. Her words were these. Oh! that she could write them, and have sinned!

"My Husband,

"I dare not say beloved, for it would seem mocking you in your distress, and in mine which is still greater, for you are innocent whilst I am guilty, and this stain must remain whilst I live; but do you forget it! In a thoughtless moment, when your image was absent from my heart, I injured, deeply injured and disgraced you. I have thus lost my protector and my husband, and left a stigma on my character which nothing can efface. But I need not dwell too long upon my miseries, which in vain have I tried to dissipate by tears. Your friend---he was once mine---is now with you. Had I but one to whom I dared unburden this wretched mind, the weight that now overwhelms me would be lightened. He will not, dare not sanction bloodshed, and my fears tell me you are preparing for it. If you cannot think of me, he may, to the extent of keeping you from harm.

I ask no more: perhaps I deprecate what cannot be prevented.

You owe me nothing, but there are those to whom you are indebted for the life you are about to expose to danger. Think of them; return to them; and leave me where I am, likely to find my grave; although necessity must soon drive me back to England, and to my family, where reproach and shame await me.

To this I must submit; but ere I say farewell, may Heaven preserve the life which I have so imbittered. I never in my recollection passed a day so miserable as the

27th of July, 1814. Manvers and I were together all the morning; but in the afternoon, thinking he might have letters, perhaps his last, to write, I left him alone; and with the hope of shaking off ennui, I strolled through the principal street, and soon arrived at the pier. The beauty of the day had brought all the company of Boulogne to this promenade; and I envied them the spirits they seemed to possess. I but little imagined then that this was the ill-fated spot where Mrs. Manvers first met her betrayer;—yes, in the glitter of that heartless throng she first listened to his flattering words, and from this apparently harmless intercourse sprang one, producing shame and sorrow.

I left the spot, and returned to the hotel. I found Manvers dressing; he had evidently been employed at his desk. When his toilet was completed, we made a sparing dinner, but he, even under all the circumstances, ate more than I did. It had struck five, and my friend seemed impatient; I perceived him to be minutely inspecting the hateful box upon the lounge—oh, how I should have liked to have thrown it into the sea! I paced the room for several minutes; he was still occupied with the pistols—what were his feelings then! There was no evidence of fear: although within one brief hour of what might be his last, his self-possession forsook him not. The box was closed and locked, and we were preparing to depart, when he stopped me at the door; and shocked indeed was I, when I heard him entreat from me but one further act of friendship.—The pistols were to be loaded on the spot by, or in the presence of, his adversary's second; who, he thought, might be induced to sanction his only wish—namely, that, to render the catastrophe more prompt and decisive, they should be, on both sides, doubly loaded!

This was too dreadful—I hesitated; but, alas! that hesitation seemed to him compliance. His bodily state was much too weak to allow of our walking, and we hired a conveyance which brought us within a few hundred yards of the point specified. There we waited, watching in silence the faithful tide recede from the shores of France. Manvers intrusted to me, on the event of his falling, letters for his family: I took them with a trembling hand, for all *my* courage had forsaken me. It was now past the hour, though but a few seconds, when, turning my eye in the direction of Boulogne, I saw two persons approaching across a small shelf of rocks, which seemed completely to fortify and seclude the spot we stood upon. The figure in advance I recognised at once, by its gay exterior, and by the light step with which its owner bounded over the rocks, as a boy would do in his sport.

He bowed to me, and also to Manvers, who looked contemptuously on his courtesy. The second person had by this time

come up: he was also military, but had grown quite gray in the service.

It is unnecessary to dwell long upon the details of a duel; suffice it to say, that every step was taken in the most collected and determined manner by Lieut. Courtenay's second. We retired a few yards to prepare the pistols, which he undertook to do, for they were weapons I had scarcely ever handled, and certainly not to point against man; the few minutes this occupied were indeed trying. I felt the blood rush from my cheeks to my heart, where it seemed awhile to stagnate, and then to crimson them again. What folly could have induced me to be an actor in one of those scenes which darken the face of society? This was not, however, a time for much reflection. The Major, (for he had attained that rank) told me all was ready. I received the pistol, and placed it in the grasp of my friend. At the understood signal, both were pointed, and in an instant, I heard the two reports. I looked, fearing that one or the other would fall—it was not so—they both remained standing and unharmed. They retired to load again; when the Major—oh, that bad and cold-blooded man! who seemed but to anticipate fatal results—suggested that we should advance our men, on each harmless exchange of shots, a pace nearer, so that at last there could be no escape. However unusual such a proposition, in this instance it was assuredly made, although firmly resisted by me. But there has been a visitation on this heartless man; as, within three years after the duel, it was my lot to witness. He, his wife, son, and daughter, were all swept off; while some thousand pounds amassed by him, in the army (by what means is not known), and invested in a French bank, lay without either friend or relative coming forward to claim it.

The second interchange of shots terminated this unhappy affair, but not, thank Heaven, by the *death* of either party. Manvers fell, and I was by his side in an instant. The ball had entered the thigh, and had traversed, and carried off the knee-cap. A worse accident, short of death, could not well have happened. He was lamed, inevitably lamed for life. It was, however, some relief, when I knew it was not a *fatal* wound, to act as his surgeon. I was applying the usual dressings, when Lieut. Courtenay approached. Had Manvers been dying, he might have extended his hand even to *her* betrayer; but as it was, he scorned his advances. The feelings of the wounded man must indeed have been enviable compared to those of his victor, who, nevertheless, shortly afterwards left the ground with his sanguinary second, in the most flippant manner. After about an hour, the shock from the wound had subsided, and I, deeming it necessary that some conveyance should be procured, left my friend in a fisherman's hut close by, while I hastily returned to Boulogne to obtain one.

It was totally dark when we reached the hotel. Monsieur ~~met~~ met me that night to examine Manvers's wound. It promised to be some months before he could leave his room, and so it turned out; for on the 22d of May, in the following year, I met him under the Piazza in Covent-garden, walking with crutches. He had only the day before returned alone to England.

How different were our situations! He, totally incapacitated from pursuing the arduous duties of his profession; whilst I, blessed with the vigour of health, continued to labour in it. I was happy to hear, that his fond and indulgent father allowed him a handsome competence in his distresses—to the subject of which, however, by a sort of tacit compact, we no more alluded. Poverty being kept from the door, he had ample opportunities for following his tastes for painting, literature, and music.

Poor Manvers and I entertained for each other, I really believe, the most disinterested and lasting regard. It was not yet my good fortune to be much occupied in the active duties of a professional life; I had, in fact, no establishment, and but little connexion; hence, leisure afforded me constant opportunities of being with him. His case had excited all my sympathies; for there could be no mistaking the fact that his health was giving way. In my visits, I generally met his father at his lodgings, which were in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. The venerable man (he had seen his 70th year) was a true model of the old school; and notwithstanding the climate he had lived in, carried with him all the appearances of vigorous health.

Edward's wound continued, at times, very troublesome, and from the pain he endured, it soon became evident that exfoliation had taken place. Old Mr. Manvers was aware of this, and, after consulting me, requested I would procure further advice. This I at once agreed to do, being anxious to relieve myself of undivided responsibility. I had already gone too far with him in circumstances of danger; could I then see him suffering, and not feel a portion of remorse? Mr. C., my old teacher, came at my request, and made a most careful examination of the wound. His opinion was unfavourable, and there was no concealing it from Manvers. He seemed, however, to have anticipated all it was our duty to tell him; the sad alternative of amputation could alone save him from a premature grave, so perceptible were the ravages of the disease. His nights were passed in extreme restlessness and suffering, which the largest doses of laudanum could not quiet; and it was only towards morning, when nature could bear no more, that he obtained sleep. This infatuating poison, to which he was constantly driven, from distracting pains, was also enervating his once vigorous mind, for he was not at all times sufficiently

collected either to understand or answer me. Mr. C. who could enforce (although feelingly) the necessity of an operation, with as much skill as he could perform one, devoted on this occasion an hour of his valuable time to my friend; and although he urged that his measures were speedily necessary, he allowed full time for deliberation; for who can at once summon the courage necessary to submit?

I never met a man, in my estimation, so deserving of success as Mr. C. His kind, though jocose manner, suited all, and at once brought him a lucrative practice. He was, besides, totally devoid of that self-sufficiency and abruptness which is both ungentlemanly and unfeeling, indicative indeed rather of a vulgar than of a cultivated mind. The only person who has become popular in spite of this unnatural mannerism, is the late Mr. Abernethy. His science, however, (for who knew the human frame better?) added to his real humanity—which all who have seen him at the bedside must have witnessed—were weighty apologies for apparent want of courtesy.

During one of Mr. C.'s visits, whilst he and Manvers were pursuing their no very agreeable tête-à-tête, I was standing with the old gentleman at the window. I watched his countenance, as he caught a word now and then, become pale—and not wishing to notice it, subsequently directed my eyes towards the street. There were but few persons passing, which caused me, perhaps, to observe two handsomely dressed individuals. One of them was an officer, the other a young lady in mourning. I could not mistake them; late events had rendered me familiar with the one, and earlier recollections with the other. It was Lieut. Courtenay and Edward's wife. I felt it almost a mercy that old Mr. Manvers could not see them; for although the sufferings of a son were hourly reminding him of her dishonour, and his misfortune, Mrs. Manvers's absence (for I found she had not till lately returned to England), had caused her personally to be forgotten by him. She, on her path of guilt, knew not what her wronged husband had yet to suffer. Had she done so, she must have felt additional remorse.

Mr. C. left the room at this moment, and we rode together to his hospital. We agreed that I should visit Manvers the next day, and hear his determination. But I was too anxious to leave him alone till then, and returned. I spent the evening with him. He appeared but little agitated, and without my alluding to the painful subject, at once in the most earnest manner fixed a day, the following Monday, for the operation. I declare, as we parted for the night, I could scarcely release his feverish hand from mine: his sufferings were really heart-rending. For nearly two years had he now been, without complaining, a prey to both mental and bodily anguish, and his trials were not yet over.

The appointed Monday came. How rapidly does time glide on when any doom or suffering impends—not so, however, when pleasure is anticipated; the minutes then seem hours; the hours days; till we experience its false and fleeting joys. The instruments were sent by Mr. C. to my house on the previous night, and it was my mournful task to arrange them. I had just done so as his carriage drove to the door. When I heard his footsteps on the stairs, I confess I trembled. What then must Edward have felt? Mr. C.'s task, in this instance, I would not have undertaken for an empire! To witness it required all my fortitude. When we entered Manvers's sick room, there was an hospital nurse, whom I had taken care to provide, in attendance, and at the bed's head sat the father. He was giving his son wine, and did not at first observe us. After a few words from Mr. C., which I scarcely heard, the necessary preparations were made; and so skilful did the operator prove, that the entire scene did not afterwards occupy more than two or three minutes. One of the most gratifying, though affecting sights I remember, was that of the fond old man, (who could not be persuaded to leave the room), kissing the forehead of his son. Big drops of suppressed anguish stood there, for he had not uttered the faintest sigh during his agony, and there was a resignation in his looks that could not be forgotten. During the whole night his father watched him. I was also there to guard against any *hemorrhage*. He had sleep at intervals, which was free from dreams, and in the morning seemed even refreshed. Day and night passed thus on, and favourably to our patient. I watched him with a brother's care, and from this attendance on one of the most exemplary and pitiable young men it was ever my lot to meet with, I derived more real pleasure than I can describe. Nor were our hopes blighted, or our cares exercised *in vain*. The worm being rooted out, the tree flourished. Every day he appeared to gain fresh strength. The hectic died upon his cheek, and the darker blush of health returned; and from these bodily improvements the mind derived fresh vigour, for in the course of a few weeks Manvers was able to leave London for his father's house at Hampstead. He had long relinquished all idea of practice, and still lives in comparative tranquillity, though in seclusion. Had fate dealt less harshly with my friend, there is no doubt but he would have taken a high rank in his profession; for, in addition to means and connexion, he possessed a powerful and original mind, which could master any subject.

The veil of silence has long been drawn over the lost Mrs. Manvers. A voluntary exile from all she should have valued: may she reflect—and ere it be too late, turn from her guilty path, and strive to retrieve, by repentance, the error of a young and thoughtless heart!

SANDIE SANDEMAN, THE PIPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BARBERS AT COURT," AND OTHER DRAMAS.

BAULDY COCHRANE once kept a tavern in London called the Burns' Head. It is not so long since, but he must be still fresh in the memories of many, for he was a character, and stood forward in this age of civilized monotony.

Bauldy had been a jeweller in the north, but having drunk deeply—not of any exciseable spirit (though mine host, to do him justice, knew and approved the purposes of wholesome liquor), but of poetic furor—he became *non compos*, and having no head of his own, made free to live under that of Burns. The value of patience was practically illustrated at the Burns's Head; for any fellow who was possessed of that virtue need want for nothing the house contained. Allow Bauldy to entertain him by reciting "Scots wha ha'," and he might ensure all other entertainment on the most liberal terms: so he did not stop mine host's mouth, he was free to fill his own as he pleased. The consequence of all this was, that Bauldy Cochrane drove a busy trade, and would have soon made his fortune had he looked to the one thing needful; but the majority of his customers were of that sort who, after devouring an honest man's substance, add to the injury by allowing the poor dupe to record his own folly. There was not a door in the house but was carefully stippled over with chalk from the top to the bottom.

I believe the poor fellow was ruined, and after, in despair, turned player, in his 56th year. Whether he is still, alive I know not.

It was at Bauldy's house that I encountered Mr. Willie Gordon, an old Scotch adventurer, who had a fist like a sledge-hammer, with which he always struck the table if any of his assertions were contradicted. How far they merited contradiction, the reader must judge from the following, which is related as accurately as the distance between the present time and when I first heard it will allow an old man's memory.

Sandie Sandeman, piper to a former Laird of Airly, loved his glass better than he loved any thing else in this world, or maybe in the next. He fuddled all the week, and got drunk on the Sundays; so that it was remarked, one new-year's eve, that during the whole of the preceding year Sandie had not once entered a place of public worship. This sad neglect caused Sandie no shame, nor did he appear to regard the old women when they

crossed themselves in pious horror, and informed him that such violation of religious duty was the only thing that could place a mortal being at the disposal of the fairies.

Every reproof or caution he washed away with a dram, and as these were the reverse of "angels' visits," the piper, when he attempted to leave the house on the occasion alluded to, was far advanced towards that state which has been described as the only true independence. He was undeniably drunk: he could not stand without assistance, and it was plain nonsense to think he could travel three long Scotch miles and "the bittock," without help of a substantial kind.

Rory Fergus, who had hitherto been the piper's friend on such occasions, now stood forward. He did not fancy travelling over the heath, famous in legendary history, and known by the name of the "Deil's Stewpan," with a man whom he now regarded as denounced. But being laughed at by the company present, Rory's blood became heated, and with a profane expression it is as well to omit, he took the drunkard's arm, and they proceeded on their journey.

As they neared the heath, the wind began to rise: the clouds huddled closer together, and then down came the rain, smacking in the faces of the travellers, and making Rory vent many a dreadful curse upon what he called his *overnature*. The change in the weather sobered Sandie so far as to enable him, with Rory's assistance, to push forward at a good walking trot—when they were suddenly joined by a third party, who, according to Rory's account, seemed to him the smartest and handsomest man he had ever seen. The presence of such a person at such a time and in such a place, could not fail to strike them both as somewhat extraordinary; yet, owing to the annoyance of the weather, they neither cared to address the stranger, or inquire whence he came. They had travelled about half a mile in silence, when the stranger produced a flask, made of the clearest crystal, containing about a pint of rich straw-coloured liquor, which Sandie's eye instinctively recognised as a drop of fine old whiskey. The stranger put the flask to his mouth, and the liquor bubbled up inside the bottle.

"Eh!" thought Sandie, "that's fine."

"That's fine!" said the stranger, drawing his breath, and making a noise with his lips that caused the piper's heart to leap within him.

"Might a poor body make so bold—" said Sandie, who could no longer resist the temptation.

Before he could finish the sentence the flask was in Sandie's hand, who, not waiting to thank the gentleman for his civility, instantly applied it to his mouth, when, to his great surprise, the liquor was gone, and nothing came from the inverted bottle but

a thick vapour, that got down his throat and well-nigh choked him.

The first impulse of Sandie's disappointment tempted him to dash the flask to pieces, but the stranger arrested his arm, and gently took it from him.

Rory looked at the gentleman, and could not help thinking that his appearance was somewhat altered: he no longer seemed so very handsome, but rather the reverse, and Rory's heart trembled, as the many tales he had heard about the inhabitants of the other world passed confusedly through his memory.

The rain about this time came down in a solid mass, and the piper and his friend were soon wet to the skin.

"Deil take the night," said Sandie, pettishly, "it were worth one's soul to have the sight of a full stoup, for it's more we have to do with swimming than walking, and the cold night-air gnaws the flesh off one's bones."

As Sandie said this, he cast up his eyes, and there was the stranger, with his clear crystal flask up to his mouth, drinking.

Sandie looked at the liquor. It was rightly tinted—mellow with a respectable age; and as it appeared to gurgle down the drinker's throat, the poor piper was bewildered to think he had had hold of that bottle, and it had passed from his hands without his draining it.

"Well," thought Sandie, "I must have been beastly drunk not to discern a bottle of whiskey from a bottle of smoke—or tell a full flagon from a foul flask."

When the stranger plucked away the clear crystal flask from his lips, he exhaled a long breath. Sandie did the same, but his sigh was in despair, for he could not ask the gentleman to oblige him a second time, having misbehaved himself a few moments before; so forward they walked, and were near the centre of the common, when the piper felt something cold tickle the palm of his hand, and sure enough he had hold of the stranger's bottle.

"You have a heart of humanity—bless you!" said Sandie to the stranger; to whom, nodding his head, he added, "Here's to you!" and making up his mouth for a hearty swig, he put the bottle to his lips, when, as before, the liquor vanished, and the piper sucked such a quantity of the foul steam that issued from the flask, as made him cough violently.

Rory looked at the gentleman, and thought he had never seen any thing in his life half so hideous; indeed, this time he could not bear the sight of him.

"Eh!" thought Sandie, "I'll not be fooled now;" whereupon he fell to examining the bottle. He turned it up, but nothing dropped!—he shook it soundly, but nothing rattled!—he smelt at it, but instead of the concentrated essence of all that's delightful, paugh! it was a stink that must have strangled a toad!

"Deil take me," said Sandie in a passion, "but I'll smash you to pieces!" whereon he raised his arm, and with all the force of disappointment, dashed the bottle to the ground; when, to their surprise, instead of breaking into a thousand atoms, it passed into the earth uninjured, and, through the opening chasm, it might be seen sinking and sinking, as though the land they stood on were turned to air.

When the two men saw this, they became afraid, and turned to where the stranger had stood. He was gone!

Rory was now certain that spirits were abroad, and he doubted not that they had been in company with the devil himself, whom his companion had pledged as a friend—nay, what was worse, blessed as a benefactor.

"I'll try and repeat a prayer," thought Rory; but no sooner had he begun than Sandie Sandeman set to howling, shouting, swearing, and blaspheming, in a manner horrid to think of.

"He's mad!—he's d——d mad!" said Rory. "What can I do with him? I took him in charge—I must not desert him, and I am sore feared to stay longer in this place than will serve my legs to carry me out of it. Lord help us!"

At the last words the piper set up a howl sufficiently loud to find an echo on a heath of six miles circumference, for it was repeated several times plainly and distinctly.

Rory was now frightened into action; so, seizing firm hold of Sandie's arm, and holding down his head to keep the rain from his face, he commenced running at his greatest speed, compelling the piper to accompany him. On reaching the centre of the heath, Rory ran against something which, to his surprise, was materially harder than his own head, and which, on looking up, he found to be a house of genteel dimensions. Now, he had crossed the Stewpan that day in the forenoon, and could on his oath assert no house was then there; yet the present one had the appearance of having stood for ages. It was wonderfully bothering, and while Rory was mystifying over these things, he heard such a bagpipe begin to play! It was plainly no mortal music. It squeaked and grunted, snarled and snorted, too melodiously for northern ears to listen long to unmoved.—Sandie, at the sound of such divine harmony, appeared to revive.

"Come away, Sandie, man," said Rory. "Its tempting Providence to listen to such delightful music. Oh! it's enough to make a dying man foot to it. Do come away, Sandie."

"Eh!" cried Sandie, "if Moggy Macwriggle was here, how her pretty wee foot would fly to it!"—saying which, he began to move about his own, endeavouring to give his terrified companion some idea of Moggy's "poetry of motion."

"Come, Sandie—come!" begged Rory, almost in tears; "it's *ill dancing* when the deil pipes."

But Sandie seemed to have got into the heat of it—for he was shouting, jumping, twisting, and twirling, so as Rory had never seen man shout, jump, twist, or twirl before in his life. It was not, in fact, like any human dance. It was as though some one had tied a rope to the piper's head, and jerked him about with it for amusement. Up he went, high enough to take the breath away—down he came, hard enough to flatten him. But no; the next moment he was kicking his heels again in the air, almost horizontal with the moon.

"Do come away, Sandie, man!" cried Rory, "you must be sorely tired."

Poor Sandie answered with such a groan!

On this Rory took to his heels, and was found by some neighbours the following morning, lying beside his mother's door, which was six miles from the centre of the Deil's Stewpan. How he got off the heath—which way he came—or what time it took him—he could not remember; but all that concerned poor Sandie was fresh in his recollection, and he repeated it, to the wonderment of the neighbourhood.

A party of villagers, headed by the parish priest, went to search for the piper. They marched to the centre of the De'il's Stewpan, but though Rory protested he had left Sandie there on the preceding evening, he was now nowhere to be discerned, nor could they discover any traces of him except a large pool of blood, which was smeared about, as though feet had been stamped violently on the ground.

"Lord help poor Sandie!" cried all with one voice—"ha' mercy on the wretch."

"He was very remiss in public duties," suggested the priest, by way of caution to his parishioners.

"They ha' gotten him, and they'll keep the poor body dancing till the day of judgment comes to his relief."

The priest addressed the assembly on the spot, and the villagers gave the holy father money for the sake of Sandie's soul; for the reverend man failed not to caution them against placing themselves in the power of the fairies, or stopping to listen to music played by the devil himself, as such harmony had always a mighty skill in making people dance, which was much to be guarded against—inasmuch as though the commencement of the jig was at the dancer's option, not so its continuation. Having once set off, the poor man was first made to jump about till the very exercise was sufficiently violent to sweat all his blood, or, as the priest termed it, "all his mortal life," through the pores of his skin. (In support of the truth of this part of the holy father's knowledge, he pointed to the stained ground, and the footmarks about the place, which none doubted were made by the piper while undergoing the operation.)—When this

was completed, the victim became invisible to mankind, excepting at certain periods of the year—when, owing to the influence of the moon, all the state secrets of the lower world are discernible by such as esteem them worthy their curiosity. At such times, the priest said, Sandie might be seen dancing to the deil as bagpiper, and must continue so to dance against his will for all eternity, unless learning or magic could discover something sufficiently powerful to wrest him from the spell that held him. It was to no purpose that the priest prayed and rang his little bell about the spot. Old women's arts were not one jot more successful; and nothing being found of the piper, the magistrates had poor Rory taken up—and sad to relate, they hanged him for the murder of his companion, though Rory on the scaffold protested he was guiltless of any harm upon that score.

Time and this story marched on together, and neither lost much by their age. The place where the footmarks had been at first observed became a large hole, which was doubtless worn there by Sandie's jigging it eternally on that spot. Indeed, many truth-loving and respectable men—fathers of families—were found to assert, and, if wished, were ready to make oath, that they had at various times, on rainy nights, seen a poor aged cripple playing sad tricks about the hole which we have accounted for in the centre of the Stewpan—which cripple no sensible man could doubt was removed from all mortal law; for, though he was no fatter than a ghost, and looked ill beyond earth's life, yet his antics were agile past all human belief.

So things stood till the troublesome time of 1745, when the Laird of Airly having declared against the house of Hanover, on the Pretender's defeat his estates were confiscated and his tenants deprived of certain employ under an indulgent master. Many of these poor creatures suffered severely, but none more than Donald Christie, who had formerly been the laird's herdsman. Donald's family was large and hungry. This was a sore trial, but the wife's tongue made the bitterest drop in the good man's cup. She was an ill-looking jade; but report adds that her looks were fairer than her mind. Donald, in his distress, clung to his rifle, and for a time kept his wife's tongue still, by bringing home many a fat buck on his shoulders.

One day Donald returned better laden than usual, and as he flung the game on the floor of the cot he could not help saying, "Would to goodness the laird were here to sup off this fortune, for I'm afraid he needs it!"

"Hold your clack, fool!" screamed Mistress Christie, "and think of those that should be nearer and dearer to your home, and heart than the silly brute who ha' brought honest people than himself to ruin by turning traitor."

Donald was a true Highlander. He loved his laird as dearly

as he loved himself; and he replied in no gentle tone to his dame's advice; whereupon the good folks had some words together, in the course of which the herdsman learnt that during his absence that day a poor famished creature had crawled to his door and asked for charity, saying "that for three days and nights he had not lain under shelter nor tasted food, save a little brose which he had mixed in the heel of his shoe."

At first, Mistress Christie bade him depart, but his hungry cries, at length, even overcame her resolution, and her hand was in the meal-tub when it occurred to her that the poor man was probably a rebel: if so, as the soldiers were in the neighbourhood; to feed him was to incur danger—which Mistress Christie was not inclined to do for the sake of simple charity.

"Good man," said she, "show me your hand.—Eh, would you bring your sorrow under my thatch? Get you gone, and be quick, to your lurking-place; for your hand is too white and too soft for any honest man to own it. Get from my threshold! I'll no lower my bairns' stock to feed evidence that may ruin us!"

"I have not strength to take me hence," replied the poor man; "I am worn to death. Do not drive me out, for I am numbed with the cold, and feel very ill." Saying which, he laid himself upon the floor, at a little distance from the fire, and, covering his face, wept like a vexed child.

The man's misery only made Mistress Christie the more angry with him: and when he did not heed her commands to quit her house, she threatened to send her children in search of the soldiery, and deliver him to his enemies.

When the fugitive heard this, his visage kindled with anger, and he told her that he was the Laird of Airly, at whose board she and hers had eaten; and now all he asked of her, in remembrance of past time and service, was a very little food, that he might not perish for actual hunger.—The dame would give him nothing, and the poor laird left her house to die, as she thought, upon the mountain's side.

"Woe to you and me!" cried Donald, when he heard this—"you have turned back the hand that has fed you—you have threatened betrayal to the Laird who defended you! God help us!"

"What ails you, fool?" asked the wife.

"You have done good service to the deil, whose chick you are," continued Donald, in great bitterness. "You have sown in wickedness, and good cannot grow of it. Would we were in our graves!—sad will be our journey to them. None that bear Donald Christie's blood can prosper. You have given the Evil one mastery over us. Cursed be the day I saw you! Coldness seize the heart that loved you! Oh Madge! I have put up

with much—I have borne much for you ; but this is past patience.”

In conclusion, he rushed from the house to seek his master ; but it was a vain search, and all that night Donald slept not for agony.

From this time fortune changed with the herdsman. He walked further, and tried harder, than he had been accustomed to do, but he seldom neared the game ; and, when he did, his aim usually failed. It was plain to Donald's eyes that (owing to his wife's conduct) he was under the influence of those evil creatures which revel in the centre of the earth. He became dejected, and his proud firm step was changed for the lazy pace of a skulker.

Doubtless Donald would have raised his hand against his own life ; but, with the belief that he was in the power of the devil, came an idea that nothing mortal could destroy him ; that he *must live* to a certain period ; for the termination whereof he prayed as anxiously as ever bridegroom did for his bridal-day.

In this state affairs remained for some months, when it came to pass that Donald's family had not tasted food for three days.

In vain did the herdsman scale the precipices he had in more prosperous times pronounced inaccessible. Nothing in the shape of game was to be found, and he was returning home on the third day exhausted in mind as well as body, when he came to the heath called the Deil's Stewpan. No sooner had Donald placed his foot upon this far-famed spot than the sky changed from blue to iron-gray. The clouds descended ; and the whistling wind beat the rain against Donald's face till his skin smarted under the infliction. He pulled his bonnet lower over his forehead ; rested his chin upon his breast ; and shrugging up his shoulders, continued onward, and was passing the hole which marked the centre of the heath, when he was startled by hearing something move ; and on turning round, he saw a fine fat stag tossing its antlers into the air and skipping about in the rain like a lamb in sunshine !

It struck Donald as somewhat odd that such an animal should be seen there in such weather ; but he was too happy at the chance of taking his children food, to stand in the wet, questioning probabilities.

He cocked his gun and brought the piece to his eye ; but no sooner had he taken aim, than the stag disappeared, and Donald saw in its stead a man, who seemed old enough to be Time's grandfather, kicking up his heels and jumping about in a manner violently contrasted with his appearance.

“ Eh ! ” cried Donald, “ I were within a guess of the blood stain.”

He instantly lowered his gun, which he had no sooner done

than there was the stag again, frisking and twirling about as if the animal was provoking the herdsman to sup off venison.

It *was* a stag beyond all doubt; a real one too; for Donald saw it shake its head when the rain beat in its face, and heard the sound of its tread as it capered over the ground.

Having satisfied himself of this, Donald once more lifted his gun to his shoulder; but the instant he shut one eye the stag popped out of sight, and there was the old man leaping and bounding about the hole in so vigorous and extraordinary a manner as filled Donald with amazement.

The first time, the poor herdsman had been too much surprised to observe more than the extreme age and singular agility of the ancient dancer; but he was now more composed, and looked steadily at the strange figure before him. How old the creature might be Donald could give no guess, for he had never seen any object whereby to calculate such excessive longevity. The body, or rather skeleton (for it was little else), appeared almost mouldy with age; and the few rags that hung in tatters round it were of a fashion perfectly unlike any thing worn by the people of Donald's time and country.

Having satisfied himself of the reality of what he saw, the herdsman shouted out to the old man to move away, as there was a stag in the neighbourhood, and if he shot he might do him a mischief; but, instead of attending to the caution, the old fellow kept on dancing—and, if possible, jumped higher than he had done before; seeing which, Donald, unwilling to inflict an injury on any one, lowered his piece, and then the saltatory old gentleman disappeared, and the stag once more bounded forward.

"Grief ha' made me daft!" said Donald; "I no longer know the difference 'twixt an old man and a young buck." Yet, resolved to act with caution, he cried out, "If any one's there, move forward—I'm going to fire!"

No one moved. Donald began to feel angry—perhaps somewhat frightened; so, to bring the business to a conclusion, he resolved not to shut his eye this time—but, taking his aim at the shoulder of the animal as well as he could, without heightening his piece he fired. The wind soon carried away the smoke, and Donald ran to the spot where the stag had stood. No stag was there, but on the edge of the hole lay an unsightly heap, which he recognised as the body of the old man whom he had seen dancing.

"Seeing's believing:"—yet Donald saw and could *not* believe. He stared around, but there was no stag in sight, and the mass that lay at his feet was too horrible a sight to for him willingly to recognise as reality. He dared not touch it with his hand, and with difficulty mustered courage sufficient to place his foot upon

the figure, which gave way beneath his tread, but offered sufficient resistance to convince him that it was reality—of what ever it might be composed, the shape was substantial. He reeled from the spot, sick with terror, and would have fallen, but for a gust that came with unusual fury at that moment, and refreshed him with its coldness.

Donald leant upon his gun, and while he gazed on the body, he saw the rags that partly covered it torn away, bit by bit, by the blast, and carried far out of sight; whilst the bones separated, and seemed to crumble away, and the dust was scattered by the wind.

Donald, after awhile, walked slowly home, brooding over what he had witnessed, and which he could not but conjecture boded to him still further misery.

“Don’t sit there moping!” cried his amiable wife, “but lift me the child’s smock beside you.”

Donald endeavoured to obey, but he could not move his arm, and the effort he made to do so pained him even to faintness.

“What ails you, fool?” cried Mistress Christie.

Donald could not answer for agony, whereon the gentle woman approached him, intending to shake her husband into civility, but when she laid her hand on his shoulder she started back.

“Mercy, man! you are streaming with blood!” cried she.

“Lay me on the bed, wife, for I am in great pain.”

When his garment was removed, a small wound was discovered on Donald’s shoulder, which had the appearance of being caused by a bullet; but neither during his life, nor on the most careful post-mortem examination, could any ball be discovered.

The story the herdsman told found many hearers, and several of the higher class came to see Donald, who daily sank under a kind of consumption, brought on by the running wound on his shoulder, which, as the poor man foretold, baffled all human skill. A subscription was entered into, and Donald was sent to Edinburgh, where an eminent physician attended him, who left no means untried to benefit his patient, but it availed nothing. Donald Christie departed this life, after a year’s agony, on that very hour which completed the twelvemonth—dating from the time when he stopped the old man’s capering.

The Laird of Airly lived to be restored to his estates, and Mistress Christie to lament her husband’s loss and her hardheartedness towards a kind master in his adversity.

She was for many years a vagrant about the neighbourhood of Dundee, where the good folk tell numerous stories respecting the arts and tempers of the “deil’s chick.”

“What do you think o’ that?” old Gordon would ask me,

when he had concluded the narrative.—To which I usually had but one reply—signifying that I did not believe one word of it. "Well," the Scot would say, "I'm open to conviction, and you'll oblige me by disproving what I've stated—for it came to my knowledge through a veritable friend, whom I cannot allow to be wrongfully suspected of falsehood! So you'll just oblige me by disproving what I've repeated." Whereupon he would strike the table with his huge fist, and look me in the face, as if to intimate, that if I did not oblige him, he would oblige me to disprove it.

Now, I am by no means devoid of spirit, but I hate fighting; and when an argument takes that direction, I generally end it; so on these occasions, it was customary with me to soften my tone, and advance the commonplaces general against faith in supernatural appearances, cautiously interlarding them with such phrases as—"a man of your good sense must see"—"a gentleman of your penetration will have observed"—"your superior knowledge will at once perceive." Old Gordon always allowed me to exhaust these species of compliment, to each of which he gave a nod by way of acknowledgment, and then he would interrupt me by inquiring if I had ever been in Scotland?

My answer was always in the negative.

"Then it's not possible for you to understand such matters—you should go and see the country where they took place before you pretend to give an opinion. You're incompetent—you're ignorant. You expose yourself by your foolish ignorance."

At this point Bauldy usually came in with a jorum of punch mixed; as a favour, in a marble bowl, on the sides of which were written several verses, which he would boast were scratched there by Burns himself, who once possessed the article, it having been originally given to the poet by his father-in-law.

Our glasses were filled. The punch always restored good humour; and Bauldy was allowed to spout poetry, till we, by listening to him, had procured on appetite for sleep.

E. MAYHEW.

THE SIBYL'S STONE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK," &c.

Miss Wilhelmina Jones had taken elegant apartments on the Chiaja, at Naples, and announced that she expected some friends from England, to spend the winter with her. In the meanwhile, however, she seemed resolved to make the most of her time by visiting every place worth seeing, followed always by an old crabbed-looking footman, and sometimes attended by a hired valet de place. Her small knowledge of the Italian language was useless to her for colloquial purposes, and her French accent was not exactly that of a Parisian belle; therefore she expressed herself particularly obliged to a French gentleman who, in broken English, had politely indicated to her certain rare antiquities in the public Museum.

Monsieur handed her to her carriage, and saw old Tom Blunt, the crabbed-looking footman, mount behind. "*Elle est charmante!*" cried he, rubbing his hands, and the next morning, as Miss Jones was sitting at breakfast, Tom Blunt brought in a card, which he placed on the table, saying, "It's the little monkey-faced jabbering chap, wot was talking to you yesterday at the Mewsy."

Wilhelmina cast down her eyes, and felt her heart throb as she read, "*Le Baron Alphonse de Shachabach.*" What was to be done? She was in dishabille to be sure; but, to send a *Baron* away rudely, was quite out of the question; so he was admitted, and thus commenced an acquaintance which soon ripened into intimacy.

It was a pleasant thing for our heroine to have a beau, for she had, by no means, been pestered with lovers. The attentions of the Baron were unremitting for ten days, and then, on a fine moonlight evening, they were walking in the public gardens. All nature was calm, save the gentle plash of the blue waves. Conversation was seldom at a stand between the two friends, for, sooth to say, they were great tattlers. But on the present occasion, they had been silent for the space of a minute, when, on turning into a dark avenue of trees, Miss Jones exclaimed, "La! how that image frightened me!"

"I am sorry as he frighten you," said the Baron, heaving a deep sigh, "vary sorry, by cause he vos Cupidon, de littel rascal boy, vot has shot in my heart. Ah! Miss Vilhelmine! vot for is de heart, if he is so cold as von stone? But, I beg you pardon! you must sit on dis seat, and I will throw myself on your knees, and tell you all about my propriety,

vidout vich, I cannot esperer as you vill give me some expectation."

Wilhelmina, much agitated, threw herself gracefully upon the bench, over which the figure of Cupid seemed to lean, while the Baron went, instanter, upon his marrowbones, and, seizing her hand, began to mouth it as though he would mumble it off. "Oh! ah! Monsieur Baron!" exclaimed our heroine, "You really terrify me—remember! we are in public—somebody will come and see ————" "I don't care noting for somebody!" ejaculated the Baron, "All de public in de world be velcome to know as I am in a passion vid you. But, I beg you pardon! I must tell you about my propriety."

"Well, if you expect me to listen," said Wilhelmina, "really you must get up and take a seat."—"Ah! a seat," rejoined the Baron, "that is him—my propriety is in my *seat*, as you call him in Angleterre—my chateau is on de Rhine bank. He is called Shachabach so vell as me, superbe et magnifique, and bring me some vine like de nectar so vell as my title."

What a charming prospect for Wilhelmina! The superb chateau, surrounded by lofty vine-clad hills, danced before the eyes of her imagination, and, overcome by her feelings, she hid her face in her hands. "Hélas! mon ange!" exclaimed the Baron, jumping up and taking a small bottle from his pocket, "I am in despair! I not tink you vos so very affected. But, smell him!—dis very fine stink. Hold your nose!—take him in your finger—dere! You smile!—Bah! I am so happy as if I vos no vere. It is arranged; you vill be ma chère Baronne."—"Really, Monsieur Baron," simpered Miss Jones, in a sort of tremulous titter—"in a case of such importance, I really don't know what to say."—"Den, don't say noting," observed the Baron, tenderly, "De silence give some consent, and I take him, and give you de tousand graces."—"But my friends!" murmured Wilhelmina.—"Only think! I don't know what they would say if ———." "Bah!" exclaimed the Baron, "I not want to marry your friend; but ve go see dem, nevertheless, for I am always at home vid my charmante Vilhelmine, so no matter vot become of you after ve marry. It is all von to me. I get rid of all my propriety perhaps, and live in England. Ve vill see." What further passed between them was, of course, all very amorous and affecting, and the result was, that ere they parted, Wilhelmina evinced sufficient symptoms of being touched by the tender passion.

So, from that evening, the Baron became her constant companion and accepted lover. They walked and lounged, and promenaded, and made excursions together into the interesting country around them; and, as their conversation was such as that of lovers commonly is under similar circumstances,

they speedily arrived at the decision that, henceforth, there should be no secrets between them. Thus matters stood, when, after paying the stranger's accustomed visit to the grot of the Cumean Sibyl, they seated themselves near its entrance, to enjoy the scenery around.

"The Romans must have been great fools!" observed Miss Jones. "Only think of their believing that an old woman, shut up in a cave, could tell them what was to happen in the world!" "Mais, mon ange," said the Baron, "your Shakspere say as dere is more of someting in de wold dan is dream of by a philosopher."—"Look!" exclaimed Wilhelmina, "who can that old woman be who is coming out of the cave? she is not one of our party, for the guide counted us as we came out." Briefly to describe the old woman in question, it will suffice to say, that her person was somewhat like the effigies of old Mother Shipton, and her dress that of the country people. She toddled slowly up to the lovers; then stopped before them, and, in an odd croaking sort of voice, spoke, in Italian, as follows:—"You intend to be married, if you don't alter your minds. There's something that may be of service to you, if you use it rightly!" and throwing a small stone at their feet, she continued, "If you remain unmarried for the next nine days, and keep that stone in the possession of either of you, it will give you each day one wish, provided that the granting of such wish does not interfere with the property of others. All must be between yourselves, nine wishes between you; and each must express his or her wish for something to happen to the other. In nine days the charm will be at an end; but, observe, if you lose the stone before the expiration of that time, you will both be compelled to speak the truth at your next subsequent interview." Then, without waiting for any reply, the old body turned upon her heel, and retreated into the cave, leaving our lovers, of course, very particularly astonished.

"You hear vot she say, mon ange?" asked the Baron. "Not exactly," replied Wilhelmina, "Their patois hereabouts is really so shockingly gothic!" Her swain, as in duty bound, politely explained; and then added, "She vos a mad voman, I tink; but, never mind, I vill vish someting for you, my dear Vilhelmine, and ve vill see."—"Nonsense!" exclaimed the lady, "I don't believe in it. However, I am not afraid, for I am sure mon cher Baron will not wish me any harm."—"Von't I! No, not for noting, mon ange!" ejaculated the Baron, leering at his intended with a most monkey-like expression of fondness. "Vell, I vill vish someting no lady vill be sorry for, nevertheless you is so beautiful as she is possible. I vish you some more encore of de beauty. Dare! Magnifique! I see him comie at de moment. Ah! Charmante! Extraordinaire! Superbe!

Pretty vell! Your eye is like some diamonds. De rose is like a fool vid your cheek, and your neck is like some snow."—"All your own imagination, mon cher Baron," simpered Wilhelmina, endeavouring at a blush. "But love, you know, they say, is blind. However, it was very kind of you to express such a wish, and, if there really should be any virtue in the stone, you know it will be my turn to-morrow, and, believe me, you shall not repent your kindness."—"Bah! ma chere amie!" said the Baron, "Vot I can wish for ven I am bless vid your beautiful person? I vant noting more. I can live vid you very nice in ds littel house. But he is very true. You vos charmante and so pretty as—as—de devil! I not know vot to say."—"Well, if I am so in your eyes, dear Alphonse!" murmured Miss Jones affectionately, "it is all that I wish. But now, let us talk of something else, for we have been riding about and seeing sights all day, and I had almost forgotten to revert to what you told me last night about your agent's neglect in not sending you the remittance you expected."—"Bah! mon ange!" observed the Baron carelessly, "vot signify dat? He vill come toder day. My rentes is very much grand, but he is gone behind vile I am in de voyage. I dare say he did come to-morrow or next week." "Mon cher Baron!" resumed the lady, "You *must* permit me! Do not be offended! But situated as we are—let it be a proof of my—my—the interest I take in your comfort. I cannot bear the idea that you should be put to any inconvenience on such a paltry account. So, if you really feel what you express towards me, do not refuse to make use of this trifle, which I assure you I have no occasion for."

As she said the last words, she drew a small folded paper, value about twenty-five pounds English, from her reticule, and placed it, with a loving pressure, in the hand of the Baron, who replied, "Vot I can say? I can't refuse you noting. Vel, I put dis littel bit paper in my pocket (here he suited the action to the word), but I give him you back in de diamonds, and necklace, and bijoux vot belong to my moder."

During the latter part of this conversation, Tom Blunt, the crabbed-looking footman, had approached them unobserved. He now stood before his mistress, and, in his usual straightforward way, said, "The Wetturino and all the rest of the jabbering foreigneers is all in a deuce of a passion, and seen ready to fight about summut; but I think that'll be no go. Howsomever, the wally, as far as I can make out, wants to be off, as its getting late, and its a long way back through Puzzley and the tunnel."—"Well," replied Miss Jones, "go back and see that all is right, and the Baron and I will follow you directly." "Humph!" grunted Tom Blunt, in an under tone, as he retreated, "Humph! she's been a little too long with that chap to

my thinking. I don't think he's any great shakes."—"Really," observed Wilhelmina, "it is quite shocking to hear any one so ignorant as to call the grotto of Posillipo a tunnel, and so to murder the pronunciation of Pozzuoli!"—"He is von bear," replied the Baron, "I wonder you not send him back in Angletterre. But, diable! Est il possible? Oh, yes. Your foots, vot is so littel before, is grown litteler vid my vish. Your shoe vill tumble down from him."—"Oh!" simpered Wilhelmina, "it is only fancy, mon cher Baron. The fact is, they were always much too large. Your eye deceives you—that's all."

What more of flattery took place on their road home need not be related verbatim; but the Baron talked as though acting upon the old adage, "Lay it on thick, and some will stick."

Miss Jones, of course, consulted her glass that night, and felt convinced that she had never looked so well before. Refreshing sleep and pleasant dreams followed, and in the morning she was equally satisfied with her toilet. "But I can hardly believe this stone has any thing to do with the matter," said she. "I never was thought ill-looking, though, to be sure the men have never been over-attentive to me. However, that's no matter now, since I've won the Baron's affections. It is impossible for any lover to be more devoted, more ardent, more delicately attentive. He is every thing that I could wish except, perhaps—yes—I really *do* wish that he was a *leetle* handsomer. Oh! what have I said? I have uttered my wish! How could I be so thoughtless? I meant to have wished him a great, great deal handsomer—like one of those statues of Adonis or Apollo."

However, as one wish per diem was the stipulated allowance, regret was unavailing; so she consoled herself by reflecting, that if the Baron were really transformed into an Adonis, he might possibly seek another Venus, and thereby destroy all her prospects of becoming Madame la Baronne, wearing the ancestral jewellery, and dwelling in the castle of Shachabach.

Scarcely had she arrived at this philosophical conclusion, when the object of her cogitations made his appearance, and in an instant she decided that he was very considerably improved. His hair, whiskers, and mustaches were changed from a coarse reddish tint to a silky blackness. His dress, moreover, which (in spite of his assurance that people of his rank never thought about their clothes) she had sometimes fancied not quite "comme il faut," was now "exquisite." Not a loungeur in the Strada de Toledo could be more completely "turned out" by his valet.

After the first lover-like salutations, she could not avoid gazing upon him with admiration; and something in the expression of her countenance, perhaps, caused him to exclaim—"Oh, I know it all! You have vish. I am at my toilette, and

— piff ! It come upon me, in my mind, as mon ange prefer some oder coats ; so I go at my big box, and pull out de dozen and de fifty gilets and pantalon, and habilitate myself so as you see ; and if he vill not do, I go back for de change.” — “ Really, it is most wonderful ! ” ejaculated Wilhelmina, “ I declare I’m quite frightened. I suppose there *must* be some magic in that stone.” — “ Sans doute,” replied the Baron, “ but vot for are you frightful ? I know de difference is come on me so vell as yourself. Three or four comtesse dis morning turn round to me vid de look vot say, so plain as noting, ‘ Very nice man dat ! ’ ”

Mutual compliments and flattery followed ; and then, a ride being agreed upon, Miss Jones withdrew to make the needful change in her dress.

Scarcely had she left the Baron sitting alone, ere the door was unceremoniously opened by Tom Blunt, who forthwith advanced with a more vinegarish aspect [than usual. “ Vot you vant, fellow ? ” inquired Baron Shachabach ; “ I not sound de bell.” “ I comes here o’ my own accord,” said Tom Blunt ; “ I wants a word or two with you, Mounseer. I’m up to your gammon, d’ye see, and shan’t stand it.” — “ Get out vid you, yon rascal dog ! ” roared the Baron, “ vot for you come at me vid your gammon and your stand ? Keep at your place, or I vill have you sent away.” — “ That cock won’t fight,” said Tom Blunt, sneeringly. — “ Vot I know about de cockfight, fellow ? ” exclaimed the Baron, passionately. “ Come, come,” resumed Tom, “ it ain’t o’ no use pretending not to understand. The long and short of it is, as it’s my business to look arter Miss, and see as she ain’t imposed upon ; and I see’d her give you a note for some money yesterday, and that’s how you come by them new clothes, or I’m blest. Howsomever, as you’ve been o’ some sort o’ use in showing her about when she hadn’t got nobody else, may be you’ve earned summut fair enough ; so I shan’t say no more about that if you makes yourself scarce from this time, for I’m sure she’s seen all she ought to see and a little more too, mayhap. So, don’t come here never no more. That’s all.”

It is impossible adequately to describe the rage of the little Frenchman. He stamped, and swore, and clenched his fists, and jabbered, and ordered Tom to leave the room ; and, finding that his orders had no effect, even threatened to turn him out. But Tom Blunt stood, with his hands in his breeches-pockets, provokingly grinning defiance at his puny antagonist ; and in this state matters were when Miss Jones made her reappearance. Tom Blunt then very coolly walked out of the room and left the exasperated Baron to tell his own tale, which he instantly did, with a degree of violence that shocked the lady’s nerves so much that, if matters had not gone so far, and the title of

Baronne, with its etcæteras, had not been uppermost in her mind, the "match" would probably have "been off."

As it was she acknowledged that it was natural for a nobleman to feel exceedingly indignant at being insulted by a footman; but, after making every allowance for provocation, the Baron's excessive irritation caused her to fear that his temper was not habitually so placid as she had been led to believe from his accustomed demeanour. Gradually however, he became somewhat calmer, but insisted upon it that Tom Blunt should be instantly dismissed. This proposition was evaded by Wilhelmina, who declared that it had not been her intention to keep him longer than the arrival of some English friends, into whose service it was arranged that he should pass, and that therefore, for their sakes she could not send him away.

"But vot I can do, ma chere?" said the Baron, "Ven I come at de door, he open him, I not keep in my temper vid his dam cockfight!"—"He is beneath your notice, my dear Alfonse," observed Wilhelmina, with one of her most winning smiles; and then, looking down modestly, she added, "It will be but for a very short time, and so—for my sake! I will take care to keep him out of the way as much as possible."—"Vell, vell," said the Baron, "for your sake, mon ange, I vill do something. So, allons! Let us go for de promenade, for de veder is almost so beautiful as yourself."

Accordingly they went to pursue their pleasures for the day, dined at Portici, and finished the evening at the Theatre of San Carlos. Therefore Wilhelmina had no opportunity of lecturing Tom Blunt till the following morning, when she very mildly, yet firmly desired him not to interfere, with his opinions or advice, respecting any of her friends. "Very well, Miss," replied Tom, "Just as you please. It ain't no consarn o' mine; only mind what I says: if that monkey-faced chap as you seems so taken up with ain't a bad un, I'm a Dutchman—that's all."

Wilhelmina's next task, having still possession of the stone, was one on which she had decided in consequence of the scene of yesterday; and she resolved to perform it in a more complete manner than her first essay. So, taking the talisman in her hand, she said, "I wish the Baron may become the sweetest tempered man that ever lived, forgetful of injuries and not at all passionate."

After making this aspiration, she naturally awaited the arrival of her lover with more than usual impatience, longing to see how the charm would work. Great therefore was her delight at hearing the voice of the Baron in the ante-room, addressing Tom Blunt in a calm and almost penitential strain. It was impossible to avoid listening, as he said,

"I am very great fool yesterday, Monsieur Tonblone. You good fellow. Tink you do some good for Mademoiselle. You vill find me de friend more as if noting had happened to disarrange us."

What Tom replied more than a grunting "Humph!" was inaudible, and, in a few seconds, the Baron was in the presence of the lady. "Ah! Mon ange!" he exclaimed, springing forward to salute her, "So beautiful as never. Ah! Vot you look like some meaning? I suspect—yes, it is. You have vished me vish. Vell, I not know vot he is; but I am so very pleasant and agreeable as I surprised myself. Vell, I tell you toder day, I turn out ten, twenty, fifty coats in my box. I go put him back dis morning, and I find dis leetle case of maroc leder, vich I forget I have vid me. Take him, mon ange! See if you like de pearl vot cost great many tousand franc, but vos like so many negro in your neck. 'Tis de bagatelle entre nous."

While speaking he had opened the casket and displayed to appearance an extremely costly pearl necklace. Then, kneeling before the enraptured Wilhelmina, he gallantly threw it over her head, and received his reward in a very affectionate salute and many expressions of gratitude.

An explanation respecting the nature of her morning wish followed, and the rest of the day passed off as usual, till the Baron, when taking leave at night, was reminded by his Dulcinea that it was his turn to take the stone and wish something for her. "Vell," said he carelessly, "You have got all vot I vant, and I only vant all vot you have got. I not can do better dan follow your example; so, nevertheless as you have de temper like some honey, I vill vish you some more of it; for ve can't have too much of de generosity."

"Can any body have told him that I have a bad temper and am stingy?" thought Miss Jones; and she mused upon the bare possibility of his harbouring such a suspicion; and the consequences of her musing were a determination of sporting her sweetest smiles and showing her generosity on the morrow. "What will it signify?" thought she, "It can be of no importance in a few days whether the chain be his or mine; but, indeed, it is of English make, and much heavier than ladies here wear. I was offered twenty guineas for it by a London jeweller; so it is worth his acceptance, and he wears his eyeglass with a ribbon. It is long enough too, I know, because I lent it to young Peter Smith before he came of age when I thought he seemed to have taken a liking to me. Ah! How I should like to see him and all the rest of the Smiths when they hear that I'm a Baroness! How they'd bite their lips!"

Accordingly, the chain, which had belonged to her father,

was presented, as a love-token to the enraptured Baron, and never did any couple appear more sweetly disposed towards each other than did our lovers during the ensuing day. But the sun stayeth not his course for happy lovers, so night came again and they parted, and Wilhelmina was left in possession of the wonderful stone.

"What have I to wish for?" thought she. "The Baron has rank and wealth; but if he had not, it would be of no use to wish him more money, because I suppose that all the money there is in the world must belong to somebody. Well, if we could but be always as we are! Yes, that's it! I will wish that the Baron's affection toward me may never decrease."

Such was her last thought at night, and the first wish that recurred to her on waking in the morning, when she immediately pronounced it with fitting emphasis.

"Very vell," said the Baron, when informed of its import, "dere is not no fear as your wish come to pass, for I never can love you de bit less as now;" and his devoted attention to her during the whole of that day was perfectly satisfactory. Towards night, however, they had, for the first time, something like a difference of opinion. Wilhelmina, on presenting him with the magic stone, requested him to wish that her eyes might be changed from an indifferent sort of gray to black; but to this proposal he demurred, observing that he did not think it would improve her; and, on being further pressed, observed, "Mais, mon ange, you am now so beautiful as possible, and de old woman say as vot is done must not come back." However, the lady had set her mind upon a pair of jetty sparklers, and persisted, until Monsieur gave up the point, and agreed to utter the wish, though he said he was confident, that, according to the old woman's terms, it would not be granted, and, on taking leave, added, "Vell, never mind, ven ve meet in de morning, if dere is no shange, I vish someting else for you betterer."

Wilhelmina awoke early the next morning, and many times arose anxiously to consult her mirror, and watch for the desired metamorphosis; but her eyes provokingly maintained their ancient hue, and even, she thought, looked duller than usual. Still she comforted herself, by imagining that her dear Baron might be yet sleeping, till her usual hour for dressing had nearly expired. "Then, I suppose it can't be!" she sighed. "Well, now I come to think of it, if he is satisfied with me, why should I not be so too? Heigho!—what gown shall I wear to-day? What a nasty, rickety, old wardrobe this is!—ah!"

A scream that sufficed to alarm the household followed, and when the domestics hurried to her assistance, she was found endeavouring to extricate herself from beneath the aforesaid

rickety old piece of furniture, which had fallen forward upon her. It soon appeared that she had escaped with a few bruises, but those were of such an unseemly kind, that she thought fit to put on her bonnet and veil at once, and to make some change in the arrangement of her hair.

In due course the Baron arrived, and almost the first question she put to him was, "Pray tell me what wish you expressed for me this morning."—"Vy, vot I promise," replied the Baron, "but I know dey not come—I wish you a pair of black eyes." "Here they are then, sure enough!" exclaimed Miss Jones, throwing aside her veil and tresses, and exhibiting a pair of "glims," as scientifically coloured round, as though she had been under the hands of a regular prize-fighter. "I shall not be fit to be seen for this month."

The baron professed himself to be "au desespoir," and so forth; and endeavoured to console her by renewed protestations of affection. "'Tis all de same to me," said he, "if you have twenty black eye; you vos very vell to-morrow. But I not like dis sheet vid de old voman. It put me in de mind vid Shakyspeare, ven de veetches sheeted Macbet. He say, 'Confound de vennen! Dey vos paltry vid us, and has got de double senses.—Eh? you remember, mon ange?'"

Wilhelmina was either soothed into good humour by his attentions, or could not help smiling at the style of this quotation; but it sufficed that she did smile, and Monsieur was suddenly relieved from his "desespoir."—"Ah!" he exclaimed, "dat Shakyspeare vonderful autor—very nice! venever I quoted him, somebody laugh. But never mind, de black veil vil shut up de black eye. Nobody see vot is in him—Allons! It makes five time, and dere is von sheep vot come all de way from Angleterre, swimming in de bay. You vill hear de news, perhap, and get de letter."

The ship, soon afterward, cast anchor off the town; and Wilhelmina received a letter with the information that her expected friends were *en route*, and would probably arrive at Naples in a week or ten days. At this intelligence the baron waxed very "fidgety," and besought his angel not to defer his happiness. Wilhelmina demurred, and simpered, and protested that she really knew not what to say, and so forth; but gradually allowed herself to be won upon, and her scruples melted before the ardour of his passion. They had now only three wishes left, to be obtained through the wonderful stone, and three days were necessary to carry them into execution. To marry earlier would be throwing away good fortune; but, on the fourth day there could be no objection left; and so, after a vast expenditure of sighs, groans, glances, protestations, be-

sechings, and other ammunition employed in the artillery of love, that day was fixed upon for their union.

The baron left the stone with his beloved when they parted in the evening, and, after ransacking her brains, she at last came to the determination of wishing him an increase of fortune by a sort of side-wind. Since she could not transfer to him the property of others, and he had mentioned his vineyards as a principal source of revenue, she on the following morning wished that their produce might be doubled.

This intimation of teeming wine-presses was received with philosophic sang-froid by the baron, who declared that it would make no sort of difference to him whether they were doubled or trebled; and again they passed the day together as usual.

It was now the Baron's turn to take possession of the stone, and he politely insisted upon Wilhelmina's informing him of some object of her desire wherewith to occupy the eighth wish. After some demur, the lady condescended to acknowledge that she had some fears, lest in the new position in which she was about to be placed, her mode of accenting the French language might be noticed in society, and therefore she wished to speak it with the purity and fluency of a native.

The baron assured her she was already perfect, but, nevertheless, he would, as in duty bound, obey her commands, and so they parted.

Consequently, on the following evening they conversed awhile in the Gallic tongue; and, though she was not, at first, sensible of any vast change for the better in her style, his frequent asseverations that no "Parisienne" could speak more correctly, at length produced their effect. "But," he said, "I love best to spoke wid de English, by cause de praticks vill perfection me."

Upon this hint Wilhelmina had resolved upon her last wish. "Ah!" thought she, "what a happy and accomplished couple we shall be! Each blessed with beauty, good-temper and affection, and speaking each other's native language without any foreign accent! Our company will be courted by all!"

So the eighth day of wonderful wishes glided away pleasantly, and she retired to rest with delightful anticipations for the morrow and for future life.

The morning came, and the wish that her dear Alphonse should hereafter speak plain English was duly pronounced, though she recollected that she had left the marvellous stone upon the mantelpiece in her sitting-room; but that circumstance she conceived to be of no importance, as it was still in her possession.

When she came down to breakfast, Tom Blunt made his ap-
 peal, and said, "I am surprised to find that you have not

pearance, with a tenfold crabbedness of aspect, and brusquely said, "I can't hold my tongue no longer, Miss, and see sitch goings on. That ere Baron, as he calls himself—" "I cannot hear you say any thing against Monsieur le Baron!" exclaimed Miss Jones. "No more a baron than I be!" roared Tom Blunt, "I've ferreted out his haunts, and he's no more than what they call a shoveller d'industry."—"I know he is a chevalier," observed Wilhelmina, calmly, "he told me so. But as for industry, I'm sure I don't know what you mean."—"Why I means as how he's a black-leg."—"Black-leg!" exclaimed Miss Jones. "What's that? You appear to be talking to me as you did before to him about cock-fighting, and what else I never could rightly understand."

While speaking, she had risen and was looking for the precious stone on the mantelpiece; but it was not to be found; so, breaking off suddenly, she exclaimed, "What *can* have become of it? Have you seen any thing of — it's *very* strange! I left it here, I'm sure!"—"What war it, Miss?" inquired Tom. "A piece of stone," replied Wilhelmina, tremulously. "Oh! bless you," said Tom, "I can find you plenty of they, a cart-load, if you want's it."—"But tell me," exclaimed Miss Jones, "have you seen it? What have you done with it?" "Why, Miss," replied Tom, sheepishly, "I didn't see as how it could be of any wally, so I hurled it away, smack into the sea."

The paroxysm of anger into which the sweet-tempered lady was betrayed, caused Tom Blunt to sneak off, for he perceived that it was not a fitting moment to proceed with his exhortations, which, however, he resolved to renew unless he could find an opportunity of having some further private conversation with the baron.

Wilhelmina, after a while, like other heroines, "found relief in a flood of tears," which did not at all improve the appearance of her two black eyes. Hope then shone in upon her spirit, for it was yet possible that their ninth and crowning wish might have been uttered *before* the stone had been thrown away. Consequently she "sate on thorns" awaiting her dear baron's appearance, and cogitating upon the alternative.

"He will either speak plain English or plain truth, according to what the old woman said," thought she. "Well, after all, there will not be any great evil in that; but, then, I recollect, we were *both* to speak the truth at our next interview. Let me see!" and she continued thinking, but, from the uneasiness of her manner, it appeared as if the latter idea were not of the most agreeable nature.

The baron had engaged to be with her at ten precisely; and had never before broken an engagement; but now the clock

struck, and heavily time moved on to a quarter—then half-past, and so quarter after quarter the chimes revealed what Wilhelmina could hardly credit, till noon was passed. "Something *must* have happened!" she exclaimed. "How strange that I have never inquired where he lodges! But, somehow, one never thinks of such things abroad, about single men."

Then she faintly recollected what her footman had said before breakfast, and summoned him to her presence, but Tom Blunt was gone out, and contrary to all rules, had left no intimation of the time when he might be expected to return. So she continued dolefully counting the minutes till past one, and then her ears were delighted by the well-known footsteps of the baron, ascending the stairs.

Immediately he entered, she perceived he was embarrassed, and, as she fancied, looked extremely ill. "What can be the matter, mon cher baron?" she exclaimed, giving way to her momentary feelings. "I'm sure something terrible has happened!"—"Oh, yes," he replied, "something, everything, dam deal has happen!"—"Well," thought Wilhelmina, "He can't speak plain English, that's clear enough, and perhaps it's as well. He will now speak the truth. Sit down," she said. "Don't flurry yourself. Tell me, dear Alphonse! Is it any thing in which I can assist you? If so, you know how delighted I shall be."—"Ah! Oh! Yes!" he replied, suddenly brightening up. "It vos de money as I vant. If you have got him, it will be very velcome, for somebody tease me, and I not get your watch as you give me t'oder day and tell me to have him mended."—"I am really quite concerned," replied Wilhelmina, "The fact is that I had only two bills by me, the one which I gave you at the grotto, and another which I changed two days since, in order to make some purchases necessary on the present occasion: so I have only these ten gold four-ducat pieces:—if they will be of any use—" and she held them out hesitatingly. "They vos better as noting," observed the Baron, carelessly taking and thrusting them into his waistcoat-pocket, as he continued, "But you vill get some more of de bill soon from Angleterre, I hope perhap?"—"Why no," replied Wilhelmina. "The fact is that I shall not be able till we get to Paris; you know we talked of going there."—"Oh, dam! It vos all de nonsense!" exclaimed the Baron.—"Monsieur le Baron!" cried the astonished Wilhelmina, "Did not you say that we should go by way of Marseilles?"—"Bah!" said the Baron, "de hombug is over! You hombug me, I hombug you. You give me de bill vid de name dobbel de you Jons, and I tink he is you, when it was de Villem, Anglais. Vell it is de best to tell to you as I no got de chateau and not go to Marseilles, by ause I vos so cunning to escape ven I am at de galley, vere I



am condemn for de littel blonder vot is no matter. No use as you pretend as you vill faint. I know better now all as you vos de gouvernesse. Tomblone, de footyman, tell to me all. Open my eye. De banker tell me first dat Villem Jons draw de money all vot he like, never no stop, but Vilhelmine is nobody. Eh? I find you out—eh?”

Let imagination paint the lady's rage at this denouement. For a while she felt as though undergoing suffocation; but, struggling hard, at last was enabled to use her tongue, and then she spared not the gay deceiver. “Ugly, diminutive, insignificant wretch” were not the most opprobrious epithets by which she saluted him in her philippic; but they seemed to make the most impression, as he retorted. “You say I vos ugly and diminutif! Vot if I vere you? de beauty! Look in de miroir. Never see noting so frightened, so affreus! Vou'd run away from it if she can. De nose vot go up in de air, de eyes vot is vorse before dey be knocked black so as now, and de mout and shin to follow. Go away! Get some husbands where you can find him. Make de net for catch de oder Baron. Stop long time, no catch. Eh mon ange!”

It is our melancholy duty to state that our ci-devant lovers, after exhausting all their rhetorical powers, parted not without a personal collision very different from what they had been accustomed to practise. The cause was the lady's demanding her money, and the demurring to comply with so reasonable a request on the part of the false Baron. So after vainly striving to get her hand into his pocket, she seized him by his exquisitely black, shining moustaches, which being false likewise, yielded to her efforts, and remained in her hand as her once beloved Alphonse nimbly made his last exit from her presence.

Miss Wilhelmina underwent, of course, one of those brief illnesses which follow either love-disappointments or great excitation of mind; and we suppose the latter to be her case, as she never made any further inquiries after the sham Baron when she found there was no chance of recovering either her gold chain or her money. The watch, fortunately, was found at a pawnbroker's, and, on application to the proper authorities, she was allowed to redeem it. It is almost needless to say that the necklace presented to her by her lover was of false pearls. On recovering from her indisposition she resolved to come to an understanding and “make friends” with Tom Blunt. The honest fellow stood, uneasily, shuffling himself about, while she returned thanks for the active part he had taken, and acknowledged her own folly, and she was proceeding to hint how desirable it would be to her that the affair should be kept secret, when he interrupted her by saying, “Never thank me, Miss. You're very welcome. I shan't say a word about it, not I. Master

told me to do all I could to make you comfortable, and so I've only done my duty. You was a little pig-headed to be sure; but I druv pigs when I war a boy, and when women-folk has got love-nonsense in their heads they be pretty much the same. It's deuced hard to keep 'em in the right road."

What the marvellous stone really was, remains doubtful. Some have supposed that it was merely a scheme of the false baron's, for the purpose of inducing the lady to believe his flattery. Certainly, where both were willing to deceive, and each supposed the other blest with fortune's favours, it needed no miracle to make them believe, or feign to believe, the existence of beauty, good temper and affection. So, after all, it may have been but a common pebble, although certain lovers of the marvellous are disposed to think it was a fragment of the celebrated *Blarney* stone, which an Irish gentleman brought from home with him, and threw away (when visiting the *Sibyl's Grot*), the day after his marriage with an English heiress.

TIBERIUS AT CAPREÆ.

A ROMAN STORY.

"Tis the truth, Danae, and shall be spoken, though the axe and the licitor were before me," exclaimed Sabinus Vindex to the loveliest of Rome's dark-browed daughters, as they sat in earnest communion on the verdant bank of the Tiber. "'Tis the truth! Since Rome has had a master, the statue of modesty hath veiled its face. But the ribald Cæsar, he's sick, they say, in his isle of Capreæ, and death will soon ——"

"Ah! Sabinus, how oft must I beseech thee to moderate thy fiery spirit. Wilt not tame that republican blood of thine, when thou seest my trouble? Oh! wert thou denounced to the emperor!—"

"Sweet are these fears to my soul, beloved Danae; and to see thee solicitous for Vindex, willingly would he risk his life, nay, willingly would he die!"

"Sabinus, if I say little of my love——"

"Well, Danae!"

"It is because my love speaketh all too much within me:—but see, my sister Cesonia cometh to tell us that the star of eve summons us home. My elder only by a year, yet is she as a mother to me, and I seem to adore her with even more than filial awe. She wears a brighter smile to-day than usual, for of late there has been secret trouble in her countenance. Oh! it could not escape me, though I dare not ask its cause. What can it be, Sabinus?—haste thee, salute her first."

"Welcome, *Cesonia nostra*, welcome, thou kind protectress of our loves."

"Chance is a powerful god, Sabinus, is he not? Whoever sees Danae, may well stake his sesterces that *thou* wilt either spring up from mother earth, or drop from the clouds."

"Cesonia is jocund beyond her wont to-day," said Danae. "To what temple has she been carrying her doves, or kids?"

"To Castor's."

"He is the god of the race. Does my sister mean to show games to the Roman people?"

"Is he not the god of friendship too, Danae?"

"Cesonia's soul is lofty as her looks!" remarked the youth.

"When Sabinus speaks to me thus, it seems as if he thought I wanted thanks."

"Nay, Cesonia, why imagine that Sabinus admires thee

merely as the sister of Danae? Why not be sure that he loves thee for thy own sake?"

"Why, Danae?—dost thou ask why? Ask why Diana caresses the beach at her feet!—the huntress looks to gain the fawn."

"Cesonia," interrupted Sabinus, "I swear to thee—"

"Nay, no oath, rash youth! Knowest thou not, that an oath is a chain, easily broken indeed, but which always leaves a link that galls the wearer? But, come—what wert about to swear?"

"You awe me, beauteous Cesonia!"

"Oh, brave! A Roman citizen, and yield sword and buckler to the breath of a woman's words! But, what wert about to swear, Sabinus Vindex?"

"Yet, if I break the chain, Cesonia?"

"The link will remain—thy remorse."

"And thou wilt be revenged, Cesonia?"

"Yes!"

"And consoled too?"

"No!"

"Shall I confess, Danae?"

"My sister is of those to whom the gods have forgotten to give a diadem. When she speaks, she commands. I counsel thee, Sabinus, to avow that which thou plainly desirest not to conceal."

"Then I swear to Cesonia, that the friendship with which I regard her is disinterested as herself, that it is entirely *Cesonian*!"

"And add, that it will survive thy love for Danae, should that love be ever extinguished."

"I swear by Jove, and the manes of my mother!"

"Thou hast the true heroic spirit, O Sabinus! But, come, my friends, the shadows of eve are stealing across the Latin plain, and my father will soon return wearied from his Sabine farm. Corvinus Cimber loves to have his daughters greet him at his threshold. These are his festal hours, his triumphant games, his only pleasures. Shame on us Danae, were not the bath prepared, the wine drawn from the amphora, the wheaten cake baked, and the *cæna* ready. We are Plebeians, remember, Sabinus."

"Ye are of Rome's best blood, nevertheless," rejoined the youth.

"Hark!" exclaimed Danae, "hark to the clarions from the pretorian camp."

"Tis the setting of the evening watch," said Cesonia; "Cæsar is the father of his country; for though he watch not over it himself, though he lie buried in his isle of Capree, yet



he says to his swords and pikes, serry round my people, or even against them!—Oh! Tiberius Cæsar is *pater patriæ*, and I am sure Sabinus will not contradict me!”

“Thy words, Cesonia, are grave and full of import as are the oracles of the Sibyl. Thou art high-minded as thou art beautiful, and should Rome e'er erect a statue to thee, my knee will be the first bent in worship.”

“Reserve thy incense, Sabinus, or burn it before another altar. Come, let us towards the city.”

They proceeded slowly to retrace the path to Rome by the river's side; the two maidens with arms fondly thrown round each other's neck, and Vindex silently following with lofty mien and watchful eye. His right hand, buried in the folds of his ample toga, grasped the hilt of a short but broad and massy glaive; and, as an indistinct shadow, or the fall of steps, told of approach, it would be half drawn from its embossed scabbard. Often did Danaë look back with a smile on her lover, and often did Cesonia bow her head and sigh. The waters of the Tiber chafed angrily along, swollen by autumnal rains; yet the night was serene, the stars shone brightly on the marble tombs and *ædicula* of the Latin plain, no ill-omened bird deformed the air; and the busy hum of the eternal city stole on the ear, intermingled with the lowing of flocks from the hills, and the song of the vintagers “wending their homeward way.” A bark, with a single bench of oars, which slowly stemmed the current, was the only object on the river. Often did Vindex cast an uneasy glance upon it, but it held its course steadily far from the bank.

As they were drawing near the gardens of Julius Cæsar, Cesonia said, “Sabinus, thou mayst leave us now; the matrons of *Transtiberina* are keen of sight as Minerva's bird, thou knowest, and their tongues!—”

“*Mehercule*,” ejaculated the anxious lover, “no matron is so quick or deadly of tongue as a pampered freedman. Tiberius Cæsar has many such who prowl, fox-like, round this quarter in search of prey.” As he spoke, a centurion of the Pretorian Guard was seen emerging from the shade of the gardens. The two maidens drew back instinctively closer to Vindex; and the young officer, hastily advancing, suddenly stopped before them, and gazing admiringly, said, in a broad but soft Doric dialect, “To see one is to see both.”

It was the will, doubtless, of the infernal gods that Vindex should have resided at Rhodes, where this dialect was spoken, and accordingly he answered in the same tongue, “Then to see them is to see the honour of Rome.”

“Art thou Greek?” said the centurion.

“No more than thou art Roman,” was the reply.

The centurion then rejoined in Latin, "To protect one woman is boast enough : to have two under his care is for a demigod." "My buckler," retorted Sabinus, "would be protection enough against a man : it can surely suffice to keep at bay a Greek."

"Sayest thou, snarling cur of Molossus!" burst forth the incensed pretorian.

"Dares the wolf abide his fang?"

Quick as lightning their swords crossed, and the centurion had already felt the keen edge of his opponent's glaive, when the cries of the two maidens brought to the spot some soldiers, who burned with rage on seeing one of their officers overpowered by a simple citizen. Sabinus trembled, not for himself, but for the affrighted doves whom he could scarce hope singly to shield. He retreated slowly, covering them with his body as a buckler, and, boldly facing the pretorians, returned blow for blow, and curse for curse. Further retreat, however, was soon barred by the river, towards whose bank the soldiery had designedly pressed him. "Here," exclaimed Sabinus, "we must stop, and be our trust in Jove the Avenger!" Cesonia and Danae fell cowering at his feet; and while one hand clasped theirs, his other dealt death around. He was unconscious of the wounds from which he bled at every pore; his whole soul was in his sword, and only watched the blows it inflicted. Suddenly a piercing cry rings on his ear, and his bewildered eye perceives but one female at his feet. Turning round, he sees the fatal bark bearing away his Danae, who vainly extends her arms to him, as to her tutelary deity. A savage seized the opportunity, and Vindex sank beneath the blows thus cowardly aimed.

"He is dead!" exclaimed the pretorians.

"And the maiden too!" they added, after placing their hands on her cold and clammy brow.

Three months from this eventful night, Cesonia was seated by the couch of Sabinus Vindex. The latter was convalescent; but from the loss of blood he had sustained, was still pale as Parian marble. Expectation was visible on both their countenances, and a hectic flush passed over his brow, as Sabinus said, "Look out on the Appian way, my sister. 'Tis the hour appointed by my friends."

"May the omen be propitious!" responded Cesonia, "no sooner hast thou spoken than they are here. Our Lares smile upon them."

The first who saluted Vindex was Quirinus, a man of consular dignity, whose wealth had rendered him obnoxious to Tiberius. He was followed by Cneius Lentulus, the augur, who had fallen under the emperor's suspicion, from expounding a dream of his contrary to the event. Next came Pompeius and Pollio; the

first, a patrician of a race honoured almost as divine—the latter, a plebeian, but beloved by the whole Roman people. Three others completed the number; the one, a Rhodian, who had been the host of Tiberius, when he visited Rhodes, and the sanctity of whose hearth the tyrant had foully dishonoured—the remaining two were Messala and Cassius, by hereditary right the sworn foes of tyranny.

Vindex felt an unexpected joy fill his bosom, as he beheld these men circle round his couch: He sat up, erect—like a shade evoked, by enchanters, from the tomb; and extending his hand to each in turn, gave them a silent welcome. He essayed, indeed, to speak, but the words died away upon his lips. Cesonia was the first to break the stillness. “Citizens,” she said, “our friend is still too weak for much speech, his wounds are scantily healed. Then suffer me, a simple Roman maid, to say wherefore ye are summoned. My sister has been forcibly carried to Capreæ; my father, thanks to the immortal gods, was spared the pain of knowing *this*, but grief for her loss has bowed him to the grave. Ye are summoned, then, to avenge the common weal, no less than to seek retribution for a private wrong—an injury to Rome’s meanest son is a wrong to all.”

A murmur of admiration arose from the assembled group, and Cassius impetuously exclaimed, “My friends, one feeling alone can animate us; to waste time in deliberation were a crime before the gods; there remains, then, but to fix the day, hour, place, and means. Shall it be the sword, the cord, or poison?”

“The sword!” exclaimed nearly every voice.

“The bowl!” said the augur.

“Mark the fear and craft of the priest,” ironically observed Pollio; “and what if the imperial drunkard should hand the cup to a senator or a slave to drain? Trust me, friends, the sword breaks no promises.”

“The sword be it,” interrupted the sick man. “Daughter of Germinus Cimber, bring hither the weapons concealed in the *sacrorarium*; there have they remained safe under the guardianship of my paternal gods.”

Shortly after Cesonia returned, bearing in her fair hands a bundle of short, two-edged swords, and a dagger of ancient workmanship.

“These” said Cassius, “are the best arguments of the Roman Forum against tyranny;” and so saying, the ardent youth eagerly grasped the bundle and laid it on Sabinus’s couch. The latter moved his arm joyfully at the clank of steel; the lion was roused. Among the glaives he selected one broader than the rest, and whose hilt was encircled by a garland of oak. It had been bequeathed him by his father, who had received it from his—a

veteran of the republic. As he kissed the sacred weapon, tears fell upon the blade. "Friends!" he at length exclaimed, "choose; all are Roman."

With simultaneous movement the young men bent over his couch, and the next moment stood erect, each with an uplifted sword. The poniard remained; but, at a look from Sabinus, Cesonia placed it in her girdle as joyfully as if it had been a rose offered by a lover's hand.

They then invoked the infernal deities, and performed libation with a branch of cypress. Crowning goblets, and filling them with wine, they next proceeded to libations, and adjured the great gods. They finished by pouring out a libation to the Roman goddess Fortune; and Pollio, raising both his hands, preferred a solemn supplication:—"Goddess sleep, no longer in the Capitol, but awaken to the voice of our despair. Look at thy sons: our brows are humbled in the dust, and our eyes red with tears of shame and wrath; yet is Carthage ours, and the Parthian and Dacian trouble us not. Goddess, who leadest to victory, what avails it that the conquered world is ours, if we crouch under the iron rod of a master? Take back our conquests, O Fortune! The east and her tiared kings; the west—the limit of the world; Gaul the warlike, and the icy Germany; take back all the memorials of our consuls and our legions, and leave us but the Latium of our fathers, so that thou once more render the *rostra* free and the Roman senate virtuous. Goddess! to thee do I consecrate this sword, taken from the double altar of friendship, and of liberty!"

"*Et nos sicut ille, Fortuna,*" responded all present.

Sabinus Vindex received the kiss of brotherhood from each. "As soon," said he, "as I have strength to strike, we will fix the day for our departure to Capræ." As he embraced Cneius Lentulus, the augur, he fancied he perceived a degree of hesitation about him, and asked, "Has my friend any secret to impart?"

"None," replied Lentulus.

"Then," continued Vindex, "it is the *augur* perhaps that wishes to speak!"

"And what can *he* say," rejoined Lentulus, "save that the omens are favourable? Hark! even now the thunder rolls on the right of the house."

Vindex listened a moment to the awful voice of Jove, and then said with a smile, "This was the sign which was wanting in Murena's conspiracy against Augustus."

The augur smiled in his turn, and Cesonia, who was watching him, thought she detected treachery in the upward curl of his lip.

West of Campania, begirt with rude and broken rocks, but shining in the sun like a diamond in the coronet of the deep, lies the ancient isle of Capræ. At this period it contained twelve imperial villas, bearing the names of twelve divinities. The most celebrated were,—that of Ceres, with its fairy pillars, light and lofty as the palm tree; the villa of Juno, in which the wondrous fish of the Ganges swam in seas of porphyry; and, above all, the villa of Jupiter, which rose on the western coast of the isle, crowned with a golden frieze, and embossed in a grove of odoriferous cedars. On its right was the Pharos, which shed its glowing beams over the bosom of the deep, like another sun; and at its feet were the baths, into whose vast *conclavia* rolled the azure waves of the Tyrrhene sea, so transparently as not to veil a single picture of the rich mosaic below. The villa of Jupiter was “the delight of the world,” and Capræ “the eye of the ocean.” Augustus had loved its perfumed woods and marbled halls, where the cares of empire were never suffered to intrude, and had named the lovely isle—“the House of Indolence.” It was reserved for Tiberius to transform it into a den of lust.

One balmy eve, in the month named from Maia, whoever could have introduced himself into the gardens of the villa of Jupiter, would have seen a man in the sere of life, but of commanding presence, tracing their verdant alleys with measured steps and eyes fixed upon the ground. He was soon joined by one younger than himself, clad in the Greek pallium, and whose keen and lively eye bespoke the craft of his degraded country. This was Charicles, the emperor’s physician; the elder was the soothsayer Thrasyllus. The Greek accosted him in a low tone, and with his habitual smile. Thrasyllus replied by an inclination of the head, and followed his companion in silence, sometimes listening to his voluble remarks, but chiefly intent on his own thoughts. On reaching the vestibulum, from which numerous *cellaria* branched off in different directions, Charicles stopped under its lofty portico, and pointing to the sea, said, “Phœbus sinks to rest in all his beauty to night?”

“Knowest thou his handmaid Thetis,” exclaimed a shrill discordant voice behind. The soothsayer started, and turning round saw the favourite dwarf of Tiberius. “If not, thou who knowest all,” it continued, “must at least know that she has just arrived at our Olympus.” The soothsayer contented himself with smiling graciously on the misshapen object that addressed him, and pursued his way among the vast halls, the dwarf following him, tossing oranges up to the vaulted ceilings, and catching them with impish glee. On reaching the hall of a bath illuminated by a thousand torches, the two friends stopped upon the threshold. Young girls, clad in short tunics, were

scattering odours and wreaths of flowers over the large circular basin, in the midst of which, on a chair of jasper, sat an old man, with his head only above the water, and who smiled as he listened to the strains of the sistrum, the cithara, and the Lydian lute. As soon as Thrasyllus and Charicles appeared, at a nod from the voluptuous satyr the music ceased, and Tiberius said in a low and hesitating, but distinct, voice. "Thrasyllus, I have sent for the books of the oracle of Præneste. We must consult them together."

"Godlike emperor," replied Thrasyllus, "what can they teach thee that thou knowest not already?"

"I must be *certain* that they can teach me nothing Thrasyllus. They have never yet deceived me. The night promises well; therefore go, prepare thee to interrogate the stars. As for thee, Charicles, I tell thee thy potion has worked wonders; I am thirty years younger than when I rose this morning. But what does that wayward dwarf here? he scares my nymphs—away with you both, physician and buffoon."

Shortly after, Tiberius left the sea of porphyry in which he had been sitting, and being invested with his tunic and imperial mantle, was handed by his naiads to their sisters the dryads, young as they, but differing in dress and office. The joyous bacchantes soon after appeared, crowned with ivy, and begirt with the spotted hide of the leopard. Forming a litter of vine-leaves and branches of myrtle, they bore the earthly god to the hall of banquets, and couching him on the purple-strewed *triclinium*, the deity deigned to eat.

The supper concluded, and libations poured, the Roman Emperor signed to his nymphs to give him air with their fans of peacocks' feathers, and lay luxuriating (it seemed) in his own fancies, and occasionally sipping Cretan wine, until, addressing a dark-haired girl of Lesbos, he said, "Leucothœe, bring hither the Roman maiden who arrived this morning; or stay, bid a lictor introduce her—you and your sisters may retire."

The lictor quickly appeared, accompanied by a young girl whom he placed fronting the *triclinium*, and then took his own station close to the *pulvinar* of Cæsar. The unknown held her head proudly erect, but her eyes sought the ground; a modest red tinged her cheek, embrowned by the glowing sun of Italy; her brow and lips were ashy pale; her arms were buried in the folds of her vest, and a large pallium partly concealed her round and polished shoulders; her long and jetty tresses were confined behind by small bands of red wool, which interlaced each other.

Cæsar looked at her long and earnestly, as she stood there before him, motionless as the statue of Silence. "Daughter,"

at length he said, "thy name is Cesonia: thy father was a plebeian, son of a centurion in one of the legions vanquished at Philippi; thy friends are my enemies; thou perceivest I know thy history. The emperor, like the gods, sees all. But, *Cesonia mea*, what have I done to cause thee to seek my death? If thy wish arises from love to the republic, I tell thee Rome has nought to complain of; 'tis now nine long months since the eternal city has seen my face. I had trusted that the conspiracy of Sejanus would have been the last; but thy friends are mad, Cesonia. What! a plebeian conspire against the emperor—against him who has humbled patrician pride, who gives his people the games of the Circus, even when absent, and opens his Sicilian granaries to them in years of dearth! Thou hast erred, Cesonia. See, I am grave with thee, as with the consuls. The cares of empire bring with them seriousness, for 'tis not age has aged me. I can yet bend the Scythian bow, and hurl the discus. They say at Rome that I am ill; but thou shalt tell them that the old man has still the vigour of youth, that he is still comely to look at—nay, tremble not—no thought have I of the axe, or of the bowl, nor even of detaining thee in my Olympus, thou chastest of the doves that flutter on Tiber's banks! Cheer thee! thou shalt return to the city."

"Not so, Cæsar."

"Ha! has Capreæ already charmed thee into forgetfulness of the musty fables that wooed thy infant years? Are our Lucretias at last extinct? Here's to our future loves, my Roman maid!"

"Cæsar, I stay; but on one condition."

"Kings themselves have no conditions to make with me; yet speak, O queen Cesonia."

"I will remain here in place of one of thy female attendants. ~~She~~ must be free to return to Rome with one of the conspirators."

"These are *two* conditions. For the woman, I yield her to thee. Thou art a new star dropped from the clouds, and most of the others here are on the wane. But a conspirator is a hawk to be caged. Would I had an aviary full of them, I should ask no better boon from my stars. Dost weep, Cesonia? ~~Nay~~ then, the lion will withdraw his fang. Thou shalt have the conspirator too."

"I thank thee, Cæsar."

"'Tis the first kind word thou hast spoken. Come, name these captives thou wouldst have released."

"I will point them out to thy freedman, Cæsar."

"Nay, name them. This is *my* condition."

"~~The~~ one is Sabinus Vindex—"

"Humph! thou knowest how to choose!—The other?"

"Is Danae."

On this, Tiberius looked into the goblet from which he kept sipping during the conference, as if seeking at its bottom the mystery he would solve; then drained it off, and muttered to himself—"Danae! Why Danae, and not Panachis, Leobia, Leucothœ, Camilla, or any other!" Then he said aloud, "Is Vindex thy brother?"

"Danae is my sister," replied Cesonia.

"Immortal gods, and I could not divine this, nor Thrasyllas either! Thy sister? yea! there are her eyes which dazzle the sight, and it is the same voice which wins its way to the soul. Yet is her beauty more like that of Hebe; thou art a Juno. Supposing, however, that Danae refuses to quit Capree!"

Cesonia looked upon him with a smile of pity and incredulity. Tiberius repeated what he had said.

"Then is our contract void!" exclaimed the maiden, as her brow reddened with anger and with scorn. The emperor felt his vanity rebuked, and hastened to change the conversation.

"I will summon Vindex first. 'Twere unlike a host not to bid him farewell."

At his summons, a nymph appeared; and a few moments after, Vindex was brought in by two lictors. He was still pale from his wounds, and a long scar furrowed his manly brow. He fronted Tiberius with a look rather of astonishment than indignation; but when, on turning, he beheld Cesonia, he smiled and said—"Cesonia, Soror!"

"The whole truth is now out!" exclaimed Tiberius. "The augur told but part, although he was amply paid, methinks."

"It was Lentulus then who betrayed us!"

"Who saved you," replied Tiberius. "Your plot would have carried you headlong to destruction, Sabinus Vindex, whereas now you will live to tell the Romans that I am no tyrant."—He then made a sign with his hand, and his choir of nymphs entered in joyous procession. In the midst of them was a sylph-like being, who "walked in beauty;" her Cœan tunic was transparent as the filmiest cloud that veils Diana; her hair was turned back and plaited so as to resemble a Grecian casque, sparkling with precious stones; and she bore a sacred fillet in her hand. Tiberius motioned to the crowd to divide, and the two sisters were in each other's arms. At length, Cesonia spoke:

"Cæsar, thou art magnanimous!"

At the same time she cast on the mosaic pavement a small poniard which had been concealed in her tunic. Tiberius turned pale; the ringing of the iron on the pavement was as the hiss of a serpent to his ear. He asked for it, and pricking an brange with its point, said to his nymphs—"See on what depends the

safety of the republic!" Then addressing Vindex, "Hast not *thou* a votive offering to make me? A true descendant of Brutus wears no tunic so scant, but it conceals a dagger. Give me thine, for thou hast one, Sabinus, and take Danae in return."

"Go," said Cesonia to her sister, "thou art free; ye are both free."

"Free," murmured Danae, "Yes, yes, my sister—do not you leave us!"

"Thou art free, I repeat, my Danae. Behold thy lover! Away to Rome, and be the gods with you."

At this moment, Sabinus Vindex was drawing a small, but tempered dagger from a fold of his tunic, and was about to lay it at the feet of Cæsar, when he heard a lisping voice affectedly cry—

"Quit the delicious Capræ! Oh! no—never!"

Cesonia threw the shameless girl from her, as if an athlete had hurled her to the ground. Then did Sabinus say to himself, "I am a Roman, and must not suffer her to live,"—but his eye encountered the majestic despair of Cesonia, and the dagger fell from his grasp.

The tyrant laughed, and waving his arm, was left alone.

The next morning a storm passed over the isle of Capræ; the long, forked lightnings crossed each other like glittering swords, and two eagles had been seen to fall, struck by the thunderbolt. The voice of Ætna was heard above the war of the elements, and Capræ shook as if with affright. The tower of the Pharos even had been observed to totter, like a giant reeling under wine.

The Emperor and Thrasyllus had closeted themselves in the *sacrarium* of the villa of Jupiter, in order to consult the oracular books from Præneste, which had just been brought to Capræ, in their golden *arca*. Long and minutely did the soothsayers examine the *sigillum* of the sacred ark; it was unbroken; whole as when the signet had been applied. Then, after solemn invocation, at a sign from Cæsar, he broke the seal. The emperor had crowned his head with a wreath of green laurel, as was usual with him during storms, to avert the thunder-stone. With his bald and lofty brow thus garlanded, the obscene old man resembled some ancient poet, and the solemn awe depicted on his countenance gave dignity even to Tiberius. Eager to be first to touch the sacred books, he plunged his gaunt hand into the *arca*, opened by Thrasyllus. Oh! terror! the oracle had flown—no book or scroll was there, and yet the guardian priests had brought them in solemn state to this—their mortal god!

The pallid Cæsar gazed on Thrasyllus, who stood motionless as stone; he knew that the hour of death was nigh, for his

master felt the icy chill of fear. Tiberius shrinking with backward step, and eyes that never quitted the wide-distended eyes of the soothsayer, thus left the *sacrarium*. He called his freedman with quailing voice, and, borne rather than supported by his brawny arm, reached the imperial closet. Thither none presumed to follow;—one shadowy form excepted—Terror!

Towards nightfall, the storm ceased; the wind lay hushed on the bosom of the deep, and the voice of the thunder died away in the distant horizon. The dark curtain of clouds, which overhung Capreæ as with a pall, had been rent asunder in the west, and there the broad, red disk of the sun plunged glowing into the waves. Soon as it had sunk, the light from the tower of the Pharos appeared like a star on the dusky brow of night. Indistinct clouds hung in masses round its lofty summit, and looked like phantoms sent to upper air from Tartarus, to do some infernal bidding of the powers of darkness.

At the foot of the tower was a rock, so high above the deep that the brain turned giddy on gazing from it at the abyss below; so smooth and glassy that the claws of the sea-mews slipped from it as from polished steel. On its peaked top there appeared two youthful forms.—“This,” said one in a low tone, “this is the rock of the doomed.”

“And *we* are so,” was the reply.

“Yes,” rejoined the first, “but the rude hand of the lictor shall touch us not. The gods have opened our prison-door.”

“Come, Sabinus,” resumed the softer voice, “let us die. There is but one way to escape from the Capreæ, and that the pretorians cannot bar.”

“That I should die,” replied Vindex, “is just and fitting; but thou, Cesonia, so young!—”

“Yes, young!” exclaimed the Roman maiden, “but mortally wounded. Come! and thou, O sea! be kinder to us than thy sister earth!”

The youth folded her to his bosom, and again besought her to delay the period of her death. “My father,” she replied, had two treasures—one has been sullied, the other shall repose spotless beneath the briny wave. But look—”

The bald, but laurelled head of Cæsar appeared on a lofty gallery of the palace of Jupiter, and seemed to watch intently what was taking place upon the brink of the abyss; from time to time it made a movement as if to hasten the deed of death. To see that pale head standing out in ghastly relief from the sable pall of night, one could have sworn that it was the *shade* of Cæsar. Vindex, raising his clenched hand on high, in signal of defiance, shouted to the spectre—

“*Morituri te salutant*!”—“The dying salute thee.”

With these words, he plunged into the void, repulsing *Cesonia*; but the latter had caught his arm, and fell with him.

It was at this moment, as they were cleaving the air, and yet hung betwixt the sea and sky, that a wild cry rung out, and these words were heard :

"Sabinus—I loved thee!"

And the voice was lost in the plashing of the waves. The water opened, dashed upwards in clouds of foam and spray, then quietly settled down, spreading into a series of widening circles. Long did that white head watch them, as they grew fainter and fainter; and when the surface of the deep resumed its glassy stillness, the phantom smiled and disappeared.

S.

THE CONVICT.

ROBERT WILSON was a market gardener. Early in life he married a deserving young woman whom he loved with entire tenderness, and by whom he had several children. No man on earth could be fonder of his little offspring than Wilson; and they, on the other hand, almost worshipped their father, taking delight in nothing so much as in doing what he wished. Wilson was not very wise, nor was he at all learned; but his heart, which as I have said was full of tenderness, told him with unerring instinct that his children would be governed more perfectly and with more wholesome effect under the dominion of love than under that of fear; and his was indeed a happy family, where affection, pleasure, obedience, and faith (faith in each other), went hand in hand. Wilson was well situated for passing his life comfortably, and rationally,—his garden being just far enough out of London to render inconvenient his mixing in the squalid profligacies of town (had he been so inclined); and yet he was not so entirely in the country as to harden him into the robust callousness and ignorant vices of village life. He could just hear enough of the "stir of the great Babel" to interest him in it, and to keep his faculties alive and awake to the value of his own quiet, and to the unaffected caresses of his dear wife and children, which always appeared more and more precious after he had been hearing, in his weekly visits to town, some instance of mercenary hypocrisy and falseheartedness.

I lodged two years in his house, and have often seen him on a summer's evening, sitting in an open part of his garden surrounded by his family in unconscious enjoyment of the still and rich sun-set. I was his guest the last time I saw him, poor fellow, in this placid happiness. We drank tea in the open air, and amused ourselves afterwards, I recollect, with the preceding day's newspaper which Wilson used to hire for the evening. We sate out of doors later than usual owing to the deliciousness of the night, which instead of deepening into darkness, kept up a mellow golden radiance sweeter than the scorching

day-light; for before the colours of the sun had entirely faded in the west, the moon came up over the eastern horizon, and the effect was divine. My poor host, however, did not seem so happy as usual. He had been thoughtful the whole evening, and now became more pensive; and nothing roused him even into momentary cheer, except the playfulness of his eldest daughter,—a merry little girl of about four or five years of age. It was sad to see him, with his dejected face, striving to laugh and romp with the child, who in a short time began to perceive the alteration in her father's manner, and to reflect in her smooth face the uneasiness of his. But their pastime was of short continuance. It was melancholy pretence. There was nothing hearty in it, except the dance of the child's forehead-locks tossed to and fro in the clear moonshine.

I soon found out the cause of this depression. He was beginning to be pinched under an ugly coalition—an increasing family, decreasing business and times taxed to the uttermost. The gentlefolks living about the great squares did not spend so much money as formerly in decking their windows and balconies with early flowers and rare exotics; and this was an important source of Wilson's revenue. We bore up, however, with sad patience, for a long time; till hunger thinned and stretched the round faces of his children, and his wife's endearments, instead of coming with hope and encouragement, seemed like tokens of love growing more spiritual and devoted under despair; they were embraces hallowed and made sublime by famine. All this was more than the poor man could bear. The failing voices of his unconconscious children, were like madness bringing sounds in his ears, and one night, losing in the tumult of his thoughts all distinction between right and wrong, he rushed forth and committed a robbery.

He was not absent long, and returned, as I have been told, in a delirium of joy which was fearful to see. He danced, shouted, sang, and threw money on the table, crying out, "There! we will have plenty of bread now, and meat too. Ah, little ones! you need not stare at me so gravely, with those curious fixed eyes. Laugh, my chicks; and rejoice; for what I say is true;—true, that we will eat. Here, wife, go and get them plenty: they must not look so pale any longer. And, that's a good creature, bring me in some brandy. I am not hungry. Ask no questions, if you love me; but run, and get food for yourself and the children. We'll all be merry. Betsy, my child, come and kiss me."

But, alas! in a day or two he fell from this temporary elevation, and the want returned—stronger, fiercer, more hopeless. He had done no good to his family, but had burdened himself with a crime. It was deplorable to see him mope about the weedy walks of his garden.

I shall never forget, as long as I live, the hour when he was apprehended by the officers of justice.

A knock was heard at the outer gate, and on Mrs. Wilson's going to open it, two men rushed by her into the house and seized her pale and trembling husband; who, although he expected and dreaded such an event, was so staggered by it, as to lose for a few moments his consciousness of all about him. The first thing he saw on coming to himself was his wife stretched at his feet in a fearful swoon, and, as he was hurried off, he turned his eye towards her with a heart-broken expression, calling out in a tone half raving and half imploring, "Look there, look there!"

It would be vain to attempt a description of the wretched hours passed by him and his wife in the interval which elapsed between this period and the time of his trial. The madness of his utter despair, perhaps, was less intolerable than the sickening agitation produced in her mind by the air-built hopes she dared to entertain in weary succession, and which were only born to be soon stricken back into nothing. This is indeed a ghastly and withering conflict. The poor woman, after enduring it for three weeks, could not be easily recognised by her old acquaintances. There were no traces left of the happy, bustling wife. She moved silently among her children; her face was emaciated, and hectic; and her eyes were red with the constant swell of tears. It was a mighty change.

The day of trial at length came on. Wilson was found guilty, and sentence of death was passed on him. The laws in their justice condemned him to be hanged, and the laws in their justice had enforced the taxation, the hard pressure of which had so mainly assisted to drive him into crime. But the world is inexplicable.

His wife did not survive the news many hours. She died in the night without a struggle. It was of no use to let the condemned man know this. I knew he would never ask to see her again; for their meetings in the prison had already been torturing beyond endurance.

I visited him in his cell two days before the time appointed for his execution. He was silent for many minutes after I entered, and I did not attempt to rouse him. At length with a voice quivering under an effort to be composed, he said: "Although Mr. Saville, I do not request (I was going to say I did not *wish*, but God knows how false that would be) to behold my wife again in this bitter world, because such a dreary meeting would drive her mad, yet I think it would do me good if I could see my child, my eldest girl, my little Betsy. I know not why it is, but I have an idea that her soft prattle, ignorant as she is of my fate, would take something away from the dismal suffering I am to undergo on Wednesday. Therefore bring her, will you, this afternoon, and frame some post-

poning excuse for my poor wife. These, dear sir, are melancholy troubles, but I know you are very good."

In the afternoon, accordingly, I took the child who asked me several times on the road why her father did not come home. As we walked along the gloomy passages to his cell she clung close to me, and did not say a word. It was very different, poor thing, to the open and gay garden about which she was used to run.

The door of her father's miserable dungeon was soon opened, and the child rushed into his arms. "I do not like you to live in this dark place, father," she cried; "come home with me and Mr. Saville, and see mother who is in bed."

"I cannot come just now, my child," he answered; "you must stay a little with me, and throw your arms round my neck, and lean your face on mine."

The child did as she was bidden, and the poor man, straining her to him, sobbed bitterly and convulsively. After a few minutes, he looked with yearning eyes in her face, saying, "Come, my dear, sing your poor father that pretty song which you know you used to sing to him when he was tired on an evening. I am not well know. Look at me, my child, and sing."

How sad it was to hear the child's voice warbling in that dolorous place! She was sitting on his knee—returning his eager gaze with a half-perplexed expression; little thinking, poor thing, how soon he was to be snatched away, and hung by the neck, like a dog, till he was dead! I could scarcely bear it; but it seemed to have a contrary effect on the father. His eyes were lighted up, and a smile appeared in his countenance. The song* was of love, and woody retirement, and domestic repose, and the baffled frowns of fortune. While the child was singing, I left the cell to make some arrangements with the gaoler, who was walking close to the door. I had not, however, been thus engaged five minutes, before I heard something fall heavily, accompanied by a violent scream, and rushing into the cell, I saw the unhappy convict lying on the floor, and his little girl clinging round his neck. The gaoler and I lifted him up, and, alarmed at the hue of his face, called in the medical attendant of the prison, who soon told us the poor man was dead.

The account given by the child was, that after she had done singing, her father started, then looked sharply in her face, and with a strange and short laugh, fell from his chair. I suppose she had sung him into a temporary forgetfulness of his situation; that she had conjured into his mind with her innocent voice, a blessed dream of past days and enjoyments, and that the spell ceasing when her melody ceased, the truth of things had beat upon his heart with too stunning a contrast, and it had burst.

M. L. C.

"In my cottage near a wood."

JESSE CLIFFE.

A COUNTRY STORY.

LIVING as we do in the midst of rivers, water in all its forms, except indeed that of the trackless and mighty ocean, is familiar to our little inland county. The slow majestic Thames, the swift and wandering Kennett, the clear and brimming Loddon, all lend life and verdure to our rich and fertile valleys. Of the great river of England—whose course from its earliest source, near Cirencester, to where it rolls calm, equable, and full, through the magnificent bridges of our splendid metropolis, giving and reflecting beauty,* presents so grand an image of power in repose—it is not now my purpose to speak; nor am I about to expatiate on that still nearer and dearer stream, the pellucid Loddon,—although to be rowed by one dear and near friend up those transparent and meandering waters, from where they sweep at their extremest breadth under the lime-crowned terraces of the Old Park at Aberleigh, to the pastoral meadows of Sandford, through which the narrowed current wanders so brightly—now impeded by beds of white water-lilies, or feather-blossomed bulrushes, or golden flags—now overhung by thickets of the rich wayfaring tree, with its wealth of glorious berries, redder than rubies—now spanned from side to side by the fantastic branches of some aged oak;—although to be rowed along that clear stream, has long been amongst the choicest of

* There is nothing finer in London than the view from Waterloo-bridge on a July evening, whether coloured by the gorgeous hues of the setting sun reflected on the water in tenfold glory, or illuminated by a thousand twinkling lights from lamps, and boats, and houses, mingling with the mild beams of the rising moon. The calm and glassy river, gay with unnumbered vessels; the magnificent buildings which line its shores; the combination of all that is loveliest in art or in nature with all that is most animating in motion and in life, produce a picture gratifying alike to the eye and to the heart—and the more exhilarating, or rather perhaps the more soothing, because, for London, so singularly peaceful and quiet. It is like some gorgeous town in fairyland, astir with busy and happy creatures, the hum of whose voices comes floating from the craft upon the river, or the quays by the water side. Life is there, and sound, and motion; but blessedly free from the jostling of the streets, the rattling of the pavement, the crowd, the confusion, the tumult, and the din of the working day world. There is nothing in the great city like the scene from Waterloo-bridge at sunset. I see it in my mind's eye at this instant.

my summer pleasures, so exquisite is the scenery, so perfect and so unbroken the solitude. Even the shy and foreign-looking kingfisher, most gorgeous of English birds, who, like the wild Indian retiring before the foot of man, has nearly deserted our populous and cultivated country, knows and loves the lovely valley of the Loddon.

It is not, however, of the Loddon that I am now to speak. The scene of my little story belongs to a spot quite as solitary, but far less beautiful, on the banks of the Kennett, which, a few miles before its junction with the Thames, passes through a tract of wild marshy country—water-meadows at once drained and fertilised by artificial irrigation, and totally unmixured with arable land; so that the fields being for the most part too wet to admit the feeding of cattle, divided by deep ditches, undotted by timber, unchequered by cottages, and untraversed by roads, convey in their monotonous expanse (except perhaps at the gay season of haymaking) a feeling of dreariness and desolation, singularly contrasted with the picturesque and varied scenery, rich, glowing, sunny, bland, of the equally solitary Loddon meadows.

A large portion of these English prairies, comprising a farm called The Moors, was, at the time of which I write, in the occupation of a wealthy yeoman named John Cobham, who, the absentee tenant of an absentee landlord, resided upon a small property of his own about two miles distant, leaving the large deserted house, and dilapidated outbuildings, to sink into gradual decay. Barns half unthatched, tumble-down cart-houses, palings rotting to pieces, and pigsties in ruins, contributed, together with a grand collection of substantial and dingy ricks of fine old hay—that most valuable but most gloomy looking species of agricultural property—to the general aspect of desolation by which the place was distinguished. One solitary old labourer, a dreary bachelor, inhabited, it is true, a corner of the old roomy house, calculated for the convenient accommodation of the patriarchal family of sons and daughters, men-servants and maid-servants, of which a farmer's household consisted in former days; and one open window (the remainder were bricked up to avoid taxes), occasionally a door ajar, and still more rarely a thin wreath of smoke ascending from one of the cold dismal-looking chimneys, gave token that the place was not wholly abandoned. But the uncultivated garden, the grass growing in the bricked court, the pond green with duckweed, and the absence of all living things, cows, horses, pigs, turkeys, geese, or chickens—and still more of those talking, as well as living things, women and children—all impressed on the beholder that strange sensation of melancholy which few can have failed to experience at the sight of an uninhabited

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JESSE CLIFFE.

A COUNTRY STORY.

LIVING as we do in the midst of rivers, water in all its forms, except indeed that of the trackless and mighty ocean, is familiar to our little inland county. The slow majestic Thames, the swift and wandering Kennett, the clear and brimming Loddon, all lend life and verdure to our rich and fertile valleys. Of the great river of England—whose course from its earliest source, near Cirencester, to where it rolls calm, equable, and full, through the magnificent bridges of our splendid metropolis, giving and reflecting beauty,* presents so grand an image of power in repose—it is not now my purpose to speak ; nor am I about to expatiate on that still nearer and dearer stream, the pellucid Loddon,—although to be rowed by one dear and near friend up those transparent and meandering waters, from where they sweep at their extremest breadth under the lime-crowned terraces of the Old Park at Aberleigh, to the pastoral meadows of Sandford, through which the narrowed current wanders so brightly—now impeded by beds of white water-lilies, or feather-blossomed bulrushes, or golden flags—now overhung by thickets of the rich wayfaring tree, with its wealth of glorious berries, redder than rubies—now spanned from side to side by the fantastic branches of some aged oak ;—although to be rowed along that clear stream, has long been amongst the choicest of

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whilst the poor girl whom he had seduced and abandoned, with sense enough to feel her misery, although hardly sufficient to be responsible for the sin, fretted, mourned, and pined—losing, she hardly knew how, the half-unconscious light-heartedness which had almost seemed a compensation for her deficiency of intellect, and with that light-heartedness losing also her bodily strength, her flesh, her colour, and her appetite, until, about a twelvemonth after the birth of her boy, she fell into a decline and died.

Poor Jesse, born and reared in the workhouse, soon began to evince symptoms of the peculiarities of both his parents. Half-witted like his mother, wild and roving as his father—it was found impossible to check his propensity to an out-of-door life.

From the moment, postponed as long as possible in such establishments, in which he doffed the petticoat—a moment, by the way, in which the obstinate and masterful spirit of the ungente sex often begins to show itself in nurseries of a far more polished description;—from that moment may Jesse's wanderings be said to commence. Disobedience lurked in the habit masculine. The wilful urchin stood, like some dandy apprentice, contemplating his brown sturdy legs as they stuck out from his new trowsers, already (such was the economy of the taylor employed on the occasion,) “a world too short,” and the first use he made of those useful supporters was to run away. And so little did any one really care for the poor child, that not being missed till night-fall, or sought after till the next morning, he had strayed far enough when, at last picked up, identified by the parish mark on his new jacket, and found to be half frozen (it was mid-winter when his first elopement happened), half starved, half drowned, and more than half dead of fatigue and exhaustion. “It will be a lesson!” said the moralizing matron of the workhouse, as, after a sound scolding, she fed the little culprit and put him to bed. “It will be a lesson to the rover!” And so it proved; for, after being recruited by a few days' nursing, he ran away again.

When recovered the second time, he was whipped as well as fed—another lesson which only made the stubborn recusant run the faster. Then, upon his next return, they shut him up in a dark den appropriately called the black-hole, a restraint which, of course, increased his zest for light and liberty, and in the first moment of freedom—a moment greatly accelerated by his own strenuous efforts in the shape of squalling, bawling, roaring, and stamping, unparalleled and insupportable, even in that mansion of din—in the very instant of freedom he was off again; he ran away from work; he ran away from school; certain to be again immersed in his dismal dungeon as soon as he could be recaptured; so that his whole childhood became a series of alternate imprisonments and escapes.

That he should be so often lost was, considering his propensities and the proverbial cunning of his caste, not, perhaps; very remarkable. But the number of times and the variety of ways in which, in spite of the little trouble taken in searching for him, he was sent back to the place from whence he came, was really something wonderful. If any creature in the world had cared a straw for the poor child, he must have been lost over and over; nobody did care for him, and he was as sure to turn up as a light guinea. He has been cried like *Found Goods* in Belford Market; advertised like a strayed donkey in the *H——shire Courant*; put for safe keeping into compters, cages, roundhouses, and bridewells; passed, by different constables, through half the parishes in the county; and so frequently and minutely described in handbills and the *Hue and Cry*, that by the time he was twelve years old, his stature, features, and complexion were as well known to the rural police as those of some great state criminal. In a word, "the lad *would* live;" and the Aberleigh overseers, who would doubtless have been far from inconsolable if they had never happened to hear of him again, were reluctantly obliged to make the best of their bargain.

Accordingly, they placed him as a sort of boy of all work at "the shop" at Hinton, where he remained, upon an accurate computation, somewhere about seven hours; then they put him with a butcher at Langley, where he staid about five hours and a half, arriving at dusk, and escaping before midnight; then with a baker at Belford, in which good town he sojourned the (for him) unusual space of two nights and a day; and then they apprenticed him to Master Samuel Goddard, an eminent dealer in cattle, leaving his new master to punish him according to law, provided he should run away again. Run away of course he did; but as he had contrived to earn for himself a comfortably bad character for stupidity and laziness, and as he timed his evasion well—during the interval between the sale of a bargain of Devonshire stots, and the purchase of a lot of Scotch kyloes, when his services were little needed—and as Master Samuel Goddard had too much to do and to think of to waste his time and his trouble on a search after a heavy-looking under-drover, with a considerable reputation for laziness, Jesse, for the first time in his life, escaped his ordinary penalties of pursuit and discovery—the parish officers contenting themselves by notifying to Master Samuel Goddard, that they considered their responsibility, legal as well as moral, completely transferred to him in virtue of their indentures, and that, whatever might be the future destiny of his unlucky apprentice, whether frozen or famished, hanged or drowned, the blame would rest with the cattle-dealer aforesaid, to whom they re-

solved to refer all claims on their protection, whether advanced by Jesse himself or by others.

Small intention had Jesse Cliffe to return to their protection or their workhouse! The instinct of freedom was strong in the poor boy—quick and strong as in the beast of the field, or the bird of the air. He betook himself to the Moors (one of his earliest and favourite haunts) with a vague assurance of safety in the deep solitude of those wide-spreading meadows, and the close coppices that surrounded them; and at little more than twelve years of age he began a course of lonely, half-savage, self-dependent life, such as has rarely been heard of in this civilized country. How he lived is to a certain point a mystery. Not by stealing. That was agreed on all hands—except indeed, as to a few roots of turnips and potatoes, and a few ears of unripe corn, in their several seasons. Ripe corn for his winter's hoard he gleaned after the fields were cleared, with a scrupulous honesty that might have read a lesson to peasant children of a happier nurture. And they who had opportunities to watch the process, said that it was curious to see him bruise the grain between large stones, knead the rude flour with fair water, mould his simple cakes, and then bake them in a primitive oven formed by his own labour in a dry bank of the coppice, and heated by rotten wood shaken from the tops of the trees, (which he climbed like a squirrel), and kindled by a flint and a piece of an old horse-shoe;—such was his unsophisticated cookery! Nuts and berries from the woods; fish from the Kennett—caught with such tackle as might be constructed of a stick and a bit of pack-thread, with a strong pin or needle formed into a hook; and perhaps an occasional rabbit or partridge, entrapped by some such rough and inadequate contrivance, formed his principal support; a modified, and, according to his vague notions of right and wrong, an innocent form of poaching, since he sought only what was requisite for his own consumption, and would have shunned as a sin the killing game to sell. Money, indeed, he little needed. He formed his bed of fern or dead grass, in the deepest recesses of the coppice—a natural shelter; and the renewal of raiment, which warmth and decency demanded, he obtained by emerging from his solitude, and joining such parties as a love of field sports brought into his vicinity in the pursuit of game—an inspiring combination of labour and diversion, which seemed to awaken something like companionship and sympathy even in this wild boy of the moors, one in which his knowledge of the haunts and habits of wild animals, his strength, activity, and actual insensibility to hardship or fatigue, rendered his services of more than ordinary value. There was not so good a hare-finder throughout that division

of the county ; and it was curious to observe how completely his skill in sportsmanship overcame the contempt with which groomsmen and gamekeepers, to say nothing of their less fine and more tolerant masters, were wont to regard poor Jesse's ragged garments, the sunburnt hair and skin, the want of words to express even his simple meaning, and, most of all, the strange obliquity of taste which led him to prefer Kennett water to Kennett ale. Sportsmanship, sheer sportsmanship, carried him through all !

Jesse was, as I have said, the most popular hare-finder of the country-side, and during the coursing season was brought by that good gift into considerable communication with his fellow creatures ; amongst the rest with his involuntary landlord, John Cobham.

John Cobham was a fair specimen of an English yeoman of the old school : honest, generous, brave, and kind ; but, in at least an equal degree, ignorant, obstinate, and prejudiced. His first impression respecting Jesse had been one of strong dislike, fostered and cherished by the old labourer, Daniel Thorpe, who, accustomed for twenty years to reign sole sovereign of that unpeopled territory, was as much startled at the sight of Jesse's wild, ragged figure and sunburnt face, as Robinson Crusoe when he first spied the track of a human foot upon *his* desert island. It was natural that old Daniel should feel his monarchy, or, more correctly speaking, his vice-royalty invaded and endangered ; and at least equally natural that he should communicate his alarm to his master, who sallied forth one November morning to the Moors, fully prepared to drive the intruder from his grounds, and resolved, if necessary, to lodge him in the County Bridewell before night.

But the good farmer, who chanced to be a keen sportsman, and to be followed that day by a favourite greyhound, was so dulcified by the manner in which the delinquent started a hare at the very moment of Venus's passing, and still more by the culprit's keen enjoyment of a capital single-handed course, (in which Venus had even excelled herself,) that he could not find in his heart to take any harsh measures against him, for that day at least, more especially as Venus seemed to have taken a fancy to the lad---so his expulsion was postponed to another season ; and before that season arrived, poor Jesse had secured the goodwill of an advocate far more powerful than Venus---an advocate who, contrasted with himself, looked like Ariel by the side of Caliban, or Titania watching over Bottom the Weaver.

John Cobham had married late in life, and had been left, after seven years of happy wedlock, a widower with five children. In his family he may be said to have been singularly

fortunate, and singularly unfortunate. Promising in no common degree, his sons and daughters, inheriting their mother's fragile constitution as well as her amiable character, fell victims one after another to the flattering and fatal disease which had carried her off in the prime of life; one of them only, the eldest son, leaving any issue; and his little girl, an orphan (for her mother had died in bringing her into the world), was now the only hope and comfort of her doting grandfather, and of a maiden grand-aunt who lived with him as housekeeper, and, having officiated as head-nurse in a nobleman's family, was well calculated to bring up a delicate child.

And delicate in all that the word conveys of beauty—delicate as the Virgins of Guido, or the Angels of Corregio, as the valley lily, or the maiden rose---was at five years old, the little charmer, Phœbe Cobham. But it was a delicacy so blended with activity and power, so light and airy, and buoyant and spirited, that the admiration which it awakened was wholly unmingled with fear. Fair, blooming, polished, and pure, her complexion had at once the colouring and the texture of a flower-leaf; and her regular and lovely features—the red smiling lips, the clear blue eyes, the curling golden hair, and the round, yet slender figure—formed a most rare combination of childish beauty. The expression, too, at once gentle and lively, the sweet and joyous temper, the quick intellect, and the affectionate heart, rendered little Phœbe one of the most attractive children that the imagination can picture. Her grandfather idolized her; taking her with him in his walks, never weary of carrying her when her own little feet were tired, and it was wonderful how many miles those tiny feet, aided by the gay and buoyant spirit, would compass in the course of the day; and so bent was he upon keeping her constantly with him, and constantly in the open air (which he justly considered the best means of warding off the approaches of that disease which had proved so fatal to his family), that he even had a pad constructed, and took her out before him on horseback.

A strange contrast formed the old farmer, so gruff and bluff-looking—with his stout square figure, his weather-beaten face, short grey hair, and dark bushy eyebrows—to the slight and graceful child, her aristocratic beauty set off by exactly the same style of paraphernalia that had adorned the young Lady Janes and Lady Marys, Mrs. Dorothy's former charge, and her habitual grace of demeanour adding fresh elegance to the most studied elegancies of the toilet! A strange contrast!—but one which seemed as nothing compared with that which was soon to follow: for Phœbe, happening to be with her grandfather and her great friend and playmate Venus, a jet-black greyhound of the very highest breed, whose fine-limbed and

shining beauty was almost as elegant and aristocratic as that of Phœbe herself; the little damsel, happening to be with her grandfather when, instigated by Daniel Thorpe's grumbling accusation of broken fences and I know not what, he was a second time upon the point of warning poor Jesse off the ground—was so moved by the culprit's tattered attire and helpless condition as he stood twirling, between long lean fingers, the remains of what had once been a hat, that she interceded most warmly in his behalf.

"Don't turn him off the Moors, grandpapa," said Phœbe, "pray don't! never mind old Daniel! I'm sure he'll do no harm;—will you, Jesse? Venus likes him, grandpapa; see how she puts her pretty nose into his hand; and Venus never likes bad people. How often I have heard you say that. And I like him, poor fellow! He looks so thin and so pitiful. Do let him stay, dear grandpapa!"

And John Cobham sat down on the bank, and took the pitying child in his arms, and kissed and blessed her, and said that, since she wished it, Jesse *should* stay; adding, in a sort of soliloquy, that he hoped she never would ask him to do what was wrong, for he could refuse her nothing.

And Jesse—what did he say to these, the first words of kindness that he had ever heard from human lips? or rather, what did he feel? for beyond a muttered "Thankye," speak he could not. But gratitude worked strongly in the poor boy's heart; gratitude!—so new, so overpowering, and inspired by one so sweet, so lovely, so gentle as his protectress, and, as far as he was concerned, all-powerful; and yet a mere infant whom he might protect as well as serve. It was a strange mixture of feelings, all good, and all delightful; a stirring of impulses, a quickening of affections, a striking of chords never touched before. Substitute the sacred innocence of childhood for the equally sacred power of virgin purity, and his feelings of affectionate reverence, of devoted service and submission, much resembled those entertained by the Satyr towards "the holy shepherdess," in Fletcher's exquisite drama.* The

"rough thing, who never knew
Manners nor smooth humanity,"

could not have spoken or have thought such words as these;

* That matchless Pastoral, "The Faithful Shepherdess," is so much less known than talked of, that I subjoin the passage in question. One more beautiful can hardly be found in the wide range of English poetry.

Satyr. Through yon same bending plain,
That flings his arms down to the main,

but so far as our English climate and his unfruitful territory might permit, he put much of the poetry into action.

Sluggish of intellect, and uncouth of demeanour, as the poor lad seemed, it was quite wonderful how quickly he discovered

And through these thick woods, have I run,
Whose depths have never kiss'd the sun :
Since the lusty spring began,
All to please my master, Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit ; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.

[He sees Clorin and stands amazed.]

But behold a fairer sight !
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great, immortal race
Of the Gods ; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty,
Than dull, weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold
And live ! Therefore on this mould
Slowly do I bend my knee,
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land,
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits ; and but lend
Belief to that the ladye tells :
Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poet's good ;
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus ; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel whose teeth crack 'em.
Deign, oh fairest fair, to take 'em !
For these black-eyed Dryope
Hath often times commanded me,
With my clasped knee to climb :
See how well the lusty time
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green ;
These are of that luscious sweet,
The great god Pan himself doth eat ;
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain, or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong ;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade

the several ways in which he might best please and gratify his youthful benefactress.

Phoebe loved flowers; and from the earliest tuft of violets ennobled under the sunny southern hedge, to the last lingering sprig of woodbine shaded by some time-hallowed oak, the blossoms of the meadow and the coppice were laid under contribution for her posies.

Phoebe had her own little garden; and to fill that garden, Jesse was never weary of seeking after the roots of such wild plants as he himself thought pretty, or such as he found (one can hardly tell how) were considered by better judges to be worthy of a place in the parterre. The different orchises, for instance, the white and lilac primrose, the crimson oxslip, the lily of the valley, the chequered tritillery, which blows so freely along the banks of the Kennett, and the purple campanula which covers with equal profusion the meadows of the Thames, all found their way to Phoebe's flower-plats. He brought her in summer evenings glow-worms enough to form a constellation on the grass; and would spend half a July day in chasing for her some glorious insect, dragon-fly, or bee-bird, or golden beetle, or gorgeous butterfly. He not only bestowed upon her sloes, and dew-berries, and hazel-nuts "brown as the squirrel whose teeth crack 'em," but caught for her the squirrel itself. He brought her a whole litter of dormice, and tamed for her diversion a young magpie, whose first effort at flattery was "Pretty Phoebe!"

I must go,—I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun.
Clorin. And all my fears go with thee!
What greatness or what private hidden power
Is there in me to draw submission
From this rude man and beast? sure I am mortal;
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal: Prick my hand
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink
Makes me a cold. My fear says I am mortal.
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,
And now I do believe it) if I keep
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires,
Or voices calling me in dead of night
To make me follow, and so tempt me on
Through mire and standing pools to find my swain:
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners nor smooth humanity, whose herds
Are rougher than himself, and more misshapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? &c. &c.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Works (Seward's edition), vol. iii., p. 117—121.

But his greatest gift of all, most prized both by donor and receiver, (albeit her tender heart smote her as she accepted them, and she made her faithful slave promise most faithfully to take no more), was a grand string of birds' eggs, long enough to hang in festoons round, and round, and round her play-room, and sufficiently various and beautiful to gratify more fastidious eyes than those of our little heroine.

To collect this rope of variously tinted beads—a natural rosary—he had sought the mossy and hair-lined nest of the hedge-sparrow for her turquoise-like rounds; had scrambled up the chimney-corner to bear away those pearls of the land, the small white eggs of the house-martin; had found deposited in an old magpie's nest the ovals of the sparrow-hawk, red and smooth as the finest coral; had dived into the ground-mansion of the skylark for her lilac-tinted shells, and groped amongst the bushes for the rosy-tinted ones of the woodlark; climbed the tallest trees for the sea-green eggs of the rooks; had pilfered the spotted treasures from the snug dwelling which the wren constructed in the eaves; and, worst of all,—I hardly like to write it, I hardly care to think, that Jesse could have committed such an outrage,—and, worst of all, in the very midst of that varied garland might be seen the brown and dusky egg, as little showy as its quaker-like plumage, the dark-brown egg from which should have issued that “angel of the air,” the songstress, famous in every land, the unparagoned nightingale. It is but just towards Jesse to add, that he took the nest in a mistake, and was quite unconscious of the mischief he had done until it was too late to repair it.

Of course these gifts were not only graciously accepted but duly returned; cakes, apples, tarts, and gingerbread, halfpence in profusion, and now and then a new shilling, or a bright sixpence—all, in short that poor Phœbe had to bestow, she showered upon her uncouth favourite, and she would fain have amended his condition by more substantial benefits; but authoritative as she was with her grandfather in other instances, in this alone her usual powers of persuasion utterly failed. Whether infected by old Daniel's dislike (and be it observed, an unfounded prejudice, that sort of prejudice for which he who entertains it does not pretend to account even to himself, is unluckily not only one of the most contagious feelings in the world, but one of the most invincible:) whether farmer Cobham were inoculated with old Daniel's hatred of Jesse, or had taken that very virulent disease the natural way, nothing could exceed the bitterness of the aversion which gradually grew up in his mind towards the poor lad. That Venus liked him, and Phœbe liked him, added strength to the feeling. He would have been ashamed to confess himself jealous of their good will towards such an object, and yet most certainly jealous he was. He did not drive him from his shelter

in the Moors, because of having unwarily passed his word—his word, which, with yeomanry pride, John Cobham held as sacred as his bond—to let him remain until he committed some offence; but, for this offence, both he and Daniel watched and waited with an impatience and irritability that contrasted strangely with the honourable self-restraint that withheld him from direct abuse of his power.

For a long time, Daniel and his master waited in vain. Jesse, whom they had entertained some vague hopes of chasing away by angry looks and scornful words, had been so much accustomed all his life-long to taunts and contumely, that it was a great while before he became conscious of their unkindness; and when at last it forced itself upon his attention, he shrank away crouching and cowering, and buried himself in the closest recesses of the coppice, until the footstep of the reviler had passed by. One look at his sweet little friend repaid him twenty-fold; and although farmer Cobham had really worked himself into believing that there was danger in allowing the beautiful child to approach poor Jesse, and had therefore on different pretences forbidden her visit to the Moors, she did yet happen in her different walks to encounter that devoted adherent oftener than would be believed possible by any one who has not been led to remark, how often in this best of all possible worlds, an earnest and innocent wish does as it were fulfil itself.

At last, however, a wish of a very different nature came to pass. Daniel Thorpe detected Jesse in an actual offence against that fertile source of crime and misery, the game laws.

Thus the affair happened.

During many weeks, the whole neighbourhood had been infested by a gang of bold sturdy pilferers, roving vagabonds, begging by day, stealing and poaching by night—who had committed such extensive devastations over the poultry and linen of the village, as well as the game in the preserves, that the whole population was upon the alert; and the lonely coppices of the Moors rendering that spot one peculiarly likely to attract the attention of the gang, old Daniel, re-enforced by a stout lad as a sort of extra-guard, kept a most jealous watch over his territory.

Perambulating the outside of the wood one evening at sunset, he heard the cry of a hare; and climbing over the fence, had the unexpected pleasure of seeing our friend Jesse in the act of taking a leveret still alive from the wire. "So, so, master Jesse! Thou be'st turned poacher, be'st thou?" ejaculated Daniel, with a malicious chuckle, seizing, at one fell grip, the lad and the hare.

"Miss Phoebe!" ejaculated Jesse, submitting himself to the old man's grasp, but struggling to retain the leveret, "Miss Phoebe!"

"Miss Phoebe, indeed!" responded Daniel, "she saved thee

once, my lad, but thy time's come now. What do'st thee want of the leveret, mon? Do'st not thee know that 'tis part of the evidence against thee? Well, he may carry that whilst I carry the snare. Master'll be main glad to see un. He always suspected the chap. And for the matter of that so did I. Miss Phœbe, indeed! Come along my mon, I warrant thou hast seen thy last o' Miss Phœbe. Come on wi' ye."

And Jesse was hurried as fast as Daniel's legs would carry him to the presence of farmer Cobham.

On entering the house (not the old deserted homestead of the Moors, but the comfortable dwelling-house at Aberleigh), Jesse delivered the panting trembling leveret to the first person he met, with no other explanation then might be comprised in the words, "Miss Phœbe!" and followed Daniel quietly to the hall.

"Poaching, was he? Taking the hare from the wire? And you saw him? You can swear to the fact?" quoth John Cobham, rubbing his hands with unusual glee. "Well, now we shall be fairly rid of the fellow! Take him to the Chequers, for the night, Daniel, and get another man beside yourself to sit up with him. It's too late to disturb Sir John this evening. To-morrow morning we'll take him to the Hall. See that the constable's ready by nine o'clock. No doubt but Sir John will commit him to the county bridewell.

"Oh, grandpapa!" exclaimed Phœbe, darting into the room with the leveret in her arms, and catching the last words. Oh grandpapa! poor Jesse!"

"Miss Phœbe!" ejaculated the culprit.

"Oh, grandfather, its all my fault," continued Phœbe; "and if any body is to go to prison, you ought to send me. I had been reading about Cowper's hares, and I wanted a young hare to tame: I took a fancy for one, and told poor Jesse! And to think of his going to prison for that!"

"And did you tell him to set a wire for the hare, Phœbe?"

"A wire! What is that?" said the bewildered child. "But I dare say," added she, upon Farmer Cobham's explaining the nature of the snare, "I dare say that the poachers set the wire, and that he only took up the hare for me, to please my foolish fancy! Oh, grandpapa! Poor Jesse!" and Phœbe cried as if her heart would break.

"God bless you, Miss Phœbe!" said Jesse.

"All this is nonsense!" exclaimed the unrelenting farmer. "Take the prisoner to the Chequers, Daniel, and get another man to keep you company in sitting up with him. Have as much strong beer as you like, and be sure to bring him and the constable here by nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Oh, grandfather you'll be sorry for this! I did not think

you had been so hard-hearted!" sobbed Phœbe. "You'll be very sorry for this."

"Yes, very sorry. God bless you Miss Phœbe," said Jesse.

"What! Does he threaten? Take him off, Daniel. And you, Phœbe, go to bed and compose yourself. Heaven bless thee, my darling!" said the fond grandfather, smoothing her hair, as, the tears still chasing each other down her cheeks, she stood leaning against his knee. "Go to bed and to sleep, my precious! and, Dorothy, bring me my pipe:" and wondering why the fulfilment of a strong desire should not make him happier, the honest farmer endeavoured to smoke away his cares.

In the mean while old Daniel conducted Jesse to the Chequers, and having lodged him safely in an upper room, sought out "an ancient, trusty, drouthy crony," with whom he sate down to carouse in the same apartment with his prisoner. It was a dark, cold, windy, October night, and the two warders sate cosily by the fire, enjoying their gossip and their ale, while the unlucky delinquent placed himself pensively by the window. About midnight the two old men were startled by his flinging open the casement.

"Miss Phœbe! Look! look!"

"What? Where?" inquired Daniel.

"Miss Phœbe!" repeated the prisoner; and, looking in the direction to which Jesse pointed, they saw the flames bursting from farmer Cobham's house.

In a very few seconds they had alarmed the family, and sprang forth in the direction of the fire; the prisoner accompanying them, unnoticed in the confusion.

"Luckily, master's always insured to the value of all he's worth, stock and goods," quoth the prudent Daniel.

"Miss Phœbe!" exclaimed Jesse: and even as he spoke he burst in the door, darted up the staircase, and returned with the trembling child in his arms, followed by aunt Dorothy and the frightened servants.

"Grandpapa! Dear grandpapa! Where is grandpapa? Will no one save my dear grandpapa?" cried Phœbe.

And placing the little girl at the side of her aunt, Jesse again mounted the blazing staircase. For a few moments all gave him up for lost. But he returned tottering under the weight of a man scarcely yet aroused from heavy sleep, and half suffocated by the smoke and flames.

"Miss Phœbe! He's safe, Miss Phœbe!—Down, Venus, down!—He's safe, Miss Phœbe! And now, I shan't mind going to prison, 'cause when I come back you'll be living at the *Moors*. Shan't you Miss Phœbe? And I shall see you every day!"

And the gentle reader must settle whether poor Jesse did go

to prison ;—for my part I think he did not ;—and whether John Cobham and his family, including Miss Phœbe, really took up their abode at the Moors. If I were to guess, I should say that they did, and that the good farmer and old Daniel took as strong a liking to Jesse, as Venus and Phœbe had done before them. But this is only guessing : I do not pretend to any certain knowledge, and leave the courteous reader to settle the matter whatever way it may please him best.

M. R. MITFORD.

THE ALCHYMIST.

The incident which forms the groundwork of the following tale, is taken from an undated manuscript, in the library of a French nobleman ; and is evidently the same on which Mr. Milman has founded the plot of his Tragedy of "Fazio."

DURING the civil wars of Genoa, which drove so many of her citizens to seek an asylum in other states, an Italian, named Grimaldi, took up his abode in Pisa. The refugee was a man whose idol, from his youth upward, had been gold ; and, with the firmness of a true devotee, he would have remained to perish in his native city, had he been unable to succeed in transporting with him his god. Accordingly, the few coffers which accompanied him, and which contained, as he said, his scanty wardrobe, were reported to enclose a heavier and a richer lading ; and the aspect of yearly-increasing poverty which he assumed, and which was in direct contradiction to his unceasing (and, as was well known, productive) industry, had the unwelcome effect of making him to be supposed richer than, perhaps, he really was. Like many another of his class, this wretch was the victim of a caution which overshot its mark. His miserable fare and tattered garments could impose on no one, in a city where his accumulated usuries were known. His increasing care to appear a beggar, was held to be the measure of his increasing wealth. His superabundant precautions to defend his dwelling against the robber, were a signal to the robber that it contained much which would repay an attack ; and the utter solitude in which he lived and moved (at once from fear and avarice) was the very circumstance to facilitate the enterprises of the thief whom his rumoured hordes might attract.

One evening, as he was returning late to his lonely dwelling, after a day on which he was known to have reaped a rich harvest from his unholy traffic, Grimaldi was suddenly struck by a po-

niard as he turned into a narrow street and passed within the shadow of an overhanging upper-story. The blow, which was no doubt intended to have been instantly mortal, as the prelude to robbery, had not been delivered with a hand sufficiently steady to ensure that effect: and the miser, under the impulse of a fear which was ever, more or less, present to him, (and now at length sufficiently justified), had strength left to fly from this substantial murderer, as he had often before done from shadowy ones. The night was stormy, and the street utterly dark—save at its further extremity, where it was crossed by a line of vivid light which streamed outward from a half-open door. Towards this welcome beacon the wounded usurer fled, in the strength of a terror which drowned the sense of pain (though, apparently, he was not pursued); dashing aside the unresisting door, and rushing through the outer apartment into an inner chamber communicating therewith, from whence the light issued, he presented himself, amid the glare of lamps and the glow of a huge furnace, before the eyes of its astonished inmate—with the dagger still remaining in his wound, and features on which the most sordid amongst the human passions were maintaining a desperate struggle (but which was evidently to be an unavailing one) against the strong hand of death.

The apartment into which the dying usurer had thus abruptly and fearfully intruded, was the work-room of a goldsmith named Ricciardo; who, all his life, had been, like Grimaldi, a seeker after fortune, but by far other means and with far other success. No two subjects of the same idolatry could well have been of dispositions more diametrically opposed. Gifted with a keen intellect and an ardent temperament, with strong passions and acute sensibilities, the spirit of Ricciardo thirsted after gold,—not, as did the miser's, for its own sake, but for the sake of all which it could minister to those passions and those sensibilities; and the energies of his powerful mind had long been employed in an endeavour to snatch from science the secrets by which (like many another enthusiast of his time), he believed that the precious metal which he coveted might be obtained. Love---which, in a breast like his, was an overmastering spirit---had, in spite of poverty, early linked to his hard fortunes a wife and two children; and, goaded on by their necessities—in addition to his own desires, his youth was wasting away in the eager search after the philosopher's stone. The slow but more certain process by which the usurer transmuted the wants of others into the precious metals for himself, was ill adapted to the Rosicrucian spirit of the enthusiastic goldsmith; and the last remnant of his exhausted fortunes was at length staked upon that final venture which was, in its result, to leave him a beggar, or open up for him the path to boundless wealth. On the night in question

his family had been removed, under pretence of visiting a sick relation of his wife ; and Ricciardo sat alone by his glowing fire, wrapt in the dreams of alchymy, and watching, with a throbbing heart, for the hour of projection, which he believed to be at hand. It was to temper the suffocating air flung from the intensely heated furnace, that the door of his outer shop had been left open to the street.

The kindly nature of the goldsmith was readily aroused from his own engrossing speculations, by the fearful spectacle which so suddenly presented itself before him ; and, after a few words of hurried inquiry and broken explanation, he applied himself, even amid this crisis of his own fortunes, to render to his neighbour such aid as might be in his power. Having made due provision for staunching the blood which was likely to follow, he set about the attempt to extract the weapon from the breast of the wounded man. The fears and struggles of the usurer rendered this a task of some difficulty ; and when, at length, it was accomplished, the operation was not followed by the expected stream. The muscles of the face, however, which had been tightened by the spasms of pain, were fast relaxing ; the dews of death were gathering thick and heavy on the miser's brow ; and it was obvious to the goldsmith that the hemorrhage was internal, and the wounded man beyond the reach of remedy.

Amid the insane terrors of the dying wretch, it was difficult to get from him any particulars which might throw light upon the event, the issue of which was so fast approaching. From his incoherent ravings, however, and in answer to the anxious inquiries of the goldsmith, the latter gathered (as he believed), that the sums which the usurer had that day received,—and which had, no doubt, tempted the assassin's blow,—had been deposited in his home, previously to his last departure therefrom, and that the murderer would, therefore, have missed his booty, even had his arm struck with more instant success. It was while the alchymist thus hung above the dying miser, occupied in soothing his anguish and speaking peace to his fears, that he was startled, as if a trumpet had been blown close to his ear, by the sound of a low hissing, whose import he too well understood ; and turning, with a thrill of anguish, to his neglected crucibles, he perceived that the moment of projection had passed by, and his children were beggars ! A heavy sickness shot to the heart of the disappointed and ruined man,—which was succeeded by a space of entire unconsciousness ; and when, at length, he awoke from his syncope, and rose up with the slow measured action of despair, all in the chamber was silent and still. The glowing heat of the furnace was almost extinguished, in its own ashes ; and, by the misty light of the untrimmed lamps, the alchymist saw that the sordid spirit of the miser was gone, and that the



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wretched body before him had undergone the great transmutation.

Closing the door which gave access from the street, the goldsmith sat down to brood over his ruined fortunes. The body of the usurer lay where Ricciardo had placed him, previously to extracting the poniard; and, with this dismal object before his eyes, and in the half-dreaming mood into which he now speedily fell, (exhausted by the intensity of the last hour's sensations), it was natural enough that thoughts of the murdered man should become inextricably mingled with reflections upon his own desperate condition. The sudden apparition, and awful death, of the rich miser, were strangely blended with his loss of the grand arcanum; and the very instant of time which had so cruelly mocked his own thirst for gold, (when, as he verily believed, the draught had been within his reach,) had quenched that same thirst in the usurer's breast for ever. The same hour which had taken from the strong living man and father, his last fragment of wealth, had (before his eyes, and in a manner so closely connected with that event as to make the two operations seem almost identical,) left hordes of that same wealth masterless and unclaimed. The instant of projection, for which he had watched so anxiously and so long, had (in his very presence and by means conspicuously appealing to his imagination), been signalised by the sudden removal of one who had heaped up large treasures of the precious metal which that same instant had promised to his hopes. There was something in the coincidence which was sufficiently striking; and the mystical tendencies of the goldsmith's mind led him to see even more in it than might be reasonably suggested. Strange thoughts passed, wildly and unmarshalled, through his visionary spirit; and when, at length, he sank into a restless slumber, his dreams alternated between the pale faces of his famishing children and the red gold of the murdered miser.

A sleep thus haunted and troubled could not endure long, and the goldsmith was soon startled back into consciousness by the voice of the increasing storm. The lamps and the furnace had alike burnt out, and the flashes of lightning gave momentary glimpses of the awful thing which was his companion in that dark and silent chamber. The first movement of the goldsmith's re-awakened mind, was one of pity for the wretch who had met with so sudden and fearful a fate; but this was speedily exchanged for a feeling of uneasiness at his own singular situation. Rallying his powers for reflection, he felt that uneasiness by no means diminished by a further review of the strange circumstances in which he was placed. The tempestuous state of the weather had cleared the streets, at an early

hour; and he was the sole witness of the miser's death, and the sole depositary of his tale. The notorious wealth of the usurer, and his own poverty and anxious pursuit of gold, rendered it by no means a safe thing for the alchymist that the former should be found murdered in his house, and with every presumption that the murder must have taken place *there*,—since the streets had not been alarmed by the event, and none but the goldsmith could give any account of it. He saw, too, that the business on which he had been engaged when the wounded usurer appeared before him, by preventing his summoning his neighbours to his aid, would fearfully strengthen the suspicions which must inevitably be excited against him. It was incredible, (he felt that it was so), upon any other presumption than that of his guilt, that he should have suffered the wounded wretch to die in his chamber, without calling for relief to his sufferings, and witnesses to his deposition of facts. Thoroughly aroused to a sense of his own danger, the goldsmith proceeded to strike a light; and, in an agitation which, for the moment, overcame the sentiment of his own disappointment, set about a rapid examination of the body. The corpse was a loathsome spectacle. The grudging spirit of the miserable man had reached into the grave, and cheated the worms of their appointed repast by making a skeleton of his body during life. But the alchymist had far too deep an interest in other objects of his search, to encourage the disgust with which his unclean task inspired him; and, one by one, he deliberately proceeded to examine the thread-bare garments of the deceased. A bunch of massive keys was the only article which they yielded to his close search. Money there was none; and the goldsmith felt, with increased alarm, that this was another link in the strong chain of presumptions which was about to fetter him. The usurer's gains of the day were, no doubt, known to many individuals in the city; and if (as he had understood the dying man to intimate), these had been already mingled with the mass of his treasures, where was any evidence to rebut the suspicion which would inevitably connect their disappearance from his person with the murder?

In a state of now fully-awakened apprehension, the unfortunate goldsmith threw himself on his bed; and collected his thoughts for a decision on the course which, under the circumstances, it might be safest for him to pursue. He had much of the long dark night before him; but, on the morrow, to denounce the murder to the authorities was, he felt well assured, of necessity to give himself into their hands---without, as far as he could see, the possibility of furnishing any testimony by which he could rescue himself from the jealousy of the law. What, then, was the alternative? There was but one,—a very dangerous one,—certain to furnish irresistibly corroborative evidence

against him, if discovered; and *that* was, the concealment of the body and suppression of the facts.

As, however, he continued to reflect upon this alternative, his fears began gradually to subside. There was not a single circumstance to connect the disappearance of the usurer with Ricciardo or his home. No one had seen the usurer enter his house; no cry had been heard; no blood had been shed; and the alchemist had been conspicuously at work, far into the night, with his glowing furnace and his open door. It was, as it seemed to him, his single chance against the gallows. His fearful state of uncertainty and apprehension gave way before its contemplation; and, as his resolve was finally taken, the miser's keys, which he still held, were tightened in his grasp. Suddenly, the spasm of a moment shook his frame—the dew stood on his forehead,—and his breathing came hard and thick. A thought had passed into the goldsmith's mind, which sent the blood tumultuously to his heart. It presented itself, in the first instance, in the shape of a mere vague and formless suggestion; but the breast of the alchemist was one well fitted for its reception and nourishment,—and slowly and steadily it took shape and lineament. Here were the keys which gave access to the miser's treasure!—Such was its first shadowy aspect; but the goldsmith kept it steadily in view, and set his mind to work it into a form agreeable to his own imagination. The usurer was gone,—his death was unknown,—his absence would be, for some time, unsuspected—his gold was ownerless,—and Ricciardo held the talisman which made it his. The dead man had neither relative nor friend, so far as was known; his wealth *must* pass into stranger-hands, and why not into Ricciardo's, rather than any other? Nay, he even persuaded himself that he had a better right than others, in virtue of the attentions which he had bestowed upon the wounded man, and his ministrations at the death-bed of the miser. Was he not, perforce, the dead man's executor, about to render him the rite of burial?—and did not the friendless usurer's selection of *his* house for that closing scene and those final offices, properly constitute him his heir? Step by step, he brought himself to look upon it as a natural consequence of the position in which he found himself, and a fitting corollary to his scheme for the concealment of the body, that he should possess himself of the wealth so strangely offered to him in his very hour of need; and, in the spirit of transmutation for which he had so much taste, he felt that he had a title to change into his own benefit the heavy danger with which he had been thus innocently threatened.

The more the alchemist reflected on this matter, the more arguments did he find in favour of the view which he had adopted; and the longer his mind dwelt upon the riches thus presented to

his disposal, the better and more conclusive each of those arguments seemed to become. In the strong excitement to which his spirit was delivered, all the occult mysticism of his nature was brought out. The dreams which had presented his beggared family and the miser's gold, as in a common speculum, recurred to him, taking the character of a positive direction; and that singular coincidence which he had already remarked in the events of the night, now suggested itself with redoubled and irresistible meaning. The death of the rich miser, at the very instant when, engaged in the occupations of humanity, the alchemist had suffered the grand arcanum to escape him—at the very moment of projection—appeared to him an evident substitution, in which he must be morally blind not to recognise the direct interference of heaven. His imagination strengthened marvellously upon the nourishment with which he supplied it; and, in the calen-ture of his brain, he brought himself at last to see, in all the incidents of the night—in the storm—in the massacre of Grimaldi itself—in the fact of his own shop alone having been open, in all the street—and in that of the usurer transporting his wounded body thither to die, at the precise hour when the secret of his fortunes was to be solved—so many obvious parts of a providential scheme to crown his long cabalistic labours with success. His mind was in far too mystical a state to recognise how little his alembics and crucibles had had to do with the matter—and how surely the events which were about to lead him to fortune would have happened, in their order, without the aid of any of his alchymic preparations—save only the furnace, whose light had directed the wounded miser to his door. Neither was he in a condition to perceive that, in all his former experiments for the attainment of gold, the one ingredient in his combinations which had been wanting to their success, was precisely that on which he had stumbled, by accident, on the present occasion,—to wit, a rich old usurer, with a poniard in his pectoral artery. It is, however, scarcely to be wondered at that the necessity under which the goldsmith found himself, as the reward of his humanity, to conceal the old man's death, lest he should pay the penalty of murder, added weight to the many arguments which combined to convince him that he was the subject of a fatality, which distinctly pointed him out as the usurer's heir. His determination was therefore (and, finally, without any misgiving), taken; and, as the night was wearing onward, and there was much to do, no time was now to be lost in putting that determination into execution.

Providing himself therefore with a lantern, and the means of lighting it when he should arrive at his destination, the alchemist secured the ponderous keys in the folds of his cloak; and having carefully extinguished the light within his dwelling, and

securely fastened his door, he groped his way, through the darkness and tempest, to the miser's deserted abode. The storm had burst forth with renewed fury, as he left his home; and the aid which this circumstance contributed to the silence and secrecy of his expedition, was, in the excited state of his spirit, hailed as a further token of providential acquiescence in its object.

Arrived at the usurer's door, he found ready entrance by means of two of the larger keys which he had taken from the body; and stepping hastily across its threshold, stood within the naked walls of that lonely dwelling, which no stranger-step but his own had entered, since the day when its late occupant took up his abode therein. For an instant, his heart sank beneath the sense of so heavy a profanation; and his imagination conjured up the ghastly miser, to meet him at the entrance and dispute his passage. The moments were however too precious, and he was too firmly nerved in the belief of a cabalistic guidance, to give way to such visionary presentiment. Carefully, therefore, securing the door which opened from the street, he lighted his lantern, and proceeded to an examination of the mysterious premises, and a search after their rumoured treasures.

In a corner of the wall which faced this outer door, a second door of great strength presented itself, crossed by bars of iron, and secured by many locks of different sizes. After some difficulty in the selection of the various keys which governed these locks, the goldsmith succeeded in mastering this obstacle to his progress; and obtained access to an inner-chamber, which had apparently been the sleeping-room of the unhappy usurer. The window which had once given light to this apartment was now built up; and the miserable pallet which had witnessed the uneasy slumbers of the anxious wretch, a small table, a single chair, and two or three strong chests,—ostentatiously left open, and containing merely some articles of ragged apparel,—formed the whole of its visible furniture. There was no second chair in either apartment, and they had evidently never been designed to receive a guest. But what was of more importance to the goldsmith, and not a little perplexing, was the entire absence of any visible evidences of that wealth which fame had accumulated in the usurer's abode. The room exhibited neither coffer nor closet, which might offer itself as the guardian of the treasures which he sought. The goldsmith, however, was too confident in the destiny which had led him thither, and had far too much at stake, to be turned from his purpose by a difficulty which was, of course, but an effect of the miser's abundant caution. After a careful examination of the floor, and of the walls on those three of their sides which were wholly naked, he proceeded to an inspection of that end of the apartment which was occupied by the usurer's bed:

and found that, unlike the other walls of the chamber, the one in question was of wainscot, and handsomely worked in square panels. Drawing forward the miserable pallet, whose tattered curtain concealed a part of this wall, he sounded the whole of it with his knuckles; and found, as he had expected, and to his great satisfaction, that a portion of it which covered three panels in breadth and four in height, returned a hollow sound to his blows. Here then was the miser's treasury!—and how to obtain access to it was now the only secret betwixt him and wealth. The panels presented neither seam nor perforation, and were alike to the eye; save that, on a more careful inspection, one of the centre squares appeared to the goldsmith to recede from its projecting framework rather further than the others. To this square, therefore, he directed his attention, though without success in his attempts to make it slide in any direction; but pressing its frame on all sides, he felt the upper wood suddenly yield to his touch, and the panel fell down behind that which was immediately below it with a sound which made his heart leap,—revealing the mystery of the usurer's concealment, and opening up the penetralia in which he had placed his god. The alchemist now perceived that the wall on this side had been built forward into the chamber, to the depth of two feet beyond its original boundary,—leaving a space in the centre, into which was fitted an iron safe of considerable height; and the whole was then covered with panelled wainscoting, the falling square of which answered to the iron door of the concealed coffer, and was covered by the curtain which fell at the head of the miser's bed. The coffer itself was fastened by many locks,—which, however, were readily opened by the remaining keys in the goldsmith's hand; and the wealth of the usurer stood at length displayed, by the light of the lantern which Ricciardo cautiously introduced into its mysterious shrine.

If the alchemist was an enthusiastic man, he proved himself to be, on the present occasion, under circumstances of strong temptation, also a very prudent one. The riches of the usurer presented themselves under various dazzling forms, which it must have cost an alchemist considerable efforts of self-denial to resist. There were golden rings and bracelets, diamonds and other precious stones; and, amongst a quantity of loose coins of different descriptions, four sealed bags, each of which had been marked by the usurer as containing five thousand golden crowns. It was, of course, the goldsmith's policy (since he was calm enough, in the midst of his mysticism, to be politic at all), that no reason should be found for suspecting theft, when the premises of the missing man should, at length, be ransacked by the authorities. To remove the whole of this property,—and, in fact, not to leave a large portion of it untouched,—was at once to announce a robbery. The jewels were of less ready and safe

conversion to the alchemist's purposes than the gold, and courageously, therefore, rejecting treasures, a tithe of which were well worth all his chances of the grand arcanum, he resolved to content himself with removing the sealed bags, trusting implicitly to the usurer's statement for the fidelity of their count. Then, locking the richly-furnished coffer, closing the panel, and replacing the bed, he returned with his booty to the outer apartment; and, having carefully restored the bars and locks of the massive inner-door, and extinguished his lantern, he quitted the mansion of the miser, made fast its outer entrance, and gained his home unseen and without interruption.

The night was now far advanced; and, carefully securing his doors, he set about the performance of his remaining task. Lifting the body of the usurer from the couch on which it lay, he descended to his cellar; and having removed the bricks which floored it, for a sufficient space, proceeded to dig a grave, as deep as the time yet at his disposal permitted. Then, having restored the keys to the pocket of the dead man, and deposited him in the ground, in his garments as he died, he replaced the earth and bricks, carefully obliterating the traces of recent disturbance; and stealing up to his chamber in the grey dawn of the morning, flung himself on his bed, satisfied with his own solution of the great secret,---and, worn out with fatigue and emotion, slept the long and dreamless sleep of the utterly exhausted.

The day was far advanced when the alchemist awoke, refreshed and invigorated, and applied his renewed powers to the consideration and arrangement of the further conduct which he had yet to pursue. Great caution was, of course, necessary, in the production of his suddenly-acquired wealth; and, for the present, he determined to make no change in his apparent circumstances or pursuits. The prolonged absence of Grimaldi began, after some days, to excite speculation, and finally alarm; and his gates were, at length, forced by the order, and in the presence, of the magistrates. As neither the usurer nor his treasures were found, the city seal was put upon his doors, to await his return; and when a period of some weeks had destroyed that expectation, it was considered necessary to make a more strict perquisition into the affair, and a more minute examination of his late dwelling. The result was, that his hoards were discovered, to all appearance untouched, and taken possession of by the authorities; and his strange disappearance, after being the subject of marvel and conjecture, throughout the city, for some weeks longer, began at length to lose its interest, with its novelty, and, finally, was forgotten, in matters of higher or more immediate attraction.

It was not until the minds of his neighbours had ceased to be

occupied with this affair, that the goldsmith began to utter vague hints, which soon became rumours, of his discoveries in alchemy. By degrees, he ventured even to speak of golden bars which were the product of his mystic labours; and though his wild assertions were laughed at by the many, who knew how often the enthusiastic alchemist had been the dupe of his own imagination, yet they were sufficiently in harmony with the spirit of the age to make believers of some, and attract the curiosity of more. By degrees, the tone of the goldsmith became more bold and decided; and at length, he openly announced his intended departure for France, to exhibit his ingots to the princes who, in that country, were speculators for the philosopher's stone, and to change them for gold of the currency. For the purpose of reconciling the necessary cost of such voyage with the supposed state of his finances, he contrived to borrow a hundred florins for his expedition, on the strength of his grand secret, from one of the numerous waiters upon fortune who, in those days, were willing to risk something for the chance of a share in the profits of the patent for making gold. Of this sum, he confided one half to his wife for the maintenance of herself and his children, during his absence,—and with the remainder he prepared to depart on his promising journey.

It has been already said that Ricciardo had wedded, in early life, the object of a passionate attachment; and neither the years which had passed over them since their bridal day, nor the anxieties and struggles by which those years had been marked, had brought any change to that fond attachment, or any chill to the deep devotion with which it was repaid. For the sake of the beloved of his youth, and of the children whom she had borne to him, it was that the alchemist's search after gold, which had once been only a taste, had become an engrossing passion. For them, chiefly, it was that he coveted that splendour, with the dreams of which his visionary spirit had fed him so long and so dangerously. To Beatrice, her husband had been the subject of many a care and many a fear,—on which her love had, nevertheless, but grown and strengthened more and more, as on its most appropriate food. The exaltation of his nature, the long and lonely vigils to which it led, and the sacrifice of his time, and what little property he possessed, to his fantastic pursuits, had been sources of deep anxiety to his less sanguine wife; and she had, more than once, trembled for the probable effects of what she feared were his delusions, upon his highly-excitabile brain. If he had, at one time, succeeded in inspiring her with a portion of those hopes which nourished his own imagination, they had long since yielded, in her heart, before repeated disappointments and the gloomy aspect of their yearly darkening fortunes. On the present occasion, the reso-

lution of the alchemist,—which was to take him, for the first time, (under the influence, as she believed, of a heated and deceived imagination), far from her fond superintendence, and deliver him into the hands of strangers,—was, to her, a subject of deep distress. Every argument was used to which his undoubted affection for her might give force, to win him from his purpose; and tears and fond reproaches (those weapons which woman, when she is beloved, wields, with such unfailing effect), were resorted to, when all others had proved unavailing. The kind nature of the goldsmith was easily moved, at any time, by the aspect of distress,—and against the tears of his wife it had no chance of a prolonged resistance. Unable, therefore, to re-awaken her faith in the success of his alchymic projects, and mastered by her grief, he persuaded himself, at length, to the only other course which was capable of reconciling her fears with the prosecution of his scheme. Leading her into his cellar, and standing on the usurer's grave, he confided to her the secret of his wealth, and succeeded in removing her scepticism as to the reality and value of his gold.

Whatever womanly fears it was natural that Beatrice should experience, at the doubtful circumstances in which her husband had been innocently placed,—she was, however, perfectly satisfied with the uses that had been extracted from them, and greatly disposed to adopt the alchemist's opinion of the special intentions of Providence in his favour, with a view to which the assassination of the usurer, amongst other things, had, as he argued, been permitted. It was necessary, however, that she should continue to play the part of a reluctant and afflicted wife; and accordingly, the goldsmith left his home, amid her tears and remonstrances, laughed at by half the city, and quietly laughing in his turn, and in his sleeve, at the whole.

On his arrival at Marseilles, the alchemist immediately proceeded to convert his gold into letters of exchange, upon substantial bankers at Pisa; and, after the lapse of what he deemed a sufficient time, he wrote to his wife, informing her that he had sold his ingots, and was about to return home with the produce. This letter was triumphantly shewn, by Beatrice, to her relatives, her friends, her neighbours;—to every body, in short, who chose to look at it,—and created no little amazement. The ingots, it was therein stated, had been pronounced to be of the purest metal; and the news of the grand arcanum having been realised spread through the city, with wonderful celerity. The lovers of the marvellous, the followers of science, and the greedy after gold, were alike interested in the intelligence. All the crucibles in the city were once more brought into action,—all the illuminati set in motion; and when the great alchemist returned to Pisa, and made his extensive deposits with the bankers of that gaping

town, he, who had left with the reputation of a fool, came back with that of a sage, and was received with all the honours due; at once, to sublimated science and substantial wealth. The character and temper of the man were calculated to ensure him the esteem of those with whom these circumstances brought him into association; and the once poor goldsmith of Pisa, lived amongst his fellow-citizens, exciting no jealousy by his amended lot,—winning the love of many, and yearly rising in the estimation of all.

But, if the fortunes of the alchymist had come out brilliant and golden from the labours of his youth, his disposition had, in some respects, undergone a transmutation, which was not into the more precious qualities; and his ardent and passionate nature was, now, to be exposed to the peril of fulfilled desires. That sickness of the heart which ariseth from hope deferred had been too suddenly removed; and, like the physical convalescent, when first he leaves the chamber of lingering sickness, it seemed to him that he could not drink too large draughts of the bright sunshine and perfumed air into which he had issued. The more animal parts of his nature, which had been kept down by his deep poverty and transcendental pursuits, awoke, at the many voices which called upon them, amidst the new scenes in which he was placed; and his passions, nourished into force by the strong stimulants on which he had fed them so long, were now directed into paths more dangerous, and less pure, than those in which they had formerly walked. The rich and luxurious of those days, in Pisa, appear to have lived pretty much after the same fashion, and cultivated pretty nearly the same vices, as the parallel classes of London and Paris, do in our own; and the alchymist, suddenly released from the painful restraints which had made his youth one of suffering and privation, and admitted within the sanctuaries of those privileged vices, responded too readily to the novel temptations by which he was surrounded. Not that the goldsmith's *heart* (which, having little occupation in scenes like these, went to sleep, for a period), was reached by the pollutions of the world. But his head,—which had, at all times asserted its ascendancy, and carried him whithersoever it would, now ran away with him, amidst the unaccustomed tumult of the new path on which it found itself, and delivered him over to the dissipations which there assailed him. The wife of his youth, who with her children, had, in the day of his adversity, been the sole objects of his hopes and wishes, now found that their empire (if not over his heart, at least over his imagination), was divided by many another claim; and Beatrice began almost to regret the anxious days of their young loves, and the wild, and as yet unrealised dreams of alchymy.

Amongst the many who partook of the bounty which flowed

freely from the kind goldsmith's altered fortunes, was an orphan girl, who was distantly related to his wife, and whom, at her request, he had introduced into his establishment. Unhappily for Ricciardo, Irene was surpassingly beautiful,—and more unhappily still, she was very conscious of that fact, and very much of a coquette. Long ere the goldsmith was aware of his danger, he had already drunk large draughts of love, from the eyes of the orphan girl; and long ere his wife was startled from her fond security in his faith, he had, in the intoxication thereby produced, revealed his passion to its object, and won her to its return. In the delirium of his feelings, the goldsmith was far too little master of himself for their long concealment; and when, at length, the withering truth burst upon Beatrice, it was received by her as the lightning might, which should have scorched her without destroying. Long years of evil had Beatrice borne,—and all evil she was prepared to bear, for the husband of her heart, save *this* evil alone. The love of that husband was a treasure with which she had once consoled herself for the absence of every other; and she was not, now, disposed to barter it against the murdered usurer's gold, or all that it could buy. Her apparently calm and gentle spirit had in it a spark of that fire, which had, probably, been communicated to it from the alchemist's own; and the blow which was now struck against her heart revealed it, at once. In its first eruption, Irene was driven from her protector's home, with passionate reproaches; and Ricciardo compelled, for a moment, to shrink before the indignant appeals of his outraged wife.

But the alchemist was too completely under the mastery of his passion to yield final obedience to the impassioned pleadings of her whose lightest wish had anciently been his strong law; and his better nature was so far darkened by the madness which possessed him, as to suffer him to answer her agonised remonstrances by the bold avowal of his unworthy flame. Like the maniac which a guilty passion had made him, he trampled, in very wantonness, on the heart which he had guarded so fondly and so long; and, reckless, alike of the wrong which he did, and the anguish which he inflicted; deaf, to all suggestions save those of the fever which enthralled him,—ultimately quitted his home, with the declared purpose of procuring another for Irene,—and sharing it with her.

The struggle was a fearful one to which the spirit of Beatrice was delivered, when she was left alone; and it was long ere her anguish took that gentler tone which yielded the relief of tears. In that softened mood, the memory of their early loves rose up, with a sweetness which made the memory of their early poverty sweet. Again and again, did she curse the gold which had won them from the calm security of their humble and almost

desperate lot ; and freely would she have paid it all away, to be again the anxious and lonely thing she was, in those days,—if thereby she might buy back the love which had made even that loneliness and that anxiety most dear. Amid the alternating paroxysms of her fiercer feelings, she was still haunted by this one thought ; till, in the wildness of her mood, and with something like her ancient tendency to cabalistic belief, she came to look upon that gold as, *in itself*, the actual spell by which her husband was held,—and to fancy that to dispossess him of his wealth would be to disenchant him. Her heart clung, eagerly and dangerously, to this imagination,—which her unsettled reason was not competent to correct ; and, mad with the thought of her wrongs—and groping, amid the darkness of her mind, after a visionary and fantastic redress—she went wildly forth from her deserted home, and, in her jealous frenzy, denounced her guilty lord to the authorities of Pisa, as having built his fortunes on the robbery of the usurer's gold.

Great was the sensation excited by such an accusation, against such a man, and coming from such a quarter. No time was, however, lost, in verifying the facts. The story which had been told by Ricciardo, about the usurer's grave, was taken down from the lips of his distracted wife : the cellar of his ancient abode was dug up, and the body found : and the goldsmith was dragged from the arms of Irene, to exchange the visions of a guilty passion for such dreams as might visit his solitude, in the dungeons of Pisa.

When Beatrice returned to the home which she had made for ever desolate, she found it in possession of the officers of justice ; and, in reply to her incoherent questionings, she learnt, from their rough lips, that her husband was the occupant of a prison. Her frenzy gave instant way, before the pang which shot through her spirit ; and, with the clearness of despair, she saw, at once, the fearful significance of that which she had done. Mad no longer—but *like* one mad—she rushed from the house, and retraced her steps to the magistrates. But it was too late. No tears nor prayers could avail, now, to cancel that which had been done. The words were gone forth which could never be recalled. Vain was her passionate retractation of all to which she had deposed ;—vain were her protestations of insanity, at the moment,—her admissions of jealousy and revenge,—and her wild assertions, that she had but sought, by a fictitious tale, to take from her husband the wealth which ministered to his estrangement, and win him back, a beggar, to her arms. The story told by her had furnished the key to many things which formerly seemed strange. The sudden disappearance of the miser, and the sudden enrichment of the goldsmith were alike explained. It was remembered, too, that some surprise

had been felt, when the miser's treasures were discovered, at the small quantity of coin which they included—and some curiosity excited, in consequence, as to the manner in which the rapid and constant conversion of his wealth into jewels could have been effected. The body, too, had been found, and identified; and no doubt whatever existed that Ricciardo was, at once, a robber and a murderer! The question of the miser's disappearance cleared up, by the verification of his death—and the absence of all other claimants—authorised the disposal of his treasures to the purposes of the state: and the trial of the goldsmith was, for all these reasons, hastened forward, amidst the mingled horror and regrets of the entire city.

Alone in his dungeon—and in the contemplation of that fate which he knew that nothing could avert—the spirit of the goldsmith righted itself. Rebuked by the place and circumstances, his passions abdicated, and his purer nature regained the ascendant. His heart awoke from the deep slumber into which it had been cast, by the narcotic of lawless love; and his mind, at the same time, shook off the delusions by which it had been so long held in thrall, and came clear out of the mists and shadows which had darkened it, through the greater number of his days. He saw distinctly through the mysticism which he had nourished, till it had made him its victim; and knew, at last, that he was unquestionably, before men—and before that God whom he had claimed for an accomplice—a robber! He saw, too, that the very vices which his ill-gotten wealth had fostered, had led directly to the exposure of the evil source from whence that wealth had been derived,—that the mystery of his fate was explained, and its moral complete. To that part of the charges against him which fixed him with the stain of robbery, he answered by a calm and mournful avowal; but resolutely persisted in flinging from him the accusation of murder. It was in vain, however, that he detailed the circumstances of that eventful night when the usurer came, wounded, to his door; and in vain he, too surely, felt that it must necessarily be. The facts were too strong against him. Still, he bore the torture with a resolution that faltered not, in this respect: till, wearied out by his firmness, pitying his pangs, and having evidence enough of his guilt to justify his capital condemnation, his judges sentenced him to die—and he was left, at length, alone, to prepare for his final scene.

And now, at this last hour, when the strange wild riddle of his life was solved, and there remained for him but to die, stole back to his heart—as they almost always do, at such a time—the sweet and wholesome memories of his youth; and with them came the image of his first and pure and happy love. With the passing away of the false and feverish passion which had mis-

led him, all angry feelings had, likewise, passed away. It was too true that the wife of his bosom (and now, again, of his undivided affection) was she who had conducted him to the scaffold; but it was in a moment of madness caught from him, and for the love of him. She was, in truth,—as she had ever been, from her childhood upwards, dragged onward and involved by his own dark destiny,—as much its victim as himself; and his spirit yearned to clasp her again, before its final divorce. It was a boon readily granted. The requisitions of justice were about to be sternly satisfied; and the magistrates felt that they might be merciful. That last night Ricciardo and Beatrice passed together; and, clasped in each other's arms, went back again over all their little history of the heart. Like all their strange life, there was something strange in that final scene of it which they were to enact together. The canvas of their long and fitful story seemed, as it were, spread out, anew, before their mental vision. No cloud, either of grief or guilt, remained in the clear breast of the morally emancipated goldsmith; and Beatrice, in the restoration, at this final hour, of her husband's love, and the renewal of that fond confidence which had made the charm of her existence, fancied, for awhile, that happiness had come back, and forgot the heavy price which remained to be paid. They spoke nothing of the present—as a matter in which they had no further concern; but went wandering, wandering back, over the long past. It was as if the history of their lives were already closed, and they were reviewing it. The moon looked in upon them, like an old friend, through the prison-bars, as they talked of their early loves—of the fields in which they had wandered, long ago—and the starry nights which had heard their young vows. And when the morning dawned, and the alchymist (an alchymist no more),—after one long, long glance, and one lingering kiss, so softly given that it might not awake her,—went silently and calmly forth to his eternal rest,—he left the companion of all his days under the shelter (from that dreadful moment) of a deep and peaceful sleep!

The Chronicles of Pisa give hints of a fearful catastrophe, with which we feel most reluctant to darken the close of our tale. Awakened from her slumber, and driven into irremediable madness by the awful significance of the solitude in which she found herself, the wretched wife is said, by them, to have made her way through the streets of the city, with her children in her arms, and amid the execrations of the crowd, (which, however, she understood not), right to the scaffold. There, having ascended, on the pretext of embracing the body of her husband, and hung the little arms of her children about their dead father's neck, amid the passionate sobs to which the anger of

the multitude had given place, at the spectacle, she suddenly struck a poniard to the breast of each; and, ere the officers who stood at the foot of the scaffold could interfere, had succeeded in guiding the bloody weapon to her own heart.

T. K. HERVEY.

THE O'CONNORS AND M'CARTEYS; OR, THE

HUMOURS OF AN IRISH FAIR.

AT somewhere about the distance of a quarter of a mile from the little town or rather village of ———, in the north of Ireland, there lies a small common of from six to eight acres in extent. This piece of ground has been for centuries, I believe, the scene of an annual fair, in which some business is done, but infinitely more mischief. It is, in short, the scene of more battles than bargains, and of more kicking than kissing.

It was my good fortune to be in the neighbourhood of this celebrated spot on one of those splendid occasions alluded to, and I determined to avail myself of the opportunity to witness a scene where I was led to believe, I should see as beautiful a development of the united effects of love, liquor, and liberty as any man of a truly philanthropic disposition, such as mine is, could desire.

Full then of delightful anticipations, excited by the prospect of seeing a *row* upon a great scale---to me one of the most delicious things in nature---I hastened to the scene of action early in the forenoon, and shall now attempt to describe what I saw and heard on the very impressive occasion alluded to.

On the great day in question, one side of the common was occupied by a range of tents composed of old blankets, fragments of deal, and tattered canvass, with the name of the proprietor painted on a board surmounting each door, or opening, which gave access to the interior. One of these, with its owner, we shall select for special description as a fair average sample of the whole. This is the tent, then, as his sign bore, of "Daniel O'Grady, dealer in all sorts of liquors"---which, however, the reader may as well observe by the way, meant after all, nothing but whiskey; for no other liquor had Daniel ever dealt in during the whole course of his valuable existence, although he had been in the trade ever since he was the height of a Sligo firkin.

Dan himself was a stout, active, lively, bustling little fellow, and had all the appearance of being one who could handle a

sprig should occasion require it, and such occasions often came in his way, with pretty considerable effect. Indeed, the breadth of his shoulders, the suppleness of his limbs, and the smart expression of his lively eye, shewed clearly that he had been destined by nature from his cradle to excel in the use of that truly national weapon the shillelah.

On the occasion of which we speak, Dan was dressed in a pair of "spick and span new," velvetene breeches, a red waistcoat, a long coat of grey cloth, and, to complete the respectability of his outer man, there was a "neat Barcelona tied round his neat neck." His breeches, however, which were of course meant to be tied at the knee, were not secured at these particular points; and thus, the ribands by which that duty should have been performed were left dangling round his legs, or might be seen streaming from behind him as he hurried about making preparations for the business of the day. Dan's stockings too, as a necessary consequence of this neglect, were left at liberty to settle downwards; and although he frequently gave them a hasty pull up as he ran to and fro, they never could be kept above a minute or two more than half-leg high, leaving the other half exposed in primitive nakedness.

Dan, when I first took him under my special observation, was busily employed, with the assistance of an active little girl, in making various arrangements and preparations in his tent for the approaching event, and occasionally holding converse with his coadjutor :---a little of which I overheard.

"Where's the big bottle with the whisky, Judy?" he said, addressing the latter, who was intently occupied in placing several long forms around the interior of the tent for the accommodation of the expected customers.

"I never seen it," replied Judy.

"You never seen it, you little spalpeen you," said Dan, suspending the operation of wiping glasses in which he had been busily engaged; his fears for the fate of the big bottle greatly increased by the denial of his handmaiden of all knowledge of it.

"Was'n't it your own two hands, now, that brought it to the tint, so how can you be after saying you never seen it, tell me that?"

"Then to be sure if I brought it," replied Judy, "would'n't I be after putting it in some safe place behind the basket of bread in the corner there?" pointing to the place of safety which she spoke of, where, in truth, the missing article was found, to the great joy of Dan's heart, whole and sound.

Judy had, at the moment she was first questioned by her master, totally forgotten where she had placed the bottle, and had, therefore, to avoid all further trouble on the subject, decided on the instant to deny all knowledge of it; but her recollection

returning, she had taken the ingenious method described of getting out of the scrape.

"Quick, Judy, quick wid you now!" exclaimed Dan, shortly after, as he stood towel in hand at the door of his tent, eyeing with a look of great satisfaction the increasing bustle of the fair, and at the same time industriously persevering in the occupation of wiping glasses. "Quick, now Judy, quick wid you," he said, urging on the exertions which Judy was making inside the tent to fit it for the reception of *gentale* company: "There's Pat Duggan and a dozen more of them, and they'll be all here in a bundle like a drove of sucking-pigs, and every one of them as dry as a piece of half-burnt turf.---Stand out of the way you there, with your dirty *whale* of fortune, and don't be after blocking up the passage to the *tint*!" exclaimed Dan, now addressing a tall, raw-boned fellow, in a tattered great coat, or *trusty*, as it is more poetically called in Ireland, who, with one of those machines named after the fickle goddess, was about to take up his ground directly in front of Dan's establishment. "Can't ye go to the other side of the Common wid ye," he added; "the proper place for all them sort of rogueries."

"My eye, Dan," replied the other, nodding his head significantly, and at the same time sulkily preparing to decamp with his machine, knowing that he was on forbidden ground, "My eye, Dan, but I'll mind this, or my name's not Cornelius O'Fogherly. I'll maybe come across ye afore night-fall yet, when there's more fun than favour going; more kicks than ha'pence."

"This *minat*, this *minat*, ye ould scarecrow," replied the lively Daniel O'Grady, who understood, and rightly, Cornelius's enigmatical language to mean, that when the usual blow-up took place at the conclusion of the fair, he would take an opportunity of clearing scores with him.

"This *minat*, ye ould potatoe-scraper!" exclaimed Dan, laying down his towel and the glass which he had been wiping with it, then throwing off his coat, and advancing towards Cornelius in a richly scientific attitude.

At this critical moment, however, several friends of the parties who had been drawn to the spot by the appearance of a *row* successfully interfered in preventing the threatened breach of the peace, by prevailing on Dan to return to his duties, and on Cornelius to leave the ground without saying more about the matter---"at least," as they said, "in the manetime;" a caveat which was intended as an opening for the belligerents to resume and decide the dispute at the usual period when this sort of count and reckoning for standing scores was resorted to. The truth is, that the quarrel between Dan and Cornelius had been premature; there was no corresponding spirit yet abroad; and it was, therefore, reserved by their friends as a sort of *bonne-bouche*

for the afternoon's entertainment---and not a little delighted were they to find that they had secured at least one row, which they could at any time call into existence. It was something to look forward to.

One side of the Common, we have said, was occupied by whisky-shops. The other was appropriated to hucksters, itinerant dealers in the various merchandizes of cutlery, cotton goods, &c., &c., and the Pharo tables and rouge-et-noirs of the canaille, such as wheels of fortune, lotteries, the thimble, and the loop. Business here had already commenced, and at least a dozen fellows, "all in a row," mounted on barrels and stools, might be seen, and heard too, offering their various commodities to sale in the choicest flowers of oratory, and with a volubility of tongue that absolutely looked like inspiration.

As in the case of Dan, I shall select one of these gentlemen as a specimen of the whole, and this honoured individual shall be Jemmy Flynn, a well known itinerant vender of the manufactures of Sheffield. Jemmy was a little man, rather corpulent than otherwise, about 48 years of age, with a sallow complexion, and a devil of an eye in his head. He had been nearly forty years in the trade, for he had commenced packman when he was a boy of eight, with three pen-knives, a dozen of brass breast-pins, as many pair of ear-rings made of the same rare and precious metal, and thirteen papers of pins. "There's a knife for you ladies and gentlemen," said Jemmy, holding up the instrument of which he spoke, and which was a small pen-knife, with a deer's horn handle. "There's a knife for you, that never a one o' you, though you were to live a thousand years, and buy five hundred pen-knives every day, would ever fall in with the fellow of it. It's none of your thin delicate articles made out of the refuse of the workshop by a little bungling apprentice boy no bigger than a clothes-brush. No, no, this blade, ladies and gentlemen, continued the orator, "is the right article. It is made of the same stuff with the famous Damascus blades, which it is well known 'll cut any thing a mile off, and go through a bar of iron as if it were a roll of fresh butter, and so sharp that they'll shave you as *clane* as a skinned potatoe just by looking at them. That blade, ladies and gentlemen, little as you may think it, has been tempered in a fiery furnace seven times heated, that consumed a hundred tons of coals every five minutes, and roasted three firemen to death every day in the week except Sunday."

Thus spoke Jemmy Flynn, and in a somewhat similar strain, thus spoke also, his brethren in the trade of hyperbole and hawking.

At one end of the common, however, the real business of the fair had begun. There, a little shaggy, worn-out pony, blind of an eye, and absolutely overwhelmed, or rather annihilated, by

the prodigious quantity of long, clotted, uncombed hair with which it was overgrown, was apparently on the eve of finding a purchaser. The price asked for the "baste," was fifteen shillings, and it was declared, that not a ha'peth would be abated. The price offered, and which was certainly as much as the animal was worth, was eight and ninepence and a noggin at settlement.

The object of debate was, at this stage of the business, surrounded by at least a score of long, lank, fellows; most of them rather elderly men, all habited in the favourite *trusty*, many of them having no fewer than three of these beloved garments on at the same time---and they would have put on a dozen if they had had them, however hot the weather might be.

The crowd that now enclosed, and wholly shut out, little Bulgruddery, so the pony was called, from the light of day---for he scarcely reached the knees of any of those by whom he was surrounded---was composed of the friends of the intending purchaser, and of the proprietor of the miserable little animal, whose merits and defects were as noisily and clamorously discussed as if he had been a "Tartar of the Ukraine breed," and worth his weight in gold. Into this discussion the whole party, all talking at once, entered as keenly, and with as much earnestness and vociferation, as if every one of them had a deep interest at stake in the proceedings which were going forward. At length it was agreed on all hands that Bulgruddery should be put through his paces, to exhibit at once his speed and propensities. With this view the crowd opened with a tremendous shout, and the little shaggy animal rushed forth under the stimulating influence of a huge shillelah, with which his owner---a tall, ragged ferocious looking fellow---ever and anon unmercifully belaboured him, every blow threatening to divide him in two. The pony being held short by the head by the straw rope with which he was secured, Bulgruddery and his owner now set off together at a round trot over the common, pursued by a mob composed of the friends of both parties, buyer and seller, screaming and shouting as if their lives depended on the result; and each running as fast as his load of tattered clothes and outspread *trusty* would permit.

"Touch up his hind-quarters, Teague," shouted out one of the pursuers, and one evidently of the seller's party.

"There he goes, by St. Patrick, all the same as if he had wings," screamed out another.

"See how beautifully he steps over the ground!" exclaimed a third.

"Keep him to it, Teague, keep him to it, that's a jewel," roared out a fourth.

"Don't be after *batting* him so hard, Teague," shouted

one of the opposite party, "you're making him go faster than he's able, and that'll be seen of it."

"His hind legs are as bowed as a pot-hook," remarked a second.

"He can't trot a bit faster than my ould grandmother," bawled out a third.

The expression of these contradictory opinions gradually increased in vehemence and frequency, until the whole resolved itself into one tremendous and unintelligible hubbub, that threatened every moment to terminate in a general fight. This, however, did not occur. The race was at length run, and Bulgruddery and his train returned to the spot from whence they had set out. Here the poor harassed animal was subjected to another test of the soundness of his condition. Five or six of the intended purchaser's party seized him by the head, raised his rough, shaggy snout, and tore open his jaws, to inspect his teeth; when, lo! every tooth in his head fell out, and dropped at the feet of the inspectors. The truth was, that having lost all his own teeth, his owner had taken the liberty of supplying him with a new set, an operation not unfrequently practised in certain counties in Ireland.

On the discovery of the trick, the friends of Bulgruddery's intending purchaser, set up a shout of execration.

"Ah! what a devil of a rogue you are now Teague," said one.

"Are these your grandmother's teeth, Teague?" inquired another, stooping down, and lifting up a couple of tusks like a pair of pocket pistols. "My eye, what a set of powerful grinders the *dacent* ould uman must have had."

These reflections on his integrity Teague bore with inimitable grace; and in no other way resented them, than by endeavouring to pay his assailants back in their own coin.

As the defect just discovered in Bulgruddery, lessened his value at least one hundred per cent, five shillings, instead of eight and ninepence, was now offered for him, and finally accepted, which closed this particular portion of the business of the day.

At length that great epoch in an Irish fair---that period in which all the delights of the day were to be summed up in one charming scene of anarchy---arrived. Evening came on, and with it, certain impressive indications of the impending storm. Great events, however, have frequently very small beginnings.

"Here's the very man I wanted to meet with," said Phelim M'Cartey, a stout little fellow, who had a few minutes before sallied out of a tent where he had been melting a thirteener or two. "Here's the very man I wanted," he said, with a shout and a flourish of his shillelah, to which he added a graceful ca-



per or two as he spoke, that showed he was in beautiful spirits, and ready either for love or murder.

The person whom Phelim addressed, was nearly a counterpart of himself. Patrick O'Connor was'nt a lad to be trifled with. He could handle a twig with any man of his inches in the county, and would'nt at any time give a ha'peth to choose whether it should be a black eye or a noggin, bloodshed or whisky. Patrick was also provided with a pretty tolerable switch, and was, moreover, at this particular moment under the benign influence of some fifteen glasses of "mighty iligant" (whisky), which he had fallen in with in the course of the day; so that a meeting in all its circumstances more favourable for the views of both parties, could scarcely have taken place. It is almost unnecessary to add, that these views had been for some time directed towards a row; for a cause for which they had trusted to providence and their own good luck. In truth, it so happened, that both of them at the moment of their meeting, were anxiously on the look-out for a *dust*.

Patrick, indeed, had for some time previously made an ineffectual attempt to get some one to quarrel with him, by trailing his *trusty*,—the usual provocative to battle in such cases,—which he had thrown off for the purpose, behind him. Dragging the garment after him by one of the sleeves with his left hand, and flourishing his shillelah in his right, he traversed the fair from one end to the other, calling upon any one to touch it at his peril, and challenging to mortal combat any man who should dare but to tread on it with the point of his toe.

It was, therefore, in this attitude, with the sleeve of his *trusty* in one hand and his sprig in the other, that Patrick encountered Phelim. Both instantly saw, with inexpressible delight, that they had at length fallen in with the very thing they wanted.

"Ah! Phelim, my jewel!" exclaimed Patrick, with an expression of extreme felicity in his countenance, and giving a harmonizing flourish with his shillelah as he spoke, "And am I now just the man ye wanted?"

"Faith, my broth of a boy, and that you are."

"And pray now, my darling, what is it you might be wanting with Patrick O'Connor?" inquired the latter.

"Ncthing in the universal world," said Phelim, "only to take a little of the orange blood out o'ye, as I'm told there's a small drop of it about ye, for all your blarney, Patrick!---that's all."

"D'ye see my *trusty* on the ground there, Phelim?" said Patrick.

"To be sure I do," rejoined his antagonist.

"Well, then, my jewel, just do me the favour to put your ugly fore-foot on it."

"There, and be damned to you!" replied Phelim, at the same instant planting his foot on the soiled and dragged garment--an act of temerity which was instantly followed by a well-directed blow from Patrick's shillelah, that nearly grounded his antagonist at the very outset. In a second, however, the latter had sufficiently recovered from the effects of his friend's obligation to return it with even superior cordiality.

"By the Holy Cross I'll make devil's mate of you!" shouted Patrick, as he flourished his weapon in the air.

"An' that's more than any man of your size in the county can do," retorted Phelim, "and bother me if I don't knock the *con-sata* out of you." And to it they went again with a vigour and glee that showed plainly enough, that the pastime was one after their own hearts.

These two *fortunates*, however, were not long permitted to engross to themselves the whole pleasures of the fight. It was too great a luxury for any single couple to enjoy exclusively, and, accordingly, ere many minutes had elapsed, the row between Phelim M'Cartey and Patrick O'Connor was shared by nearly a hundred friends.

On the very first appearance of a set-to between these worthies, a crowd had gradually gathered to the spot, attracted by the exhilarating prospect of a dust.

For some time the ring which had been formed around the combatants was tolerably well kept; and "Down with him Phelim! Lay into him iligantly now, for the honour of Antrim! Wipe away the cobwebs from about him, Patrick! That's it my jewel, dust him *clanely*, rub him down hard somely!" was shouted out on all sides by the friends of either party. At length, however, the temptation to join in the frolic became too great to be resisted. The ring, after being repeatedly squeezed out of shape, and so contracted as to leave barely sufficient room for the shillelahs of the combatants, was fairly closed, and then the only thing wanting to make the row general amongst the friends of the parties was accomplished, namely, bringing them into personal contact with each other.

This, then, had no sooner taken place, than such a scene presented itself as perhaps could be no where witnessed out of Ireland.

In an instant, a hundred shillelahs were seen waving over the dark, dense, mass of combatants beneath, and every second descending on the head of some luckless wight, either friend or foe, as chance might direct---for in this particular no great discrimination appeared to be exercised. Being by far too closely wedged together to permit of any thing like a scientific use of their weapons, the fight consisted merely in a rapid and thick ascent and descent of cudgels. In many instances, however,

this constraint on the use of the national weapon, which, of course, was greatest near the centre of the hubbub, had induced the belligerents to take to their fists; and, wherever this change of *offensives* took place, black eyes and bloody noses prevailed over all other apparent effects of the fray.

Nor was the reckless glee which seemed to prevail amongst the combatants, their loud shouts of vengeance and threats of total annihilation to all around them, their singular oaths and imprecations, the least remarkable part of the extraordinary scene.

"Blood and blazes!" shouted out one as he furiously collared an enemy, or what was the same thing, one whom he thought so.

"Who is't that says black is the white of my eye?" inquired another, a new-comer, who with many besides was eagerly hurrying into the midst of the fray, and seemingly regretting that so much had been lost of it.

The row was now approaching its height; fists and shillelahs were plying vigorously in all directions: and murder, wounds, and confusion seemed to be carrying the day. New-comers were constantly arriving too, to increase the number of combatants, and the battle itself was gradually extending over the whole ground occupied by the fair. In fact, hundreds were now engaged on all sides who cared nothing for the original cause of the contest, and who did not know, or stop to inquire, why or wherefore they came to take a share in it.

Women and children were now heard screaming, and seen scampering away from the scene of action, in all directions. Tents were torn to pieces, stalls were overturned and trodden under foot. In short the row, in all its bearings and circumstances, was perfectly unexceptionable.

As all human enjoyments, however, are but of short duration, so this delight and glory of every true-born Irishman at length passed away. The combatants became exhausted, the darkness of night fell upon the field, the din of battle was hushed; but there was not a man there who did not retire from the scene of strife with a feeling of sincere satisfaction at the brilliant and national way in which the fair had concluded.

THE RANSOM; OR, A FATHER'S LOVE.

"All is gone now—
We must starve—die—all—all—"

THESE disjointed sentences were uttered by a tall, jaded man, who perturbedly walked up and down the darkest side of a large and gloomy room. He might be about forty years of age; his countenance strongly marked by the lines of deep thought and intense suffering. His profuse black hair hung down in large locks on each side of his face. His make was muscular, yet graceful, his motion easy and rather haughty.—Indeed, his whole appearance denoted him to be a gentleman, at once by birth, association, and natural perception of honour. His faded dress consisted of a short mantle of black cloth folded over his chest; with pantaloons of the same colour, and boots of the full and beautiful make of his age and country, though they partook of the dinginess which characterized the rest of his costume.

"There—there—again has he ridden by; it is the third day;" and he cast his eyes towards a lovely girl, whose noble countenance was slightly flushed.

"Dares he—villain—dares he?" and he caught up his rapier that was lying on a rickety table.

"Calonne, you are not well, my love; lie down; you have had no sleep so long, you are feverish; lie down, love." It was his wife who thus spoke; a woman apparently but little younger than himself. Her figure had naturally inclined to a graceful roundness, but was now somewhat attenuated; her bright brown hair, slightly intersected here and there with a gray streak, was parted on her forehead, and tied round with a band, according to the becoming fashion of the time. Her face was pale, but full of both tenderness and magnanimity; her eyes large and blue; her nose straight yet short; the nostrils (so expressive a part of the countenance) full of sweetness and lofty sentiment. Her attire was of the coarsest brown cloth of the country; but, either from the taste with which it was made up, or the inherent beauty of the wearer's figure, it formed a drapery full of graceful lines.

Such was Madame Calonne, the younger daughter of a noble family of Navarre, and mother to children worthy, in disposition and appearance, of such parents. When she addressed her husband, the sternness of his countenance relaxed, a flood of different feelings rushed on him, his manliness almost gave way; while, covering his eyes with one hand, and almost pressing his fingers over them, (whilst with the other he grasped that of his wife), he seemed to have a violent effort to restrain his tears. At length turning away from her, and taking down his deep slouched hat, he passed out of the room.—No sooner was he beyond hearing, than Madame Calonne, casting herself into a chair, gave way to her no longer repressible emotion. Her eldest daughter immediately set down the work in which she had seemed to be entirely absorbed, and tearing open her mother's kerchief, desired Jaques to pour out a glass of water, which he did, from a large stone pitcher that stood in the corner of their ill-furnished apartment. Having drank some of it, she almost directly revived. "It is nothing, love," said she to her daughter: "I don't know how it is, but I get strangely weak."—"My father," replied the affectionate girl, "wants rest; perhaps Bella and Christian may bring some good news from Monsieur Lien, the notary; they *must* return soon; do have a little wine, indeed it is necessary." "Do, Mamma," added Jaques, a fine gentle-looking boy of eleven; and ere he had scarcely got the words out of his mouth, he stood with a little narrow-necked bottle, and a long-shanked prim-looking glass, in the act to pour out: Madame Calonne declined, knowing it to be all there was, and desired Jaques to put it up again, who moved with none of the alacrity he had shown in getting it.

Mons. Calonne, or more properly the Sieur Calonne, was the third son of a noble family of Navarre, who early chose the profession of arms, and drew his sword for the Bourbons and the Huguenots. The destruction of that confederacy, on the assumption of the Regency by Catherine de Medicis, is matter of history. Calonne's small fortune was dissipated by his military levies and exploits, and by the increase of his family. He had now removed to Paris, in order to carry on a law-suit for the recovery of some property of his lady, which held out the only chance of support left to them. They had, at the period in question, been some time resident in this city, the small remnant of their property being gradually exhausted in law expenses, and providing the necessaries of life; they were actually reduced to the last crown—their means of future existence depending on the decision the judges were to give this very day regarding the title to the disputed estate. If that failed (as Calonne reasonably expected, for he knew he was a Huguenot,

and had been but lately the enemy of the established government) all would be despair; his own party could not assist him, being almost equally poor and powerless; many of them, indeed, were confined in the prisons of the capital and provinces, under charges of conspiracy against the court; and the Prince de Condé, brother to the King of Navarre, was under sentence of death, as were also several of his noble partisans.

It was in such a state of circumstances, that Calonne broke out as shown at the commencement of this narrative. Morbidly alive to his situation and the honour of his family, he was a prey to the most terrific apprehensions; and merely because a young Cavalier chanced three days to ride by his window, he indulged in the idea, (though but for a moment,) that he might have seen Hélène, and have given way to those licentious thoughts so prevalent in the country and the age. Stung with the varieties of misery that poverty engenders, he walked forth unknowing whither he bent his steps.

As he was, on the occasion alluded to, wandering over the Pont de "Hotel Dieu," he met his children, Christian and Bella, returning from the notary's, whither he had sent them with a letter to inquire what would be the likely result of the lawsuit. Christian rummaged for a note in his little doublet, which he gave his father, saying at the same time, "Oh, father, I am afraid there is no good news, for Monsieur Lien was quite cross, and did nothing but mutter to himself."

Calonne glanced over the letter, and holding it loosely in his hand, exclaimed inwardly, "All is lost!" Recovering himself, however, he said, "Go home, my dears; tell your mother I shall return directly."

"And what does Mons. Lien say, papa?"

"Christian, we have no hope there—the judges have decided against us—tell Hélène aside, and bid her break it to your mother." The boy burst into tears.

"Go, go home, my children. Christian, be a man---dry your eyes."

"I will---I do; but you'll also come soon."

"Directly; but it is better you should go first.---Go, loves, go." The children proceeded.

The poor man unconsciously leant his head against the balustrade of the bridge, and, dead to every thing around, was engrossed by the most dreadful considerations. Thoughts unconnected, yet all equally dismal, rushed wildly through his mind. The long vista of futurity developed itself; and he saw life consumed in struggles—existence preserved at the expense of unceasing effort. He saw the elegant, the refined, the noble-minded woman whom he adored, worn down with anxiety

privation, and everlasting endurance; his daughter H  l  ne, his lovely exalted daughter, doomed to have every natural emotion destroyed, or to be exposed to insults and villany; his other children degraded from their rank, and condemned to a mean and sordid path of life.

His pride was now touched; he started, and stamped with violence; the contumely of the rich, the insolence of the successful, rose to his imagination—the paths of renown he knew were occupied by the possessors of wealth. The idea of the compassion of the coarse maddened him—the familiar friendship of the vulgar he scorned. It is but justice to say, these selfish feelings were transient—the wretchedness of the beings he lived in and for, occasioned the chief pangs that convulsed his soul. “It is no longer the future that is to be considered,” exclaimed he; “it is the *present*—now—even now—they want bread!—I will end it!” In the madness of the moment, he made a rush as if to overleap the balustrade! but his arm was caught by the grasp of a rough hand, which roused him from his hallucination; habit immediately resumed its sway, and petty anger at an apparent rudeness occupied a soul which, the moment before, merged every faculty in the strongest throes.

“Your pardon, Monseigneur.”

“What is your business?” said Calonne. “Do I know you?”

“Not that I am aware of, Monseigneur,” said the stranger, who was a stout muscular man, enveloped in an ample cloak.

“Your business then, Sir—”

“Is perhaps of as much importance to you, Monseigneur, as to me; and if you will favour me with a few moments attention, you will not perchance regret it.”

Calonne inquired, “What is the hour?” for he had lost all calculation of time in the rapidity and strong current of his ideas.

“It must be near eight, for the sun has long set.”

“Be quick then, Sir, in your narration. I know not, indeed, why I stay to listen to it, save that it matters little what I do:—trifle not with me—for I am almost desperate.”

“I know it.”

Calonne started.

“But had we not best proceed, Monseigneur?—these are troublous times; and if noticed conferring here—especially as we are known to be both Huguenots—it may be dangerous.”

Monsieur Calonne eyed his companion for the first time with a most scrutinizing glance—but obtained little satisfaction. The large folds of his cloak, the broad hat slouching over his eyes, and the duskiness, effectually shrouding him: he said, “I do not know you.”

The stranger took no notice, but merely asked, "Shall we walk, Monseigneur?"

"I attend you."

Leaving the bridge, they turned down one of those narrow streets that lead to the Pré-aux-Cleres, and all around soon became silent. The houses were large and massive, and the common doors stood open in the manner of our chambers in inns of court. The stillness was only occasionally interrupted by the nimble pushing up of a window, and the cry of "*Gard' de l'eau*," which was simultaneous with a splash in the street—a warning nearly useless any where, in the manner in which it was given, but almost wholly so in these remote and unfrequented streets.—This quarter of the town was chiefly inhabited by Huguenots, many of whom had been induced to come to Paris owing to the progress Huguenotism was just now making in the most influential ranks. It is not improbable, here were formed many of the plans of those future struggles for religious liberty, which agitated France with three successive civil wars: the spirit of which so frequently manifested itself, in contentions betwixt the rival parties, now nearly daily, in the Pré-aux-Cleres; but I digress.—No sooner had they left the main street, than the stranger informed Monsieur Calonne of his business.—"Perhaps, Monseigneur," he said, "I have a more extraordinary disclosure to make to you, than was ever yet made by one man to another. I must entreat your forbearance, and request you will not misinterpret as offensive any thing I may say."

"Go on: if you have any claim or necessity for forbearance, you shall have it:—at once to your business."—The stranger proceeded thus: "Your circumstances—" Calonne started and reddened, though the latter could not be perceived.

"Your dreadful circumstances are well known both to me and to others—you have thousands of fellow-sufferers—I watched your emotion on the bridge. I know you have no prospects but of the most appalling nature."

"Can you brighten them?" said Monsieur Calonne.

"I can," replied the stranger, "as regards your family, but not yourself."

"Oh, speak on!" cried Calonne; "I would relieve their wants even at the price of existence!"

"It *must* be at that price," replied the stranger.

Monsieur Calonne drew back, and clutched his rapier.

"There is no danger of that kind: Listen, Monsieur. Logère is sentenced to execution to-morrow morning. You know him?" said the other.

"By name only—he comes from Orleans. Go on—go on."

"His life is invaluable to his party—his wife is rich and

despairing. She would save him at any price :—there is but one way—a *substitute*."

The speaker here hesitated, and looked as if expecting Calonne to interrupt him. They were both speechless :—at length, after a long pause, catching hold of his arm, Calonne gasped in a hoarse voice—"The sum!"

"Ten thousand crowns."

"Could it be known?"

"As we shall manage, never."

"Who are *you*?"

"A friend, and agent of Madame Logère, to whom I would introduce you."

"Take me to her."

The agent made no reply, but walked on rapidly, while Monsieur Calonne followed, muttering to himself, "But a little while ago, I would have destroyed life---and now I hesitate, when it will give them all they want---competence---safety;---yet to part---to part---Amélie---Hélène!---Ten thousand crowns---Yes---they could return to Navarre---repurchase the château, and spend their days peacefully.---It shall be so---what is life with poverty?---to die now, or a little while hence---what difference?---none---none."

The stranger proceeded rapidly and silently, and had already threaded many dingy streets, when he stopped, turned under a low archway, crossed a little quadrangle, and passed up one side of a flight of steps that led to the principal entrance of a large dilapidated house. The door stood half open, and they walked into a marble hall, on one side of which was a broad oak staircase. The stranger made a motion as if to speak, but checking himself, proceeded. At the head of the second flight they came to a landing-place, on which were several doors. The stranger opened one, and they entered a small ante-room.

"Will you wait but a few seconds here?—in that room is Madame Logère."

Calonne bowed assent. The stranger or agent (who was a confidential friend and partizan of Logère, of the name of Maçon), went into the inner apartment. As he opened the door wide, as if by design, Calonne's eye involuntarily penetrated the further room: at the other end, by the light of two tall wax candles, he saw a female kneeling, her head buried in her hands. She appeared not to be roused by the entrance of Maçon, who having closed the door, Calonne judged, by a sharp exclamation he heard, that it was not until touched by Maçon, she knew a second person was present. He could scarcely have spoken to her, before Calonne heard another shriek of a different expression, and Maçon re-opening the door, said, "Monseigneur, excuse this waiting: will you enter?"

Calonne did so. He had not got five steps across the broad room, ere Madame Logère, pale as a corpse, and with a wildness that destroyed all thoughts of decorum, rushed to him, and had he not caught her, would have fallen to the floor. She exclaimed, "You will save him—you consent!—The great God bless you! Take all—all—but save him—save him!"

Monsieur Calonne tottered—he thought how *his wife* would suffer. Maçon saw the state of both, and the tears rolled down his rugged face. He took Madame Logère in his arms and placed her in her chair. Calonne too sat down, leaning his elbow on his knee, and his forehead on his hand. They were for some time mute, with the exception of the hysterical sobbing of Madame Logère, which having subsided,—"Your pardon, Monseigneur," she said, at length; "I am lost to all generosity—I know it; but my passion for my husband overpowers every thing."

Maçon interposed. "Monseigneur," said he, "must he answer what we offer is from selfishness; Logère is all to us, and we would even sacrifice the noblest man to save him; we must treat this but as a bargain, or we are lost. Here are the title deeds, Monseigneur, of an estate worth upwards of ten thousand crowns; and here are a thousand livres, to take possession with."

"I accept them," rejoined Calonne. "I will die—I bind myself to this by every tie divine and human."—Calonne spoke in the wildest yet most solemn tone: the elevation, and excitement he was under, seemed to conquer all earthly particles, and his figure shone, as it were, with the mantling feelings that possessed him. He stood for a moment like a statue. His face was raised upwards; his arm stretched forward; and his thin transparent hand clenched almost convulsively. Releasing his hand and dropping his arm involuntarily—he continued: "Now let me know the particulars—be as brief as you can, if you please—speak not one unnecessary word."

Maçon immediately replied: "The likeness between you and Logère is most extraordinary. His friends are allowed entrance to him: you will exchange garments, and he will leave the country."

"And I the world!" rejoined Calonne, with a mad laugh.

Maçon proceeded in the same level manner as before—"These estates, or the money they fetch, will be yours to bequeath as you please:—but the hatred of the queen-mother is so personal and cruel, that death is inevitable;—for to aid in the escape of a criminal would as inevitably condemn you as the unchallenged exchange. Besides, it is necessary that you should give us your word of honour not to reveal that you are other than Logère."

"What is the appointed time?"

"To-morrow."

"So soon?—Oh! Heaven forgive me if I sin!" Calonne turned away towards the window, his lips quivered, and he seemed to ejaculate though inaudibly. Madame Logère was all this while stupified by the former violence of her emotion. Maçon spoke not, though his rough and muscular figure was violently agitated. Calonne very shortly turned again to them, and said, "I shall now return to my family; by five in the morning I am here again."

Having returned home, the devoted man found his wife and their daughter Hélène sitting up for him. Madame Calonne heard his step and started up—as did Hélène—but the former, weak from intense anxiety and want of nourishment, fell back again into her chair. Her husband in a moment had his hand in hers and was bending over her—while Hélène lent on his shoulder and wept. Madame Calonne soon regained composure sufficiently to say, "Never mind the decision, love, we shall find relief, we shall not be deserted. You are dreadfully exhausted; Oh! do not, love, again stay so long from us."

Monsieur Calonne took hold of the back of a chair, which he leant on for a second or two, and then, sitting down, glared on the floor; there was a deep silence, until the mother said, in a very feeble voice—"There is some bread, Hélène." Hélène rose, and bringing out a small crust on a little wooden platter, set it down by her father; then, turning away, she pressed the palms of her hands on her eyes.

Monsieur Calonne rose, and traversed the apartment; after two or three turns, he said, "I have news to tell you;" and, having taken another turn, added in a low tone—"good."

The women both anxiously raised their heads. Calonne avoided their glance, and while walking, continued: "One of our party met me to day; he has promised me an opportunity of gaining an honourable relief---but---we must part."

Madame Calonne exclaimed, "Oh no, my love, you cannot---do not---mean it; something may arise here!"

Hélène sat pondering and silent.

Calonne vehemently proceeded. "Yes, the time is come when my darlings shall be relieved: you shall leave this noisome dungeon. You shall know the comforts, the delights of your proper station and rank. Sweet Navarre shall again cheer---you shall again climb her mountains and view her rich valleys; your charms," and he pressed and kissed Hélène with violence, "shall not be corroded in obscurity; you shall move in your own station, and enjoy the delights you were born to." "We want nothing," Hélène replied, "but to see you tranquil; and a very moderate competence will make us happy."

here or any where. Tell us, my father, by what *means* we are to be relieved?"

"No matter---no matter---I must leave you---for---for---a time. Now let us to rest---I am exhausted; you shall know all *to-morrow*."

"You *are* exhausted, love. To-morrow I trust we shall all be better!"---This was spoken by Madame Calonne.

Hélène rose to depart, slowly and thoughtfully; she took hold of her father's hand, and then looked intently into his face.

Calonne put his arm round her, and holding her slantingly from him, passed his other hand across her forehead wildly and dreamingly---then ejaculated, his features turning ashy pale, "Eternal Power, protect her!"

"Come, come, my love, to bed---you are not well; come, come," Madame Calonne said, and gently disengaged Hélène. No sooner were they separated, than she rushed back to her father's arms, and kissed him with a vehemence she seldom displayed; he returning her embrace with equal intensity: "God, God bless you, my child!"---She at length tore herself away, hastened to her little closet, and throwing herself on her knees, prayed for strength and support.

When his daughter was gone, Calonne turned to his wife, who perceived that he was greatly disturbed, but knowing that repose was the best, indeed the only restorative they possessed, she urged it again, and forbore to enquire into the cause of his unusual agitation.

Calonne caught her hand, and said "Amélie, I must leave you to-morrow; your future welfare and that of our dear children depends on it. I cannot reveal the cause: it is for us to suffer for our children. When I am gone, all the anxiety will be yours: live for them and in them." "What *do* you mean, Bertrand? there is more than you tell. What else---what horror is in store for us?" "None, none,---poverty, ignominy, want, are *now* yours; but in a few days you shall be restored to ease."

"How, how, Bertrand? You shrink,---you change colour."

"Promise, Amélie, by our long years of love, promise that, should any thing happen to me, you will live for them, in them."

The unfortunate wife shuddered and sobbed, and sank her head despairingly upon her husband's shoulder.---That was a dreadful night. In the course of it, Calonne wrote one or two letters to different parties; and no sooner had he completed this requisite task, than his anxious wife and eldest daughter were again beside him. He strove to comfort them as best he might. To their deprecating entreaties, he replied with urging the necessity of redeeming, by some risk on his part, the entire family

from ruin and starvation. At last, wearied out by their own importunity and Calonne's resolution, they desisted, and H  l  ne said "Go, my father : whatever be your intention, we will no longer seek to control it. But consider well, if the danger you are about to undergo will be counterbalanced by the good. Remember, our peace is in the balance. What—what can recompense us if you have misjudged?"

Calonne stood a moment in deep thought, then said, "H  l  ne ! I have determined. I go. And now the cold gleams of day are breaking through the dark horizon. It is time.—My wife, my child, farewell!"—We will draw a veil over the agony of Calonne's parting from his entire family.

He soon arrived at Madame Log  re's, where he found her and Ma  on expecting him,—the former with all the wildness that a *selfish* mind I was going to say—but that could not be the case, since it was for her husband she felt—but I must say that a narrow mind, feels when its sympathies and feelings are excited by one, and one only, being. The latter had determined at any rate to save his friend and partisan ; and whatever throes of conscience he might have, they were all repressed by this indomitable determination. Calonne made a slight acknowledgment, and there was something in his manner so overpowering, that both Ma  on and Madame Log  re felt subdued. "You will give the papers, if you please, now over into my hands?" he said to Mons. Ma  on.

"Certainly," replied the latter, and immediately handed a small box in which they were contained. "You will find them all there," said he, "together with the thousand livres."

"It is well," Mons. Calonne rejoined ; "Have you any trusty man at hand who will convey these for me?"—"You shall command one immediately;" and so saying, Ma  on called on the landing place for "Louis," and presently the person so named appeared. "Take this box," said Mons. Calonne, "to the Admiral Coligni, and leave it, with this letter." "Directly, Monsieur;" and the man departed.

"It grows late," said Madame Log  re ; "it is near five—and at six—" Calonne involuntarily shuddered, but in a second said, "I attend you, Madame—let us begone."

Madame Log  re hurried on her things, and Ma  on approaching, said, "Will you take this cloak, Monseigneur, and forgive our selfishness—our devotion to Log  re."—"It is a *bargain*, and I thank Heaven for the chance."

They all proceeded to the prison in which Log  re was confined. As they crossed the court-yard, they saw on one side the scaffold and fatal implements of death. Madame Log  re hid her head in her hands—Calonne viewed them as the warrior viewed the Gorgon shield, but was only petrified for an instant. They were

soon conducted to the cell of Logère—his wife rushed forward and clung to him: he was a tall, dark, intellectual-looking man,—in fact, as I have said before, extremely like Mons. Calonne. He clasped her silently, and holding out one hand to Maçon, looked inquiringly at Calonne, and said, in a gentle tone, "Who is this gentleman? what unknown friend does me the kindness to visit me at such an hour?"—"It is indeed a friend," Maçon answered; "one who has made your friends live again; one who is" and he whispered, "ready to exchange garments with you, and die for you---there is not a moment to be lost—quick, quick, prepare! This gentleman has consented, for the estate in Aveiron, to surrender himself; it is voluntary." "Perfectly so," said Calonne, "stepping forward; and I thank Heaven, that has thus enabled me to redeem my wife—my children—from the worst of human evils—poverty! Monseigneur, I am ready."—"Come, come, lose no time, Henri," and Madame Logère began unbuttoning his tunic. "To die for me?" said Monsieur Logère. "What can induce you, sir!"—"My family."—"His family, love; we will take care of them, and cherish them. Come, come,---see how alike you are! they will never know; you may pass out, all is prepared for flight; come, come!"—"Never!" said Logère. "What do you think me?---a coward---a villain---a monster? Never!" "You will kill me, Henri. It is Monsieur's wish."—"Wish to die?" said Logère. "Impossible!" And going up to Calonne, "I honour you," he said, "I could love you; and I regret death more than ever, as it deprives me of making such a friend." Calonne returned the pressure of his hand, and answered, "I have come here to die. I am bent to the performance of my promise to this lady. Befriend my family, and I have not a wish ungratified."—"Live and enjoy that family, and the fortune you have thus acquired. I confirm it. I will hear no more. Let us part here, and hope that in another world we may meet once more."

"Then," said Calonne, "I return your property, and beggary and starvation are my family's again. I have made a contract, and as I fulfil my part, I expect you should fulfil yours."

"I knew nothing of it: they *dared* not tell me." Madame Logère interposed: "Hark—hark—they come—fly—change," and she glanced wildly around. Maçon urged it also.—"You do not know me," rejoined Logère: and he had scarcely spoken, when one of the officers of the prison entered, and requested that monsieur would hasten the departure of his friends. He glanced doubtfully first at Calonne and then at Logère; but the former immediately enveloping himself in his cloak, the man withdrew, saying it wanted but a quarter of an hour to six. Directly he was gone, Madame Logère, who had

been leaning on her husband's shoulder, broke out into a paroxysm of grief and supplication. Logère was deaf to all intreaty—to the sobs—the shrieks—the ejaculations of his wife, and the arguments of his friend. At length the bell sounded, for the first time, the signal of preparation; deeply did it sink into every breast. Calonne first recovered self-possession, and desired them to envelope Logère in his cloak, and convey him forcibly away. Maçon, who was an Herculean person, proceeded to do so, and Calonne retired to Logère's seat. While this agonizing scuffle was going on, a noise of footsteps was heard in the passage. "They come!" shrieked Madame Logère. "Henri!"

The doors were thrown open unusually wide, and an elderly, heroic-looking man, (surrounded by others, whose countenances beamed with joy,) came in, and going up to the prisoner, cried, "Saved, saved, Logère!—you are free. Catherine has been compelled to give way to us: Condé is released, and you, who were the only exception to the general pardon, are no longer one!"

I will not attempt to describe the unbounded joy of Madame, or the strangeness of feeling on the part both of Calonne and Logère. When these emotions had somewhat subsided, the latter explained to the Admiral Coligni (for it was that nobleman himself) the sacrifice which Calonne had determined to make for his family.

The admiral exclaimed, "Thank God! there is now no cause for such noble desperation." Logère grasped Calonne's hand eagerly, and said, "You will be my friend—share *my* fortune, and let me share *your* heart." Calonne covered his head with his cloak, and, suddenly turning away to a recess, threw up his clasped hands to Heaven, and stood lost in adoration. Then, sinking on his knees, he poured out his overcharged heart. So true is it, that joy is much more trying to a truly noble spirit than the deepest misery.

The sequel of this story may be guessed at by every generous and feeling mind. The whole party soon quitted the hateful spot of incarceration; and, after reciprocating with Logère promises of lasting regard, Calonne hastened home to relieve the anxiety of his family, and communicate that there would, most probably, be no further necessity for leaving them. Logère's friendship furnished the means for obtaining a second hearing of the cause respecting Calonne's fortune; and the Huguenots being, at that precise period, (in order to serve the political purposes of Catherine de Medicis) not so warmly persecuted, justice was suffered to prevail, and a fair decision given. He took possession of his property, and was enabled to re-purchase his hereditary estate in Navarre; whither the household now re-

tired, as did also the noble-minded Logère,—the two families living in the closest intimacy.

Madame Calonne and Hélène, for a long time, turned pale at any mention of circumstances connected with the former condemnation of Logère; and the younger children, as they successively became old enough to estimate duly the motives of their sire, joined their mother and sister in invoking blessings on that head and heart which had, from earnest love to them, entertained the thought of the Ransom.

SEBELLA.

A TALE OF VENICE.

"Guilt seeks a companion for the same reason as a child cries for a bed-fellow because he fears being left alone in the dark."—COLTON.

"COLONI," said Signor Marcorando, "my faithful valet, I need your assistance; but first tell me, can you keep a secret?"

"My noble master, have I ever deceived you?" rejoined Coloni, with the consequence of one about to be made confidant to a superior.

"I blush that I doubted you for a moment, my good Coloni," said the coaxing Signor; "and, therefore, without further hesitation, I will begin: Count Golesko has dared to refuse me the hand of his daughter in marriage."

"*Has he dared?*" exclaimed Coloni; and determining to show his readiness for the blackest deeds, he continued, with a frowning brow; "then, *of course*, he is to die."

This was all the Signor wanted—to rid the beauty of her only protector. "Do you think he should, Coloni?" replied he, in a whispering tone; "if you will assist me in the undertaking, I fear not to stain my hand with such a villain's blood."

"A fortunate circumstance, my honoured sir," said Coloni, after a pause; "the Count is at present in search of a valet; I will offer myself, with your leave, and make known to you a favourable opportunity."

"Oh, my only parent! My dear father!" exclaimed the fair Sebella, "do not remain late at the Doge's palace to-night; rumours are abroad that ruffians seek your life; my father, think of your lonely Sebella."

"My only child!" answered Count Golesko, "I have a

scheme to communicate. Ere I can return, my household will be wrapped in the arms of sleep; and I know not the depth of those soft smiles which play on the face of my new valet, Coloni; therefore, my Sebella, will you steal from your chamber when I cast a pebble to your window, and unbolt the outer door? then may I enter, and none know of my protracted return; my being abroad so late were offering too good an opportunity to those who wish me dead, for any one, save yourself, to be trusted with the secret."

"My kind master!" exclaimed Coloni, entering the room where Marcorando sat alone, "I have news; the Count attends the palace of the Doge to-day, and returns at midnight. I loitered behind the tapestry of the saloon, to hear his last orders to the Lady Sebella—Oh! she is beautiful;" he continued, "and she shall be Signor Marcorando's queen. Count Golesko has heard, by some strange means, that his life is sought, or, mayhap, he only pictures what he feels that he deserves; however, he has trusted his daughter only with the knowledge of his late return; she is to unbolt the outer door: now, my noble master, come at twelve, stand at the corner of the great court-yard a few moments, and you will have a chance of quenching your dagger's thirst; then throw a pebble to the nearest window on the right, and the Lady Sebella is yours for ever. I will be on the spot to keep off intruders."

Every clock in Venice had struck the midnight hour, and tears gently coursed each other down the pale cheeks of Sebella, as she sat listening at her chamber window: "Come, come, my father," she frequently repeated; not that she was wearied with waiting, or her patience exhausted; but that she could not drive from her fancy an apprehension that her father had met some midnight bandit. "Ah, there is the pebble! thanks to the Holy Virgin," she exclaimed, clasping her hands; she reached the entrance door, her hand trembled on the bolt. "Is it not to save a father?" were the words of encouragement she repeated, and the bolt slipped back.

The light of an Italian moon shone on a tall figure, wrapped in a long black cloak. "My own, my dear father!" whispered Sebella.

"Thou art mine! mine for ever," exclaimed the deep voice of the hated Marcorando. Sebella dashed from his embrace, and would have roused the castle, had not Coloni, with a lamp in his hand, impeded her flight. Marcorando entered.

"Approach me not, Signor Marcorando, or the curse of Golesko be on thee for ever!" said Sebella in that tone which is at once the offspring of wounded pride, and unsullied virtue.

"Golesko is no more," said Marcorando, with a fiendish smile; "and thou art mine!"

"If prayers and entreaties failed, think'st thou that coward-like treachery could change the vows of Sebella? I tell thee by the Holy Virgin, never!" exclaimed the maiden, driven to despair by indignation and fear. "Unhand me!" she added, much more in the style of a chieftain giving the word of command, than that of a trembling dove in the power of the vulture: "unhand me, and I may hear thee."

"Then, my Sebella, fly with me; thy father is no more; all obstacles are removed; give me thy heart, and——"

"Stop, villain! murderer of my father!" she exclaimed, snatching the dagger from his belt, yet wet with the life-blood of her parent; and, plunging it to the hilt in her own bosom, Sebella cried, "There! take my heart, it is at the point of thy dagger!"

C. W.

THE RIVAL HOUSES.

By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

Author of "RICHELIEU," "THE GIPSY," &c.

BEAUTIFUL England ! Sweet country of verdure, and richness, and variety and splendour, clothed in mingled brightness and clouds, blending the light and shade, the sunshine and the shadow through its moral and its physical atmosphere ; place of woods and streams, of hills and valleys, and offering every thing in its varied aspects to charm the eye and to enchant the ear. A land, too, that, notwithstanding all the discontented have said—~~notwithstanding~~ all that enemies who would depreciate, and superficial travellers who misunderstand, have alleged regarding the temper and feelings of its inhabitants—is filled with a race often thrilling with as deep emotions as the more licentious nations of the south, but blessed with a sense of moral dignity, which, without destroying, bridles and directs the fiery passions of the heart !

It was in sweet England, then, our own dear native land, little more than a century ago, when the second George held sway over a land still troubled with the memories of a former race of kings,—memories deep-rooted in the hearts of those noble spirits who found, in the misfortunes of the exiled family, a new claim to devotion and support :—it was little more than a century ago then, and in those troublous and licentious times, that, while the Stuart and the Guelph ceased not to maintain a jealous rivalry for extended power, two houses of inferior rank and station maintained an equal rivalry in private life—as fertile to them in strong emotions, deep interests, and mighty passions, as the wider, perhaps fiercer, struggle which had thrones for its object, and found its arena on the battle-field.

There was a river, a sweet and gentle river, such as wanders through no country but England, and wends its way amidst the soft and shadowy beauty of this stirring yet thoughtful land ; and on either side of that stream, separated from its waters by a few narrow meadows, rose high banks, generally covered with wood, and here and there spotted with the cottage of the husbandman, the gay little village with its Norman tower, or the seat of the country gentleman, in the quaint architecture of the age referred to, with its surrounding park of broad lawns and old trees, holding a fanciful analogy with the antique race whose dwelling they shadowed.

Two of these seats were distinguished from the rest both by superior size and magnificence, by the beauty of the scenery

around, and by their position—the one being exactly opposite to the other upon the two sides of the river. But a few hundred yards of green turf were interposed between each of these houses and the stream. The gifts of beauty, derived from the hand of nature, had been allotted in very nearly equal proportions to each; each had its woody banks, broken and cliffy, exposing the gnarled and projecting roots of the old trees that crowned them, through the shaggy loam and marl of which they were composed; each had its winding paths wandering over those banks and amongst those trees; each had its dells and dingles, its detached patches of woodland breaking the meadows, its clumps of old ancestral oaks casting a velvet shadow on the lawns; each also had its memories, its thousand memories of other days; its bright associations with glorious actions and heroic names; its tales of love and hate, of joy and sorrow, of festivity and death.

Nevertheless, the aspect of each of those houses was strangely different. The one—stern and gray, built of the old, smooth, time-coloured bricks, which have scarcely been found in England since the days of Henry VIII., with here and there lines of intervening stonework surrounding the windows and pointing all the edges of the building—was constructed according to the forms of the Elizabethan architecture; and while it displayed great care and neatness in every part, evinced that that care had been extended to preserving the building exactly in the same state as the taste of its first architect had imparted to it, banishing every attempt at innovation, as sacrilege against a pure and time-consecrated style. The other, on the contrary, though probably as antique in its original formation, had (while the former remained untouched) been changed in a thousand respects. The walls had been broken through; and immense windows, formed almost entirely of glass and woodwork, had been let in to supply the place of the solid masonry thrown down; cornices had been run along, ornamented with grotesque heads, tritons and river-gods, coucets and cornucopias; and every thing, in short, had been done which plaster, paint, lead, and woodwork could effect, to change a good old English building into a château in the taste of the latter and worst epoch of the several ones, which were comprised during the reign of Louis XIV.

It might seem, at first sight, that the difference between the style of those two houses, was simply a manifestation of the different character of mind of their several proprietors; and such was, in some degree, the case; but it was still more:—in a very extraordinary degree, it formed the expression of that hatred which existed between the heads of two rival families. The one would in nothing resemble the other; and he made

even a great sacrifice of his own taste, in order to render his dwelling as unlike that of his detested neighbour as the skill of man could make it. Attached to the family of the Guelphs, this chief loved every thing that bespoke the changed condition of the country, under their sway; and he held, and even loudly proclaimed, that the antique architecture of the opposite mansion bespoke, in the strongest manner, the Jacobite feelings of its proprietor. But as this tale has nothing to do with party politics even of a past age, and as we have not space here to pause, and relate all the minute events which took place from day to day, perpetuating hereditary enmity, and working up ancient feuds to a pitch of fury which scarcely the strong hand of law could curb, we must be contented, according to the advice of the old poet, to begin our tale in the middle—and, following our own peculiar fancy, to give such brief scenes, as may afford, though by a series of momentary sketches, a full knowledge of the event which we sit down to commemorate.

Nothing is so easy, as to portray a history; it is a sort of written hieroglyphic, and almost any passages, truly told, will suffice to illustrate the rest. Take, for instance, a bright moonlight by the side of the stream we have described, at about one or two in the morning—the rays of the pale planet pouring through the branches of the trees, and chequering with a wavy network of light and shade the pebble-studded pathway beneath. Such a scene, and such a moment, may perhaps have little to do with the history; but then, there was a light plash in the water near, as if something had been suddenly propelled from the other side; and then the moonlight, which lay soft upon the bosom of the calm stream, broke suddenly into a thousand bright ripples as a boat darted across and sheltered itself under the deep blue shadows of the overhanging trees: and somebody bounded with a light foot upon the shore, and looked hither and thither along the path, but the rays that stole through the leaves scarcely afforded him light to see beyond a few steps on either side. He paused and listened; another ear might have heard nothing, for the step, if there were a step, was as light as the kiss of the summer sunshine upon a young flower, and the rustling of the dress, if there were a rustling, was so slight, that the waving of the trees, though stirred but by the gentlest wind that ever played with their young leaves upon a summer's night, might have well concealed the sound: however it was, after the boatman had listened for a moment, he sped on, and was no longer alone. There was a fair hand clasped in his; there was a gentle and a graceful form by his side; but the words they spoke seemed to be sad and mournful, at least from the tone in which they were murmured in each other's ear.

"I knew it," he said at length; "we must part, and perhaps for ever. That a struggle is approaching, all must see; that your father will take his part with a desperate and an unjust cause, I cannot doubt; that his hatred for me and mine will but be increased by that which we must do, I must not shut from my eyes, nor conceal from yours; that duty may place an impassable barrier between us, we both of us know too well; yet, Louisa, when I ask you for one kiss before we part, I urge you to no breach of duty, I ask you for that only which might make me happy for many a year. I ask you for no promise; I ask you to forget no tie which might ever impede your union with another."

"But why?" she said: "it could but increase your pain, and dye my cheek with shame."

"God forbid!" he replied, eagerly, "God forbid that shame should ever stain it, and of my causing! I sought it but as a gift, as a keepsake of the heart, which no eye could ever see; which no power could ever take from me; which, if I fall upon those plains whereto your father's party may soon call such as support the rights and liberties of the people, would remain with me to the last moment,—and even when the dim and reeling eye of death can see the objects of the world no more, would be present to the vision of my spirit, the keepsake of a deep and pure affection."

He asked it not again, however, but merely pressed his lips upon the hand he held. They parted; again the boat cut its rippling way over the bright surface of the moonlight waters; and silence, solemn and melancholy as the grave, fell over the stream, the fields, the woods around. Daylight soon dawned above the splendid multitude of beautiful objects there collected—and with it, came all the strife and turbulence, the interests and passions, the pangs, the business, and the idleness of day.

Take another scene. It happened about three nights after. In the hall of the older mansion—in the large and antique hall, which, since it was first erected, had seen beneath its roof many a gay and glittering party assemble for the feast, the revel, and the song; and which had often also seen the dusky robes of morning sweep around the coffin of some one of its departed lords; stretched out there in the midst, ere it was borne forth for interment;—in the ancient hall, which had listened to the tale of love, and to the tale of sorrow; which had been brightened by the smiles, and darkened by the tears of many a race long gone; which had echoed with the merry, careless laugh of infancy, and had heard the wise and vigorous councils of age, experience and valour, in troublous times and days of civil war:—In that hall were now assembled, round the council board, a number of brave

and gallant men, bent upon a desperate enterprise for restoring to power and dominion in their native land, a ruined and an unwise race.

At the top of the table sat the head of the house, his fine but stern features full of noble enthusiasm, of fiery daring; and by his side sat another, not unlike him, and of about his own age—nearly approaching to fifty:—but on the countenance of this last, there appeared but little of that fire, which flashed from the eyes of the lord of the dwelling. His face was calm and grave; and ever and anon, when the other spoke to him, he cast his eyes down upon the table, and busied them with the inkhorn which stood before him, or with a roll of paper, which he turned carelessly round in his hand.

“I have promised, my lord earl,” said the master of the mansion, while the rest, who sat round the table, were employed in talking eagerly together; “I have promised, my lord earl, and she shall be yours, with all the splendid lands, and wide-spread lordships, which my only child must inherit.”

“But what if you marry again, Sir John?” demanded the earl, raising his eyes to his companion’s face.

“I marry not again,” replied the other. “But to set your mind at ease,—you, on your part, bring all your tenants and retainers into the field, and join us at the rendezvous to-morrow night; and I, on my part, will at once settle on you and her all that I possess upon earth.”

“But what says the lady?” asked the earl.

“What should she say?” rejoined her father. “She has no will but mine.”

“Yet I would fain hear her consent from her own lips,” replied the other coldly.

“Well, hear it then!” exclaimed the master of the mansion somewhat impatiently. “Go to her now, you will find her in the blue saloon; but remember, speed is every thing.”

“I will but obtain her promise,” answered the other, “and then to horse, without delay, in order to bring my men to the rendezvous. Fear not, I will lose no time.

“You know the spot?” inquired his host.

“Well, well,” said the earl, as, turning away, he walked deliberately through the hall; which he quitted, closing the door after him.

He ascended the old stone staircase; he strode through a long open gallery, and entered a room at the end upon his left hand. He remained, perhaps, half an hour, during which time his voice and that of another might be heard conversing, sometimes in loud, sometimes in murmuring tones. And there were long pauses and broken sobs, as if the words then spoken were, on one part at least, accompanied by bitter tears. When the nobleman came forth, his brow was dark as thunder, but he

strode out into the court-yard; and calling his grooms together, mounted his horse, and galloped away without returning to the hall.

In that hall, meanwhile, his cold demeanour had been remarked as soon as he had quitted it. The lord of the mansion played in an impatient mood with the hilt of his sword; and the rest of the party, which might consist of fifteen or twenty persons, gazed in one another's faces, as if each were anxious to ascertain what were the feelings of his neighbour, in respect to him who had just left them. At length, an old rough-spoken man, who remembered well the battle of the Boyne, and bore a token of his participation therein in a deep scar upon his brow, abruptly broke silence, and expressed in some degree the sentiments of all. "I like him not, Sir John," he said, "I like him not; and if my advice be followed, we shall go forward in this business without him, and he shall have a good lodging, and a comfortable bed, in a well secured room, where he can betray our counsels to no man, till it is too late to meddle with them."

"Nay, nay," replied the master of the mansion, "he is my friend and my guest, and I must not show him any want of hospitality. Besides, I have known him long, and though he be somewhat cold and backward in this business, I believe—on my life I do believe—that he is a man of honour."

But the subject having now been broached, each would speak his mind; a hundred different opinions were given, and a hundred different pieces of advice were offered. Some spoke fiercely, with flashing eyes and eager hands that longed to grasp their swords. Some argued more calmly, and delivered themselves in milder terms. But the opinion which most prevailed was, that the earl should be again brought down, and made solemnly to swear, that he would support their cause, and not reveal their purposes.

All seemed to hold to this counsel; but while one or two were rising to seek the earl, the clatter of his horse's feet was heard passing beneath the windows. One of the guests—a quick, bold, youth—started to the casement, and throwing it open, gazed after him as he rode. It was a clear bright night, and the air full of moonlight. But the road wound on into the woods, and after dividing into two, might be seen issuing forth again; the one branch turning to the right over the hill, the other to the left, along the river-side. The young man gazed forth till he saw a dark object, and then two or three more, issue forth from the wood, and follow the path which led along towards a bridge, about a mile below. Whereupon, turning on his heel, he walked back to the table, humming, with an air of nonchalance, some verses of a then popular Jacobite song.

"Which way has he taken?" demanded the soldier of the Boyne.





"Towards the bridge," replied the young man, carelessly.

"Then, by —, he is gone to betray us!" said the old soldier.

"So I supposed," replied the youth, throwing himself down in a chair in the same heedless manner. "Sir John, this is a sultry night: cannot we have some Burgundy to cool us?"

"Gentlemen," said the master of the mansion, "these are all suspicions without cause. The earl may as well go to his own dwelling, by the bridge, as over the hill. It is not much farther, and the road is better. However, to guard against all danger, we will alter our place of meeting to the ford two miles up the river. I will have a page to watch at the first-named rendezvous, who, if the earl comes, shall bring him to us; and who, if he comes not, shall give us information."

"Well bethought, well bethought!" cried a dozen voices; "but let the page get up into an oak-tree, like old Rowley, that he may see without being seen."

This point settled, and his guests having left him, the master of the mansion took his way to his own apartments---passing, as he did so, the door of his daughter's chamber, but he went not in. A tirowoman was coming forth as he passed, and he demanded, "How goes it with your mistress, girl?"

"Somewhat sadly, sir," replied the maid, placing a piece of paper in her bosom. "Somewhat sadly; but she has gone to bed."

"Peace be with her," said her father; and he passed on.

Another scene, and we have done. It was again night; piles of heavy clouds were raising their crests above the outline of the hilly bank of the river; but the sky overhead was clear, and the moon, just above the edge of the vapour, was shining full and mellow upon those rounded masses, tipping their shadowy forms with gold. The nightingale was singing sweetly in the woods; the thrush, too, was adding from time to time the melody of his song; and the scene was as sweet and calm as we have first depicted it.—There was the light flutter of a woman's garments in the shady walk by the stream, and beside her moved along the same form which had crossed the river in the skiff a few nights previous. But words seem to have been spoken which had wrought a still nearer and tenderer interest between them; for the young man's arm encircled the maiden's waist as if supporting her onward, and her head drooped upon his shoulder, as if she needed all that support.

"Think you bold!" he exclaimed. "Think you wrong, beloved girl! Oh, no, no! far from it. I engage boldly, certainly, that my father shall receive you as a daughter; that, ere four and twenty hours be passed, you shall be my bride. Come,

my Louisa, come! five steps more will bring you to the boat. My father is up, even now, and shall welcome you willingly to his dwelling. He has been strangely busy all day, despatching messengers hither and thither in all directions, on business that I know not; and the light was still burning in his cabinet when I came away. Come, my Louisa, come! fear not, beloved; there is no danger."

"Who goes there?" exclaimed a loud voice, directly in their path.

They drew a step back, but neither of them answered; while the youth laid his hand upon his sword, and Louisa clung to him in terrified apprehension.

"Who goes there?" repeated the voice; and the very next moment was heard the fatal monosyllable, "Fire!"

A bright flash ran along through the wood, displaying for a moment the trunks of the old trees, the wreathed and knarled branches of the oaks, the green foliage and the neatly-trimmed gravel walk, with the glistening of the river, along whose banks it darted. There was the ringing report of musketry, silencing at once the voice of the nightingale and the thrush, and soaring the dove and the wood-pigeon from their nests. The clang was followed by one loud piercing shriek, and one deep heavy groan.

"On, on upon the Jacobites! on upon the rebels! Charge!" cried the same voice which had before spoken. But the silence that succeeded made the party of soldiers pause; and when they advanced a little further, there was a loud cry for lights.

Lights were speedily brought; and what did they serve to show?—A fair girl stretched upon the earth, with her garments dabbled in blood—one shot-wound in her soft and beautiful bosom, another traversing her temples from side to side. Close by her, and with his arms still clasped round her waist, was a noble-looking cavalier, in the prime of youth; death was upon his countenance too. Nor had the monster come in a lingering shape; for the ball that slew the young man had passed through his heart; and it is probable that he had not even felt a second shot, which had struck the hand he was laying upon his sword, and dashed it to pieces, together with the hilt of the weapon he was drawing.

A weeping boy was found in a tree near the spot, who told that he had been placed there to watch what took place, and carry information thereof to his master, who, with a considerable Jacobite force, was waiting at a ford some two miles higher up the stream. The soldiers injured him not, but sent him upon his errand; while, with vain care and tenderness, they removed to the modern dwelling-house on the other bank of the river, all that remained of the last of the race of those
Two Rival Houses.

JOHN SMITH.

By EDWARD MAYHEW, Esq.

Author of "MAKE YOUR WILLS," and other Dramas.

JOHN SMITH was an able-bodied Scotchman, who, some twenty years ago, supported the drama at Kelso. To all appearance, John was a man capable of supporting any thing; yet, by a trick of fortune, he never was, during his eventful life, capable with ease of supporting himself. At Kelso, he was a favourite. The "nobility, gentry, inhabitants of Kelso and its vicinity," admired his manner of representing a fictitious character as much as they despised his personation of a real one. His style of acting was, "to do the most he could with a part." He was forcible. If he did not master the passions, it was not for want of effort, for he grappled them with stentorian vigour. He "gave them all breath;" not depending for applause, like some of the lazy London players, upon the author's merits. No, he trusted to nature—the spur of the moment—and let his feelings have fair play. Shakspeare and Fitzball he treated with equal respect: he never studied a word out of either; but extemporised most fluently.

Alas, for genius! Bread and cheese, and first parts, were all John Smith's reward; who, there is reason to believe, was called to play knife and fork with more rarity than gentlemen of less "liberal" professions. The test of ability is the power to overcome difficulties. John could not master his poverty, but he despised it, which feeling the inhabitants of Kelso shared with him. They esteemed men in proportion to their wealth: John's soul was superior to such meanness—he valued himself in proportion to his indigence, which was extreme. "The noblest study of mankind is man." John studied man, and that man was himself. If self-knowledge be indeed the highest wisdom, he lost no pains in endeavouring to acquire it; for he thought of nothing *but* himself—spoke of nothing but himself—regarded nothing but himself. If another mentioned the peculiarities of Kamschatka, he particularized on his benefit at Kalcardy: were the part played by ministers to the nation discussed, he told you of the parts he had played in the country. Should any one mention a neighbour who had died, and left his business in confusion, he detailed his "business" when he "died" in Richard. John would always hammer it into the heads of those who were near him, that he was a person of singular importance; to which end his conversation *ever* began with the first person singular: his egotism was indeed imperturbable.

—nothing could destroy it. Yet never did a man more literally “keep himself to himself,” for it was impossible to attract him to any other subject even for an instant. The head of this histrionic hero was “full of strange conceits;” for John was vain as his own endeavours to speak three lines correctly.

In personal appearance, Mr. Smith was not even “*shabby genteel*.” Shakspeare says garments “cleave not to the body save by the aid of use.” Now John, as if to disprove the bard, who was eternally bothering him, wore garments in themselves witnesses of long usage; but which, nevertheless, hung around the tragedian’s form in most unfashionable drapery. A rusty brown coat, to whose surface time had, as the continuous running of the gentle brook is said to do to the pebble, lent a uniform and pleasant polish; trousers patched at the knees, and ragged at the heels; a hat of that convenient sort which could suffer no injury from the severest weather; and shoes worn, we regret to say, still less for use than ornament, completed the dress of “the leading man” of Kelso—whom we must leave to do the horrible, and draw very large houses into the very little back-parlour of a road-side public, graced *pretent* with the name of “Theatre Royal.”

It was during “the season” at Kelso, that a villain also yelapt John, disgraced the patrician name of Smith. Yet even this fellow had some people to speak well of him. He was said by these to be a free-hearted man, who would give when he had it—which being seldom, his generosity was the more creditable; and by an oblique principle of equity, he would take when he had it not—which being commonly the case, he soon became notorious. This second John, or as he was called *Jock Smith*, loved the old freebooter’s maxim of robbing the rich to give to the poor. Thus he was particular never to enter the houses but of the wealthiest; and as he generally knew more of his own distresses than he cared to know of any one else’s, he invariably put into his pocket such little trifles as took his fancy during his visit. Having called one evening at Roxborough Castle, he was, much against his own desire, detained; and the next morning *Jock Smith* was honoured with an ample escort, and “lodged” with full probability of being “done for” into the bargain, in the ancient jail of the equally ancient and respectable town of Jedborough.

This edifice had been famed for having held men, of yore, whose strength was always described in proportion to that of the narrator’s imagination. It had confined those who lived before improvements degenerated our race, and possessed a reputation for tenacity equalled only by that of the Court of Chancery. Perhaps this might have arisen from the circumstance of “*Joddart law*” having been in full force during the

old Border times---by virtue of which, men were executed first, and tried afterwards. For, as the high-minded bailies of those chivalrous times declared, "No Scotchman could live under suspicion!"---In support of which principle, they used to hang a man the moment he *was* suspected. Now though the existing bailies of Jedborough had equal confidence in the security of their jail with that of the ancient mariner in the boat which had carried him without repair for thirty years---yet, piously feeling that nothing on earth was to be wholly trusted, they engaged a sherra' officer, named Pate Poinden, to "make assurance doubly sure," by watching every night on the *outside* of the jail, while the regular turnkey kept watch and ward *within*.

Pate Poinden was a man of groaning dimensions, whose qualifications, the worthy who recommended his employment shall describe.

"An auld and excellent public servant; showing no respect to any person in the execution of the magistrates, their orders, and commands; perfectly honest, strong and able to put in force the law against all refractory lieges; fond o'a dram; but wha' was not?---yet never known to take more than one glass---*at a time*; and never fou before breakfast."

Such a recommendation was irresistible; all thought of opposing it was silenced in one glow of admiration. Pate was duly appointed to the post of "supernumerary force" of Jedborough jail, and installed with all due honours.

The duty he had to perform was to mount guard at sun-down upon the top of a massive flight of stone steps, which led to the gate of the prison. From this post Pate commanded a full front view of the window of the cell wherein Jock Smith had residence, which was in the second story of the building, immediately under the town clock, whose cumbersome and old-fashioned works occupied the apartment above.

It is possible that the noise made by this "record of the times," disturbed Mr. Smith's repose; but be that as it may, he found his present lodgings far from comfortable. Durance was what Jock could not endure. Like the lily ravished from the freedom of its native vale, he "pined and drooped, and hung his pretty head." The doctors visited him; for it is customary to take special care of the lives of those whom the law hath decreed *are not* to live. His nerves were said to be effected, and tonics were requisite to restore him to good hanging order. Strong preparations of iron were therefore recommended to be administered. The friends of the prisoner heard and approved the prescription, and one of them gave him a *crowbar*, which he "took" with avidity, and was reported by the visiting physician, after he had it, to be doing well.

Hitherto, Jock had only studied the readiest means of enter-

ing-houses: he now employed his wits upon the readiest means of quitting one.

On the same day that Jock Smith took the crowbar which effected his recovery, Pate Poinden, as sherra' officer, "took the arm" of a gentleman who was under suspicion of debt. The said gentleman, being utterly insolvent; was, as a natural consequence, recklessly generous. Pate treated him with civility—he treated Pate with whisky; and had the prisoner been inclined to escape, the officer was soon in a state capable of offering little resistance; but the gentleman respected the laws of his country, and none more than those which relate to insolvents—of the benefit whereof he had frequently availed himself. He led the tottering bailiff to the jail, and there surrendered himself to justice!

It was by this time the hour for Pate to mount guard, and he with difficulty seated himself on the top of the stone stairs; for standing was at present out of the question. Whatever partiality the sherra' officer might evince in other instances, he was, in all that concerned law, an enemy to the *spirit*. He loved the *letter*; and finding himself inclined to sleep, it occurred to him that, when the agreement was made, nothing had been particularized about his remaining awake; so he cradled himself against the massy balustrade, and, rocked by the busy spirit within, gave way to the soft suggestions of "nature's nurse."

Now, while Pate was below sleeping, Jock was up and wide awake. Midnight was coming round; and Mr. Smith, knowing that his life was no longer his own, felt no hesitation in risking it by an attempt to escape. He poised the crowbar over his right shoulder, and, with expectation big, awaited the tolling of the mystic hour of twelve. The warning of the striking of the old crazy clock came with a whirring sort of a sound; and as the clapper gave its first clang, Jock dealt a powerful blow on one of the stanchions of the window—the bar snapped in the middle. This feat he repeated with every succeeding stroke of the clock, carefully beating time so as to let the blow jump with the bell; and when the hour of twelve had fully sounded, six perpendicular and as many horizontal bars to freedom dangled uselessly in their sockets. Two of the pieces he secured; and getting upon the sill of the window, he descended on the outside, hanging by one hand; and reaching as far down as possible with the other, he insinuated one of the broken bars between the joints of the freestone. This, by dint of a little wriggling and an occasional hearty kick, he secured firmly enough to support his weight. He then hung by this bar in the same manner as he had done from the sill above, and repeating the operation, was enabled to gain a window on the story beneath his cell.

Just under him, and within four yards or so of Jock's present

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position, was the stone stair which led to the gate of the prison, on the top of which, as the reader knows, that active and vigilant officer, Pate Poinden, was left "peaceful slumbering." Jock had encountered greater dangers than a leap of twelve feet, which, before the hour of twelve, hardly entered into his calculations of difficulties to be overcome; but what made him hesitate was the fair proportions of Mr. Poinden's corporation, which looked as if a well-shaken featherbed had been placed there to break the culprit's fall, who had no scruples—considerate soul!—as to what his fall might break in return. There was no avoiding the encounter, for the officer, stretched at his ease, had taken his position so admirably, that the whole ground was occupied, and it was impossible for the enemy to drop there without alarming him. Seeing this, Jock determined to turn the circumstance to his advantage, by falling as far as he could into the pit of Pate's stomach, and, to prevent that gentleman's calling for assistance, driving the breath out of his body.

No sooner thought than done; for gentlemen under such delicate circumstances learn to detest procrastination. He sprang out from the wall, and came with praiseworthy exactness upon the very particular part he had selected in Mr. Poinden's carcass, who gave intimation of Jock's arrival by a grunt of superhuman duration.

Jock was cruel enough to repose for a minute or so on the unfortunate crouched beneath him, and lay heavy upon poor Poinden's chest; then, having recovered himself, he started up, and left his guard to do the same at leisure; of which permission, however, the sherra officer never availed himself, for, while folded in sleep, he got doubled up for ever. He walks crooked to this day!

The magnitude of Pate's alarm was excessive, for it spread itself all over the district and beyond. Rumours of a most terrific kind were circulated, all equally extraordinary, contradictory, and false. The bailies met in council; Pate was declared a sufferer in the cause of his country; and, to prove they were perfectly satisfied with their own conduct, they applauded their officer to the very echo—who being by "the accident" perfectly incapacitated, they lost no time in installing him, with additional honours and salary, in a situation that had hitherto been enjoyed by a valuable and industrious servant. Letters were written to the surrounding justices. Bills, offering reward for the apprehension of the scoundrel who refused to stop where he was and be hanged, were posted over the country; and no step left untaken which held out a hope of recapturing that notorious and daring burglar, by name JOHN SMITH.

Theatricals, in the interim, had prospered in Kelso. Mr. Smith continued a decided favourite: the audience always

applauded whenever he left the stage; and, to crown that gentleman's happiness, the editor of a provincial paper discovered he had attentively studied Mr. John Kemble's style of acting. This was a new scent for the player's vanity, who soon found out that he resembled Mr. Kemble not only in his points, but in his person also. He began to frown, and strut, and whine, and added to his usual talk of himself a good deal about the classics, and the Kembles who had done so much for the drama. He even persuaded the poor manager to announce the tragedy of "Hamlet" for performance, that he might have an opportunity of proving to the audience the justness of the scribe's flattering discovery.

Hamlet *was* announced. For once Smith endeavoured to get the words of a part into his head. He tried to study Hamlet; that is, he puzzled his ingenuity in hunting after "new readings," or, in other terms, laboured hard to turn common sense into uncommon nonsense; and he at length found out one point of original and incomprehensible value: it was this. After Hamlet had apostrophized over Yorick's skull, in the churchyard scene of the fifth act, to approach the gravedigger, seize him by the collar, and say to him, "Get *thee* to *my* lady's chamber, and tell her though she paint an inch thick to this complexion she must come;" then to dash the skull violently upon the stage, and striking an attitude, wait for the applause. Mr. Smith's opinion of this reading was such as made him particular in his injunction to the ragged and miserable being called—as in derision—*property*-man, about obtaining a peculiar kind of skull, one that would look natural, old and brown, as by long deposit in the earth it should do.

Night came. The early acts of the tragedy went off quietly enough. Mr. Smith was philosophically monotonous—hinting behind the scenes to his fellow-actors that he was reserving himself for *his* fifth act. Alas! all human calculations are subject to circumstance; the *property*-man had tried in vain to borrow a skull: there was none above-ground in Kelso but such as were in actual use by their owners. What was to be done? It occurred to the man that a bone of any sort was better than none at all; and as the players were eternally substituting that which was not for that which ought to be, he could see no reason why they could not substitute a beef shin-bone for a human skull, especially when his trouble was taken into consideration. Accordingly, he borrowed a fine fresh one from a theatrical-patronising butcher; and, perfectly satisfied with *his* part of the business, carried it to the theatre.

Poor Smith, wrapped mysteriously in an old plaid cloak, came on for "his great scene." As the new reading approached, he grew more confident in its effect.—But his confidence deserted him when he saw the huge leg of an ox cast

upon the stage instead of the well-seasoned headpiece of the king's jester. Experience made him fear there was no hope left, and he knew that, as on former occasions, the author must give way to the property-man.

"Whose sku—no—oh—(confusion!)—whose what-dô-you-call-'em is this?"

"That," replied the gravedigger, "is the *[thigh-bone of Yerrick.]*",

"This!" continued Hamlet, taking the enormous marrow-bone into his hand, and trying to look at it pathetically; "I knew him well, Horatio! Here hung those *lips*—no—(scoundrel!) Here, dear Horatio, hung those *hips* which I have kissed—I mean climbed—I know not how oft!"

Having cleared the shore, he sailed on smoothly. The "generous and enlightened" of Kelso comprehended nothing wrong, and Mr. Smith's *point* made the audience thunder. In the dying scene he spake so low and tumbled so high, that, if his resemblance to Mr. Kemble required confirmation, it was derived from the circumstance of Hamlet being also declared *his* crack part. Smith enjoyed his triumph; but formed a resolution that, for the future, to prevent mistakes, he would carry about a skull of his own.

The season at Kelso ended on the night of Jock's escape from Jedborough gaol. The manager of the Edinburgh "Minor" having secured the aid of Mr. Smith, that gentleman strung a small bundle to the end of his stage-sword, and poising both on his shoulder, set out on foot for Modern Athens.

On the road, John could not help looking back with pity on his poor fellow-actors, who, he doubted not, would starve now deprived of his support. He could not conceal from himself that the Duchess of R—— had patronized the theatre wholly on his account, as was satisfactorily proved by the smiles she cast upon his tragedy, and the manner in which she kept talking to a lady beside her during the whole time he was on the stage. Our friend walked some fifteen miles of his journey without either adventure or mishap; when, drawing near the town of Lauder, he resolved to rest awhile and look about him.

As he entered the town, he observed a number of people staring at a large placard which had been recently stuck upon the door of a smithy. He glanced at it as he passed, thinking nothing could attract such a crowd but some important theatrical announcement; but distinguishing the words "CONDEMNED FELON," "ESCAPED," "100*l.* REWARD," he turned his head in contempt, and with proper dignity proceeded on his way.

A little further, and he fronted the kirk-yard.

A funeral was being performed, which, from the unusual number of mourners and spectators, he concluded formed the

good-bye to some person of respectable property. It was, indeed, that of a lady who had lately terminated a course of upwards of a hundred years. She had, good soul! lived to see all her friends drop off one by one, and died single as she had promised to do; for in early life being "disappointed," she ever after, like a burnt child, avoided the fire---wasting her affection upon cats---avoiding men; deserting the unfeeling for the feline race. Being wealthy and without heirs, she had left her substance to the corporation, and the civil body were polite enough to follow *her* body to the grave. The funeral was, for Lauder, magnificent. The minister of the kirk was there, the precentor, the head bailie, the provost, all the other bailies, the doctor, the lawyer, the town-drummer, and such a mob of idlers and bairns as beggared description.

John paused. Resolved, in imitation of Mr. Kemble, to let no opportunity escape him of studying nature, he thought he might get a hint for the churchyard scene of Hamlet, or scrape acquaintance with a Scotch gravedigger: one thing he was most anxious to achieve, and that was to procure a good skull (should such an article turn up from the newly-opened grave), and thus prevent a recurrence of the distressing circumstance wherein he had been placed a few nights previous.

The ceremony concluded, Mr. Smith was surprised to see the people, instead of leaving the ground, separate into small groups and converse earnestly---some of them occasionally producing printed papers, which he thought looked very like play-bills. What the subject was that created such general interest, our friend of the sock and buskin could not imagine; but as he was kicking a skull, and meditating *boning* it, he perceived that he was an object of particular attention to three highly respectable gentlemen who stood a few yards from him. One of the three, a fat important looking personage, with stout legs and a rubicund nose, surveyed him apparently with the most affectionate regard. When Mr. Smith's eyes met his he modestly withdrew his scrutiny, but immediately after renewed it with what appeared to our friend increased respect.

Poor Smith! he knew not, nor, had he known, would he have believed, that the magistrates of Lauder were mistaking him of "*the* profession" for a convicted felon! but such was really the case. His dingy habiliments, pedestrian appearance, and the manner in which he obviously tried to assume some character not natural to him, all pointed him out to the vigilant and over-anxious bailies of Lauder as the "Jock Smith" it would redound to juridical activity to re-capture.

"For the honour o' the toon!" he overheard one say: and what, thought he, can I have to do with the honour of Lauder?

"Ask him to step there; we can a' meet him in an instant," he heard another say.

"Meet me!" echoed Mr. Smith, almost aloud. "Are they going to ask me to dinner? Can any of these respectable gentlemen have seen my HAMLET?"

Vanity answered the question in the affirmative, and the tragedian persuaded himself he had found the key to this apparent mystery. One of the gentlemen must have witnessed his performance of Hamlet at Kelso, and was debating as to the propriety of asking a person of his talents and accomplishments to dine with them before he proceeded to Edinburgh.

No pool is so thick with vapours as vanity; and Mr. Smith's conceit lost all curb when he saw the individual who appeared to be the head of the party pull from his pocket a newspaper, and point to a portion of its printed pages as to something worthy particular notice. John easily recognised the head-line of the print. It was the very provincial journal which contained the flattering discovery concerning his resemblance to John Philip Kemble. When Mr. Smith ascertained this, he intentionally glanced in another direction, to give the readers of the paragraph a more imposing view of his figure. He commenced a series of frowns---and distortions---putting himself through a vast variety of postures, such as he thought best calculated for the prominent display of the likeness. He observed that his movements were strictly watched, and mistook the expression of the bailies' countenances (who were wondering what the deuce "Jock" could be at) for engrossing feelings of admiration.

Having at length tired his body, and exhausted his fancy, Mr. Smith assumed an easy position, intended to be emblematical of deep mental abstraction, and therein awaited the result of his efforts, which he nothing doubted would be an instantaneous and pressing invitation to honour the head bailie with his company to dinner.

One of the gentlemen now separated from the rest, and stepped forward in a hesitating manner. "Oh, oh!" thought Smith: "I knew it---here comes the invitation!" However, the gentleman advanced not far, but having cleared his throat with a preliminary hem, stood staring at the actor from a most respectful distance.

"Poor fellow!" soliloquised Smith, "he's evidently not gifted with a good address; he can't speak out; and being aware of the defect, doesn't like to commit himself before me who am in the profession. They wish to make my acquaintance, but, good creatures, don't know how to set about it. As there is no mutual friend to undertake the ceremony of a formal introduction, I can have no objection to meet them half way."

In the spirit of amiable concession, Mr. Smith lowered his

sword and bundle from his shoulder, and, radiating his expressive countenance with an encouraging blandness, was about to advance; when to his surprise, the other, seeing his intention, suddenly retreated, and with painful trepidation rejoined his companions, who appeared to sympathize in his extraordinary timidity.

This puzzled Smith more than all the rest. He could by no means make out why the bailies should *fear* a gentleman whose acquaintance it was evident they were anxious to cultivate. After such conduct, of course, he could not be the party to make any new advances.

There now commenced a very earnest and angry discussion between the trio. John, listening, heard the words "*honour*"—"a duty"—"*must be*"—"not a moment to lose"—"*loss sight of him*;" and at length he distinctly made out a whole sentence, purporting that *they would be eternally disgraced in the eyes of Scotland, if SMITH passed through their town and was not detained.*

John's vanity was his most hungry feeling, and it thrived when it was fed—it grew apace. Mr. Smith was now, in his own eyes, superior to the magistrates of Lauder; and the dinner, since it appeared certain, was shorn of much of its attraction. He resolved not to demean himself by waiting about in order to be asked. Let them send after him, if they desired his company!—and even then, he was dubious if he should accept the invitation. Hereupon, John left the kirk-yard, though not without casting many a "lingering look behind."

"You're a hen, Bailie Jeely!"—cried the head magistrate, addressing his less bulky colleague, when Mr. Smith had departed.

"Vara weel, vara weel; but ye'll na' be the cock to crow o'er me if I am," replied the other: "and since ye force a man to speak, I'll be free to tell ye, that the chiel dinna answer the description given o' the feelon."

"And wat ha' the descreeption to do wi' it?" asked the former. "Ye ken, when I took Laury Todd for horse-stealing agin the advice o' the whole collected burgess' o' the toon. Now wat made me suspect that chiel? Why, wat but his being *sae unlike* the descreeption? I thought the difference maun be unnatural. And was na' I right? Besides, if ye had as much wit in your brains as partridge in your craws, ye'd ken thea folk can tak wat form they choose. Why, mon, it's weel authenticated, that a Border-chief called Robin Hood took the form o' a lassie sae perfectly that he actually imposed on an epeescopal beeshop."

This assertion of the head bailie's, supported as it was by so high an example, at once decided the question; and the

three worthies became convinced that no evidence of a stranger's being a convicted felon could be so strong as his looking as untimely one as possible.

The constable was sent for—a huge-boned son o' the north, Mac Nabben by name—who received his instructions from the head bailie in person.

“Nicol Mac Nabben, ye ken o' the bonny bairn wha ha' been too glib for the sleepies o' Jedbro? My certies! if he has na' been here, wi' his black ill-favoured face among honest folk, and in the kirk-yard too. Lord preserve us! wi' his hat cocked on yae sid o' his head, just as if he was *sterling*, and could pay twenty shillings in the pound!”

Here the worthy magistrate gave an elaborate description of Mr. Smith's person, whereby Mac Nabben was to know that gentleman when overtaken on the Edinburgh road, in which direction they had seen him turn, after leaving the kirk-yard.

“Ye'll just gang up to him,” continued the bailie, “and say, Braw day for the tail o' th' Hairst, freend *Smith*! Noo, if he's prepared, he'll tack nae possible notice o' ye using his name; so ye'll coller him at aince, for that's proof poositive o' his identity. Or maybe he'll just look round and nae stop; then after him like mad, mon. But if he should sae betray himsel' as to answer your salutation, ye'll tell him I'm desiring to speak wi' him, and let him come back decently if he will; but mind, Nicol, and tak' two braw fallows wi' ye in case o' resistance.”

Mac Nabben received his orders and departed.

“A braw day this for the tail o' th' Hairst, freend *Smith*!” our hero heard some one call out just as he was debating within himself whether, after having *declined* dining with the Lauder bailies, it should be twopenny or whiskey at the next public-house.

“No doubt it is,” replied the tragedian to a familiar-looking personage, who appeared sadly blown with over-exertion in walking; “although I profess to know little of such matters.”

“Oh! deed, aye,” responded Mac Nabben, at the same time leering at the player, and winking his eye: “Your buzness lies more indoors than out, as folk in the neighbourhood of Kelso can testify.”

“Kelso!” said Mr. Smith, at once cordially meeting the other's advances, which he now looked upon as tributes to fame and histrionic genius. “Did you ever see my *HAMLET*?”

“Eh! I canna weel say,” answered the constable, who had a vague idea that there was such a word as *Hamlet* in being, but had not the remotest notion as to what it implied.

“You should have seen it,” resumed the player, lost in comfortable egotism; “every point told—the Duchess of R——

applauded me; and I make no doubt I shall have her countenance at Edinburgh."

"Only to think o' this scoundrel!" thought MacNabben, "talking of his being countenanced in his evil doings by her Grace. Eh! mercy on us!"

"Did you never see me die?" asked Smith, with a look of lofty conceit.

MacNabben shook his head, and laughed outright at the idea of being asked such a question.

"When I came to the business in the last scene," said the tragedian, "I saw the duchess was trying to suppress her feelings; but I said to myself, 'It's no use, old girl! I'll make you blow your nose before I've done with you!' So, in the dying speech, I went it. The noble dame was melted into weakness. I saw her blubbering just before the drop fell."

"Eh!" exclaimed MacNabben, horrified at what appeared to him a blasphemous violation of all decent established regulations for lying; "the fallow wants to persuade me he's snug wi' a duchess, who ha cried her een out when he was hanged. Lord preserve us!--Hooly a bit," he added indignantly; "there are some gentlemon wad be verra glad to see ye at Lauder."

"To see me?—really—I," stammered the tragedian, who thought it more genteel to hesitate a little before he accepted the invitation.

"I was directed by the provost to *insist* o' your coming; and," continued the constable, pointing to two doughty-looking men who hovered and tacked in the distance, "you see, twa ehieis; they wul join wi' me, I'm sure, in persuading ye to gie us a night or so of your company in Lauder." At the same time he measured poor Smith most impudently from top to toe with his eye.

"Oh, certainly," simpered the player, as he reversed the line of his journey. "I can't refuse so pressing an invitation. I shall be most happy."

Accordingly they marched back to Lauder, Smith becoming every moment more exalted in his own estimation; so that when they were in sight of the place, he stopped, and telling the men he was by no means displeased with the respect shown him, bargained that they should not divulge his name as he went along, or make his re-entry into the town a public affair. The fellow mistook Smith's motive for this desire, but consented to oblige him in it.

Nevertheless, as they approached Lauder, they grew more and more impertinently bold---dropping the respectful appellation of *Mr. Smith*, and substituting the abbreviation "*Jock*," which the representative of princes, though he felt it was far too free for a menial, graciously constrained himself in his beniginity to endure.

The party proceeded through the town; the mistaken player, unconscious of his situation, receiving the rude stare of the inhabitants as further proof of his own importance. John was ushered up the steps which led to the town-hall; the interior of which consisted of a large room, the further end whereof was now occupied by the bailies of Lauder, and a considerable number of their friends and acquaintances.

The entrance of the supposed culprit was marked by a general elongation of necks, and a buzz of self-approval from the assembled bench. The head bailie got upon his legs; and, having requested silence, was going to address the alleged culprit, when, to the surprise of all, Mr. Smith tripped into the centre of the apartment, and placing his hand upon his breast, made three profound bows.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began: "In consequence of the very flattering manner in which ——"

"Hoot! hoot! hoot!" interrupted the head bailie, "Wat's your name, mon?"

"Smith, sir; Mr. Smith," replied the player, bowing.

The announcement was received with a murmur of congratulation. Our hero recovered his confidence, which had been somewhat disconcerted by the head bailie's interruption. "Oh!" thought he, "they did not know me at first. It's all right now."

"And your christian name, sir?"

"John, sir. Mr. *John* Smith, at your service."

The murmur was repeated in a louder strain, mingled with exclamations of "It is he! It is he!"

"How disappointed they would all have been if I had not returned to dinner;" said the actor to himself.

"Was na I right aboot descreeption?" asked the gentleman on his legs.

"I have come here in consequence of a request that was brought me in the name of your worships."

"Ay, ay! we're right glad to see you; you shall be taken good care o' this time, *Mister* Smith."

"I'm sure I feel myself honoured. I can't express the pleasure it gives me," replied he of the sock and buskin, simpering and bending almost to the floor.

"Weel," cried the head bailie, "the man's impudence is beyond all;" and feeling naturally shocked at the levity of a wretch who might be looked on as standing at the foot of the gallows, he ordered Mac Nabben to "remove the *prisoner*."

"Prisoner! prisoner! eh! what? Remove where?" ejaculated Smith to the men who laid hold of him by the collar, and now commenced dragging him out of the hall.

The truth was soon elicited; and in the first flush of his confusion he might have been conveyed to a dungeon in silence, had

not the magistrate countermanded his orders—intimating that the wretched prisoner, perhaps, wished to relieve his conscience by making an ample and satisfactory confession of his guilt and his accomplices.

A prosy address from the bench gave our hero time to regain his self-possession; and before the head bailie had ended the harangue, Mr. Smith had assumed the character of a patriot. He saw, in his person, the liberties of his country outraged, and he resolved, profiting by the occasion, to deliver an oration that should make a deep impression throughout the kingdom. To give greater effect to this resolution, he determined to preserve his temper, treating the magistrates with all proper deference; and having heard Othello's address to the Venetian senate praised for the sentiment of high respect wherewith it commenced, he chose it as his model, occasionally altering the words to suit the present necessity. Having assumed an attitude, he mouthed as follows:

"Most potent—grave and *reverend* bailies!"

"Eh!" shouted a man in black. "Wat's he blaspheming?"

Mr. Smith heeded not the ignorant interruption, but proceeded.

"My very noble and approved good *masters*."

"Masters! ye'll say lordships when you speak to the bench," cried Mac Nabben.

Smith glanced at the man a look of contempt, and continued.

"That I was invited here to dine, it is most true."

"The mon's drunk wi' raw grain," cried the head of the bench.

"I beg your lordship's pardon," replied the player, "I am perfectly sober."

"Ye're filthy drunk," retorted the magistrate, "and ye're just shamming sober to deceive the bench:—but take him away—put him in strong confinement!"

Again poor Smith was seized, and would this time have been in reality dragged to prison, had not a person present (who resided at Kelso), recognised his favourite tragedian during the spouting of Othello's address.

An explanation ensued—Mr. Smith satisfactorily proving the distinction between himself and his less reputable namesake. This altered the position of affairs. The *judges* were converted into *suppliants*. It was in vain they entreated the player to recollect "it was the duty o' an active bailie to commit as many people as possible." He talked of "*Liberty*!" of "*the rights of British subjects*!" and "*the freedom of the king's highway*!"—of the value whereof he was too well convinced to give them up for nothing; and when he left Lauder a second time, it was after a good dinner with the head bailie himself, and with a ten-pound note in his pocket.

I am bound to acknowledge that I had this story from my old friend Mr. Willie Gordon, who related it as having actually occurred in the places mentioned—though he acknowledged that the names of the *dramatis personæ* had been altered ;—an acknowledgment the more necessary, inasmuch as the gentleman who performed the part of Mr. John Smith before the Lauder magistrates, is at the present moment settled in the metropolis as a teacher of elocution.---What was the fate of the felon we pretend not to demonstrate. He probably, as yet, still lives to verify a paraphrase of Butler's well-known couplet :

“He who *steals*, and runs away,
May live to steal another day.”

THE TWO MARTYRS.

A TALE OF THE EARLY DAYS OF CHRISTIANITY.

IN the year 95 of our era, and the reign of Domitian, a spider, regardless of his thunderbolt, had stretched its web across the nose of Jupiter himself, and in the very house, too, of Clemens Rufus, the high priest. Now, the slave whose office it was to keep in order the images which lined the vestibule of his master's house, had so rudely brushed with his broom the Olympian nose, as to leave that countenance at which the whole Pantheon trembled, destitute of this very prominent and somewhat essential feature.

No sooner was the sacrilege discovered, than the whole household was in uproar, and summary punishment was immediately ordered on the criminal.

At once the post to which the hands of the unhappy wretch were to be bound, was reared on the spot where the offence had been committed, directly opposite the mutilated bust. The brawny executioners, scourge in hand, were only waiting for the presence of the high priest to begin their revolting task; and the slaves, ranged in a circle round their naked and resigned comrade, gazed upon him with the same stupid, unconcerned look with which the lamb beholds its fellow in the hands of the butcher. "To-day his turn, to-morrow ours!" Such was the thought that might be read on their will-less, passionless, and apathetic faces. Yet among these beings---so degraded that the Romans classed them among their effects, as a chair or an ox---might at times be seen one whose blood had not been tamed down by this wretched state; and who proved that though chains might bind the body, it was impossible to fetter the soul. Manes, the offender of this morning, was one of those slaves over whom masters have no power, so long as the dungeon cannot imprison thought, or the grave bury hope. He had suffered himself to be bound to the fatal post without a murmur; his tunic had been stripped from his shoulders, but not a quiver shook his frame. He looked calmly on the instruments of torture and on the brutal countenances of the ministers who were to ply them, and the colour forsook not his cheek. His comrades, who knew his firmness, were in no way surprised at his composure, but they wondered why he so often bowed his forehead on his manacled hand, traced some mysterious sign there with his forefinger, and murmured words which they heard, but could not comprehend.

"What is that thou dost, and sayest?" asked the oldest of the slaves.

Manes raised his eyes to Heaven, but answered not.

"Seest thou not," said the freedman Glabrio, "that he is like a hog—he cries before he is struck?"

"Thou art out, Glabrio!" exclaimed another slave, "he is praying."

"And to what god, prithee? to Jove, whose nose he has broken?"

"No!" said Manes, with a loud and firm voice: "to the only true God—to JESUS CHRIST!"

At this name a great murmur arose. However, the high priest still came not, and the slaves, undeterred by the sacred images around, held arguments that might have scared off Jupiter's very ears.

"There is but one God," repeated Manes, "and he is the Christ!"

"But who then is this Jesus?"

"Woe to the slave who knows him not; for through him slavery is no more," rejoined a young bondsman, a neophyte; "through him there is no longer slave or master, rich or poor, and the hour of freedom draweth nigh."

"Show us his statue!" clamoured the slaves with one accord: "we will worship him."

Manes, who had been taught "the way and the life" in the sacred recesses of the Catacombs, smiled at this mistaken application of the Christian doctrines. The young slave, who had been only recently converted, caught at the letter of the precepts which proclaimed that all men were equal before God: he had yet to learn that the same mouth had ordered, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

Glabrio, the freedman, proud of his recently-acquired rights and growing means, was not unacquainted with the opinions of the new sect; but saw in them the destruction of those privileges to which he had at length a claim. Besides, he relished not the faith which taught, "Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and follow me." Therefore did he loudly proclaim his contempt for the worshippers of Christ.

"Away with such impiety!" he exclaimed. "What! a God who orders fasting and humiliations! who makes a crime of pleasure and merit of suffering! out upon such doctrines—they are worse than the stoic! We are to forgive, forsooth; give me my revenge on my enemy. We are to renounce our true-hearted, jovial worship of Venus and Bacchus, abolish our feasts of Flora, forsake the sports of the Circus, and break up, I suppose, the Via Sacra—for, as we are not to fight, there can be no more triumph."

"His kingdom is not of this world," said Manes.

At this moment the high priest arrived, leaning on the arm of his son, Flavius Clemens.

Every tongue was instantly hushed, and all eyes were turned on the austere old man, whose stern forbidding aspect seemed a stranger to pity, even should his own child kneel before him. He was about to give the signal to the executioners, when Manes thus addressed him: "Beware, Rufus Clemens, of what thou art about to do. I would fain prevent thee from committing a crime, since a crime it is thou art about to commit towards me, thy neighbour, thy equal, and thy brother in the sight of him who rules the heavens—perhaps even more favoured in his eyes; for I am a slave, and thou the master; I am poor, and thou rich; I pass my days in tribulation, and thou art fortune's minion; yea, I repeat, perhaps more favoured, for it is written 'that the first shall be last, and these who shall be humbled on earth, shall be glorified in heaven!' I have said."

Had the earth opened before his feet, Rufus Clemens could not have been more paralyzed than by these words, coming from a slave on the point of writhing under the scourge at his master's nod. Yes, there was the miscreant bound to the post, stripped, guilty of sacrilege; and, instead of beseeching mercy, and grovelling before the high priest of the insulted god, he boldly proclaims himself, "a slave-born, slave-bred vagabond of Nile"—the equal of him, a Roman, a senator, and high-priest of the *Pater Deorum*. Could Jove be sleeping, that his bolt did not straightway hurl the offender to Tartarus!

Flavius Clemens, the son, had hung intently on each word that Manes uttered. The slaves trembled; the executioners stood with uplifted scourge.

"Have I heard aright?" at last thundered forth the high priest.

"He is a Christian," said Glabrio.

The priest recoiled as from a serpent. Rich and free, he thought with Glabrio, that if Christianity were to gain ground, the high places must fall. Like a pestilence among the people, as dangerous and as deadly, did he consider its doctrines to the body politic. Accordingly, the punishment of Manes was doubled, and he received fifty instead of the twenty-five stripes first ordered.

Some days after, Rufus Clemens summoned a convocation of the pontifical college to deliberate on the dangers which threatened the religion of the empire, and devise the best means of checking the progress of infidelity. Domitian, as *Pontifex Maximus*, presided at the council:—Domitian, the counterpart of Commodus, of Nero, of Caligula—a race of human tigers.

The high priest, whose trust was in the cruelty of the master spirit, openly proposed a general persecution of the Christians.

"The solemn period approaches," he said, "for the celebration of the secular games. What more fitting sacrifice to the gods at this holy epoch, than the impure blood of the Christians, than the extinction of the worship of that God who would destroy all other deities! The time requires more acceptable offerings than the ox and the lamb; more powerful savours than frankincense and myrrh; more solemn gifts than fruits and flowers. The cry of revolt is heard aloud. It is not the temple only; they menace the palace also. A Christian slave has called himself the equal of a senator. Domitian, look to thy seat here in the Capitol. The imperial mantle must claim fellowship with the beggar's cloak. Already do they crawl from their Catacombs, and display the symbol of their faith in the full blaze of day. Let us take a lesson from the craven Jews, who killed this so-called deity, and offer up his besotted disciples to offended Olympus. The pest began by creeping on the earth, but it is already climbing high, and may—I tremble but to think it—have even reached ourselves. Death, then, without pity, without exception, to every Christian—though even a consul be the sacrifice!"

Domitian nodded in sign of approbation, then cast a stealthy glance on Perpenna, the high priest of Juno. Perpenna immediately rose, and said, "Far be it from me to gainsay the wholesome advice of Rufus Clemens. I gladly dwell, too, on his concluding words—'Death without pity, without exception'—and if a senator, if a consul, if even the emperor's brother be found professing the Christian faith—"

"With him we must begin," interrupted Rufus.

"Well, then, death to thy son," rejoined Perpenna; "Flavius Clemens is a Christian."

"Thou liest!"

"He has been seen to enter the Catacombs."

"Thou liest!"

"He has broken off his connexion with the courtesan, Lupa; nay, tried to convert her."

"Slanderer! To-morrow he marries the daughter of Sabinus, the prætorian prefect, and I here beseech the emperor's presence at the marriage feast; we shall see whether my son will refuse the customary libations in honour of Juno."

Domitian, on whose lips played a horrid smile when the priest of Juno accused Flavius, became moody and abstracted after this sudden invitation from the youth's father. At length, breaking from his revery, he ordered that famous persecution which is recorded as the second in the page of Christian history.

It was decided that the persecution should begin on the first day of the secular games; that the animals destined to the Circus should be kept without food till that period, and that

a strict search should be made for all suspected persons. The sitting was broken up; and as Rufus Clemens was taking leave, the emperor blandly whispered in his ear—"I will remember your invitation."

Domitian loved the affianced bride of Flavius Clemens. Jealous of his rival, he had himself suggested the accusation brought by Perpenna against him; nor was it destitute of foundation. Flavius had been for some time observed to absent himself from the festivals of the Pagan ritual. He avoided his former friends, and abandoned his customary habits and modes of life; he no longer adjusted the drapery of his toga into the most becoming folds; his flowing locks were neglected, and his whole demeanour was changed from the gay gallant of the Circus and the bold frequenter of the Campus Martius, to a staid deportment which, in the eyes of the Roman ladies, seemed to sit as ill on his graceful form as icicles on the tender boughs of the myrtle. In vain did the belles of the city linger at eve on the Appian way, in the hope of meeting the splendid equipage, and witnessing the skilful driving, of the handsome Flavius. It was whispered that he had forsaken the flowery paths of the "curled darlings of the land," to listen to the joyless doctrines of a sacrilegious slave.

And it was true. The language which had drawn down the redoubled wrath of a father, had found an echo in the bosom of the son. Scarcely had the former turned his back, cursing the abhorred Christian, than the latter, filled with veneration, hastened to set free his lacerated bondman. "Manes," he exclaimed, "thou wert not made to be the thrall of another. Say, I beseech thee, in what school thou hast learned to speak in that wise?" The slave, who had resumed his vestments, and followed Flavius out of the vestibule, drew from out a fold of his tunic a small ivory carving, representing a man bound on a cross, and said, "Thou hast asked me the school—here is the Master!"

He then proceeded briefly to recapitulate the life and sufferings of Christ, his blessed gospel, and the fulfilment of the prophecies. Flavius was all ears to this revelation. Educated in the most celebrated academies of Rome and Athens, initiated in the mysteries of Isis, too learned to believe in the fables of paganism, and too impassioned to resist its orgies—this young man, who could have exclaimed with the poet king, "Fame, fortune, youth, and health are mine!"—this patrician, son of the high priest, and rival of Domitian, stood, all mute attention, before a slave of his father, and that slave a convicted offender against the laws, to listen to sounds of loftiest import, to promises of eternal life, to doctrines, before whose simple majesty philosophy "paled her ineffectual fires." There did he stand,

fixed, breathless, yet awakening to the consciousness of a new existence, as the words of that slave sank into his soul, more learned than all the science of Egypt, more eloquent than the most finished oratory of the Forum, and delivered with an authority, compared with which the fiat of the emperor himself was as a tinkling cymbal. There did the slave Manes initiate the carnal pagan, the sceptical rhetorician, in the mysteries of the human soul and the sublimity of faith.

His affianced bride, who loved Flavius with all the warmth of a first and only love, heeded not, observed not, the change which others remarked in him. No rumour of his conversion had reached her; and if it had, she would have regarded it as a wanton calumny. Her Flavius could not change in aught; and if he were absent and reserved, he was, like herself, plunged into delicious dreams of their approaching happiness---for the day drew nigh. She wearied Juno Lucina with prayers, or at least the patience of her handmaids, who daily attended their young mistress to the temple, and assisted her to deck the altars of the goddess with the most fragrant flowers. At length the day, which to her impatience had seemed to grow more distant rather than advance, arrived---*dies festus*---a morn blessed by the gods, since on it was to be proclaimed the edict for the persecution which would take place on the day following.

Early in the morning Sabinus, whom the edict had put into unwonted good humour, consulted the augurs; their answer was favourable. Victims, whose galls had been first carefully removed, were duly sacrificed to Juno. A hundred slaves were busied in preparations for the escort of the blooming bride; and her female friends crowded to congratulate her on her union with the pearl of the Roman youth, and lend her the aid of their taste in adjusting her toilet. Some arranged her hair after the latest fashion imported from Greece, and powdered her jetty tresses of a golden hue; others wove the chaplet of vervain, which, according to custom, she had herself gathered; and others again bound her slender waist with the girdle of white wool, which it was the bridegroom's part to unloose after the ceremony.

The final moment arrives; they envelope the trembling girl in the hymeneal veil; as she reaches the vestibule, she turns to seek her mother's arms; and her friends---that every ceremony may be punctually performed---tear her with gentle violence from that fond refuge, which she must struggle to retain, in order not to offend Diana by appearing too willing to quit her virgin ranks. A pompous procession accompanies her to the bridegroom's house, the porticoes of which are adorned with hangings of Tyrian dye, and countless garlands; whilst under the porch are suspended bands of wool, that had been dipped in wolf's grease, in order to avert all evil charms.

The daughter of Sabinus then knocked at the door, and Flavius Clemens from within asked, "Who is there?"—to which she replied, "Wheresoever thou shalt be, Flavius, there shall I, Flavia, be." After this formula, which was customary in Roman marriages, the bride entered the house, the keys of which were immediately handed to her—as a sign that she, from that moment, took upon herself the duties of housewife.

Joy shone on every countenance, the rarest perfumes scented the air, and the tables, covered with the imperial plate which had been sent to grace the ceremony, only waited the presence of the master of the world. He came, attended by the high priests of the *Dii Majores*, by the most illustrious of the senators, and by a long line of poets, dancers, mimes, and freedmen. The robes of this vast retinue, crowded and crowding together, shone like a sea of purple; nor could the east with all her "barbaric pearl and gold" have outshone the magnificence of this favoured *convivium*.

Each took his station according to his rank; and the slaves ranged themselves behind their masters as they lay at table. Glabrio, the freedman, who had the office of toast-master, took his post with Manes behind the bridegroom. The banquet ended, the poets chanted their epithalamia, and "*Hymen, O Hymenæe*," resounded through the lofty *atrium*.

Amongst that chaos of joyous and garlanded heads, the gloomy brow of Domitian lowered like a thunder-cloud in the azure vault of a summer sky. Was there then none else in the assembly, whose pallid cheek and thoughtful mien contrasted ill with the flush of glee reflected from each other's countenance? A lover's eye alone could detect, in the midst of those laughing looks and smiling lips, the care-dimmed smile and convulsive laugh with which the heart mocked at the show of joy; Flavia alone could discover the grief of Flavius.

Domitian was seen to lean over the couch of Perpenna, who, raising himself on the cushions whereon he had before reclined, addressed the guests: "As pontiff of Juno, it behoves me to remind you all, and the bridegroom in particular, of the solemn duty to be discharged towards the goddess who presides over marriage. Flavius Clemens, we wait for thee to pass the nuptial cup, and begin the libations in honour of Juno."

The guests applauded. Glabrio filled up the cup, and the bride, suffused with blushes, followed every gesture of Flavius, who seemed to be on burning coals. He slowly took the cup, and turned towards his beauteous bride. There was such love in the eyes of Flavia—so eloquently did they say, "Go on, drink!"—her maidenly reserve and yet blushing impatience were so intoxicating, that the cup was about to touch his lips: his eye encountered that of Manes—it was sufficient—the cup was dashed to the ground!

A hundred voices exclaimed, "He is a Christian!"

"It has soiled my toga," said Domitian, pointing to some drops of wine that had spirted upon him when Flavius had thrown down the cup; and he laughed aloud.

"Well, priest of Jove, what sayest thou of thy son?" asked the triumphant Perpenna.

"And thou, daughter of Sabinus, what thinkest thou of thy spouse?" added Domitian. Flavia had fainted, and Rufus Clemens remained speechless. Manes alone was calm; and his countenance, turned towards heaven, seemed to invoke its assistance for Flavius.

The secret grief of the bridegroom was now explained. Now did the father understand why his son had refused to suspend, as bound to do, the charmed fillet from the porch, and also to attend at the immolation of the victims. All the morning Flavius had been a prey to the agonies of indecision. On the one hand, he had pictured to himself the despair of his bride, the disgrace of his father; on the other, the loss of eternal happiness; and a look from Manes had decided all.

"Thou must own, thou shameless son of Jove's own priest," said Domitian, "that thou hast been unlucky in thy choice of the day for thy confession of faith. Hast thou not heard the edict?" Then, turning to the centurion on duty, he added, "Away with him!"

Soon did the palace, erst so full and joyous, remain as silent and deserted as the halls of Babylon after the writing had gone forth. The noblest of the guests, freemen and citizens of Rome, had hurried away aghast at the frightful transition from joy to despair. The doom was irrevocable; for Domitian had spoken, and when did even a fly escape him?

The Christian was now alone, and the damp atmosphere of his subterranean dungeon struck a chill to his heart. What a mockery did his chaplet of roses, and tunic of Egyptian byssus, seem in this vault of death! At length, worn out by the anguish of his mind, and sunk into stupor by the icy cold, he stretched himself on the bare ground and slept. Flavius dreamed; the bridal day had come, his Flavia was at the door, and soon after the emperor deigned to grace the feast. Then were libations poured out in honour of Lucina by none more joyously than him. A crowd of sweet visions filled his mind in harmonious succession, until—just as his father, the high priest, was pressing two lovely children in his arms, and thanking Jove with uplifted voice, who had spared his life to behold his son's sons—the voices of the criers, who announced, at break of day, the anniversary of the Secular Games, roused him from his fond dream. Still confused with the heaviness of slumber, and the length and truth-like consistency of his vision, it was

long before he could recal his scattered ideas. Long was it before he could reconcile his wedding-robe, and the perfume they still exhaled, with his couch of earth, and the rough, unhewn stone of the pillars that met his grasp. But a feeble ray of the sun soon glimmered through the darkness, and by degrees his eyes were enabled to descry the too certain signs of his abode. There was the stone pitcher, that furniture of the dungeon from time immemorial; there the iron rings whose purpose could not be mistaken; and, on the walls, the legible memorials of the unhappy victims who had preceded him. Flavius dwelt in long and earnest meditation on the names of Justin and Polycarp, carved by the hands of those sainted victims themselves in the times of the first persecution: in other places were scratched rude representations of martyrs bound to the stake; and in others, verses from the scriptures. Flavius remembered that he, too, was a Christian, and prayed.

Suddenly the door of the dungeon creaked on its hinges, and three men entered.

The first said to the two others, pointing at the same time to Flavius, "*Ecce homo!*" he knew not the holy application of these two simple words—then he withdrew.

The second was Rufus Clemens, who came on two missions—as priest, and as father: the third was Glabrio, the most faithful of the freedmen of Clemens.

A father is eloquent when he pleads with his son. Tears, prayers, menaces!—the aged Clemens lavished every means of persuasion; shame, too, supplied him with the sharpest arms, "To turn Christian was not so disgraceful, perhaps, as it was absurd and ridiculous! Christianity," continued the high priest, "is the religion of the poor and houseless, of those who have all to hope, and nothing to lose. I call upon thee by the hitherto unspotted name of thy ancestors, by thy rank as patrician, by thy own unclouded sense as a philosopher, to reject the paltry juggles of these tattered sophists. "*Carpe diem*;" seize the present moment, and let futurity answer for itself. If reason have no effect upon thee, oh! listen to the voice of affection. Spare my gray hairs; bring them not down in sorrow to the grave; let not the proud Perpenna revile me as the father of a Christian:—my son—my son—have pity on me;" and his voice was choked by sobs.

The old man had fallen at his son's feet; his forehead touched the ground, and his venerable locks were sullied in the dust. To hear his groans, one would have supposed that death threatened *him*, not his son. What more solemn and touching sight than the grief of age, than Priam begging for Hector! Even the vengeful heart of Achilles melted before that appeal—the Christian smote his brow, but his will was based as a rock.

Crispino, sobbing, quite forgot the eloquent and witty harangue he had prepared in favour of his dearly beloved Bacchus and adored Venus; for the grief of the old man made his preparations useless, and despair at his young master's probable fate tied his tongue. At length the aged Rufus, swelling with indignation at his son's obstinate rejection of his prayers, forgot the father in the pride of the priest.

"Christian!" he exclaimed, as he arose from his prostrate position; "he who refuses sacrifice to the gods, shall himself be sacrificed to them," and he left the dungeon.

When the high priest reached his home, he beheld the daughter of Sabinus waiting on the threshold; "He has refused!" said the priest, "he has refused me—his father!"

"It is my turn, then, to beseech him," rejoined the pallid girl: "he shall not, must not die---and, 'tis this very morn! Oh! wait for me; I will soon return, and not without him. He cannot deny me—you men know not how to plead with one another—you threaten, and the haughty spirit inherent in your sex rises in opposition. You have pointed out the horrors of the punishment; I will paint the charms of life, the happiness he foregoes. I will encircle him with my arms, bathe him with my tears, and if he yield not to my grief, he will to my love! Fear not; I will restore the son to his father, the citizen to his country, the bridegroom to his bride!" And without heeding his accents of doubt, she flew, to the great discomposure of her aged nurse, who vainly endeavoured to keep up with her charge, to the gloomy *Tullianum*, or prison of Rome.

"No admittance here!" said the gaoler; but her golden bracelets proved quick persuasive, and the doors opened at their touch.

"What further trial have I to undergo?" was the thought that passed in the prisoner's mind, as he caught the sound of advancing steps; the grating of his cell was thrown open, and two cries were heard—"Flavius!—Flavia!"

They were at once in each other's arms; and long did Flavia lie in speechless woe upon his bosom, ere her struggling words found utterance. As she recovered her self-possession, she began to remind him of their early love in days of childhood, their infantile sports in the bosky gardens of Tyber, of the flowers they were wont to hang each morning on the pointed ears of Pan, the god of gardens. "Ingrate," she continued, "dost remember these things, and wish to die? To die, and I, sworn to thee from infancy, at length thy bride! Thou speakest of thy God, of his greatness, of his sufferings—be it so—but this is for the old, the world-worn; we are young, our god is Hymen. And what is required of thee, my Flavius, but to pour a few drops of wine on the table? Thinkest thou that this would anger

thy new divinity? Can he be jealous of this? Why, woman, as I am, and though it be in honour of a goddess, even I am not jealous—and am not I thy wife?"

"Strengthen me, O Lord! Let me not sink under this grievous trial!"

"Cruel that thou art, I do not attempt to frighten thee with their sufferings, their garments dipped in pitch, their horrent flames. I do not picture to thee the wild beasts of the arena, the wilder and more ruthless gladiators, for I, pagan as I am, fear them not. If thou art to suffer in the Circus, I will suffer with thee. Wheresoever thou shalt be, Flavius, there will I, Flavia, be."

"My God! my God! support me!"

"Are these thy promises? Flavius, thou hast deceived me! But, what can I expect from a renegade? Knowest thou that thy father will die with shame, that disgrace will blur his honoured name, as rust eats into the steel? Does thy God teach thee to desert thy country, thy father, thy wife? Oh, how much better are our gods!"

"Blaspheme not, my Flavia! Incest, adultery, murder, pride, ambition, every crime and every passion—these are the gods of our fathers. Name me a vice which has not a statue, a pollution which has not its altar. Not content with having created as many deities as man has evil passions, we seek new divinities for our Pantheon in the onions of Egypt, and the crocodiles of the Euphrates. Answer me, thou Roman maid, is it from Venus thou wouldst seek chastity? Believe me, my Flavia, there is but one God, who dwelleth not in mansions built by human hand, and requireth no other sacrifice than a pure and contrite spirit. I die, not to give thee pain, but to teach others the way to immortal life. The seed will not be sown in vain."

Long, long, did Flavia weep and supplicate. The Christian, whose firmness had been momentarily shaken, regained his serenity by degrees, and assumed that impassive calmness whose icy mantle can freeze even woman's hopes. Flavia ceased her wailings; she felt that the die was cast, and, collecting her thoughts, silently communed within herself. Then, as if suddenly inspired, starting up erect, with cheeks of the hue of death but eyes gleaming with supernatural fire, she said, in a low, yet distinct, unfaltering voice, "Thy God has gained the victory, and powerful must he be, for he is stronger than our love! Baptize me; I am a Christian!" and she fell on her knees, with clasped hands and bending head, before Flavius.

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, I receive thee into the fold of Christ," and he sprinkled her fair brows with water from the dungeon pitcher.

At this moment the voice of the criers jarred harshly on the

ear—"Romans, to the Circus! Assist at those games which no mortal living has seen, or will see again. The solemn century of years has again come round, and, in honour of the gods, will be offered up a hecatomb of Christians. The high-priest of Jupiter will preside over the sacrifice."

Flavius shuddered, not for himself, but for his bride. She read his thoughts, and throwing her arms round his neck, kissed his cold forehead. "Thou art not called upon to confess thyself a Christian," he gasped out; but she whispered, "Where-soever thou shalt be, Flavius, there will I, Flavia, be."

It was indeed a realization of the poet's line,

"He for God only—she for God in him!"

A centurion, followed by lictors, came to conduct the prisoners to the Circus. He would fain have imposed silence on his bride, but she exclaimed, "Lead me too; I worship the same God as my husband!" Then, as she observed the unsteady footsteps of Flavius, she put her arm in his, and whispered, "Courage! Jesus died without uttering a complaint."

On leaving the dungeon, the fresh air nearly overcame Flavius, and the blaze of the noon-day sun dazzled his sight, whilst its heat depressed his spirits. Then the lively verdure of the trees which lined the road, the deep azure of the beauteous sky of Rome, its marble palaces, its busy multitudes, and all the preparations for a "Roman holiday," made him feel how unutterably sharp is the pang, in full bloom of youth and capacity for enjoyment, to be hurried to "cold obstruction, and to rot!"

The lovers were separated. He was led to one of the ground cells within the Circus, and she to Domitian's canopied seat, to await his orders.

A hundred and thirty thousand spectators sat at their ease within that vast enclosure, and clamoured for the show to begin louder than the famished and ravenous beasts whose yells seemed music to their ears. One might have deemed that *they* were fasting rather than the lions. The seats were occupied in prescribed form, according to the rank of the spectators. The senators sat on cushions, immediately above the fosse that encircled the arena; higher up, on bare marble, the knights; above them, on stone seats, the meaner freemen; and highest of all, the populace, the *capite censi*. All, however, testified the same impatience for the sight of blood. They clapped their hands, shouted—and the women, fair, lovely, and delicate women, were even more clamorous than the men.

"When will they begin?"

"Juno be praised, here are some lions, at last!"

"Don't they seem well pleased?"

"And won't Jupiter bless the good city for it?"

"I wish I had his seat on the top of his temple there! What a fine view he must have!"

"The emperor has as good. See, he is right opposite the cell from which the beasts are let out. I wish I was the empress to-day."

Such was the discourse held by some of the gentlest maidens of Rome. The men betted high, backing one lion against another in the work of destruction.

At length a low door which led into the arena was opened, amidst the cheers of the people. A young man advanced into the open space with quick and firm step, then knelt down, folded his arms, and waited. A sudden silence reigned over the immense assembly; but whilst nearly every eye was fixed on that kneeling figure, a few had their attention diverted by the appearance of a half-lifeless female, borne in a centurion's arms before the emperor.

The youth in the arena turned towards the same quarter, and uttered a cry. Doubtless he had just felt the hot breath of the infuriated animal, then in the act of springing on him. At that cry, the female freed herself with giant effort from the centurion's grasp, and threw herself headlong into the arena.

Domitian called to save her; but the will of the master of the world was powerless here.

Two indistinct masses, resembling nothing human in shape or appearance, were dragged over the sand and dust of the arena by four hungry lions, disputing their fearful prey.

Domitian and Perpenna gazed at each other in the silence of stupor; the populace applauded.

At night Manes came to bear away their mangled remains to consecrated ground. Yet, though he gave credit to one of these martyrs for the sincerity of his faith, he believed that the other had paltered with her God; for the one, when yielding up the ghost, had called on Jesus!—the other had murmured—Flavius!

S.

THE FOUR GREYS;

OR,

TRAVELLING ADVENTURES IN IRELAND. I

"I ALWAYS sed it—always!" exclaimed Darby Flanagan, as with folded arms he contemplated the wreck of a superb travelling-carriage, which lay shivered to pieces at the bottom of a tremendous hill in one of the midland counties of Ireland.

"What did you always say, you mad rascal?" inquired Sir Henry Stavely, the owner of the luckless equipage, as with a mixture of sorrow and anger he also contemplated its ruins, and the consequent delay of his journey, which was for the important purpose of meeting his bride elect, and completing a long-projected marriage.

"Ye'er honour," replied Darby, taking off his caubeen with one hand, and scratching his head with the other: "It's what I always sed, narra chay built in England would ever stand the four greys; and yez see it didn't, ye'er honour," he added, with a humorous expression in the corner of his eye, which made his sympathy for the mischance extremely doubtful.

"Sir," said Sir Henry's English lacquey, respectfully advancing to his master's side: "I never see such vicious 'orses in all my days; an that 'ere wild postboy, with the ragged breeches; why, sir, one 'ud think he o'erturned the carriage o' purpose, an wanted to kill us English outright, as I hear say they often do in this 'ere country; only he put his own life in jeopardy as well as our'n, galloping like mad over these 'orrid roads, and down this here hill. Sure it was God's mercy we wasn't all dashed to pieces, as well as the carriage."

"What is to be done now? how are we to proceed on our journey?" said Sir Henry, in a despairing and helpless tone, to the postboy; on whose mercy (as well as to the bottom of the hill) they were completely thrown, and whose motives for driving in such a frantic manner seemed at best very suspicious.

"I dun na, ye'er honour," replied Darby, "barrin we'd git the loan iv a chay, here below at Jerry Sullivan's: he keeps illigant post chays, an mighty fine cattle intirely; it's not over four or five miles by the road, an there's a short cut across the country 'll take uz there in no time. I can turn the horses over the walls quite asy—thims illigant lepers---och but yez are, my jewels iv the world," he added, fondly caressing the light, active, wiry-looking grey horses—which, having done all this mischief by running away with and overturning the carriage at the bottom of the hill, were quietly grazing by the road-side, quite unconscious of the dilemma caused by their outrageous conduct.

"To walk five miles across this wild country!" exclaimed Sir Henry with dismay. "And what is to become of my luggage and the carriage? But indeed *that* is scarcely worth moving," he added, looking despondingly on all that now remained of the exquisite *turn out*, in which he had hoped to transport his lovely bride, from a wild castle in the county of Clare, to the more civilized delights of the English metropolis.

"Why then, ye'er honour, here's some iv the luggage that's hardly worth the picking up," said Darby, carelessly turning over the "*débris*" of a splendid dressing-case, which was almost ground to powder under the wheels of its fellow-sufferer, the luckless carriage. Sir Henry was a mild-tempered man, or this last stroke would have tempted him to bestow more than one in return, on the provoking blackguard with the ragged breeches, who seemed, notwithstanding the apparent cordiality of his manner, and ready offers of service, to have so little sympathy with the travellers in their misfortunes.

"The portmantle," continued Darby, "an any iv these curious lookin things, as is any way light to carry, we can sind acress by some iv the gossoons here by at the cabin; an the trunks, an *all that's left iv the chay*, we can lave here wid the man iv the house, till ye'er honour 'll be after sendin for him, and I'll engage they'll be just as safe as if they belonged to the counsheller* hiself.

"I can see a number of ragged children, but I cannot see a house of any description," said Sir Henry, looking anxiously around, up the hill, down the hill, and on every side.

"Oh yes, ye'er honour," cried Darby, "here it is, quite snug down in the ditch beyant; an here's the gossoons that 'll carry ye'er honour's things acress to Jerry Sullivan's in no time."

"I cannot see any thing but a peat stack covered with weeds---can *you*, Horner?" said Sir Henry with a sigh, turning towards his still more disconsolate lacquey, who was mourning over the destroyed dressing-case.

However, wonder and lamentation being quite useless,—and as the day was rapidly drawing to a close, without prospect of shelter for the night, or means of pursuing their journey,—Sir Henry, the impatient bridegroom, and Horner, the distressed follower, bestirred themselves, with the assistance of the postboys and the white-headed gossoons, to collect a few portable articles of luggage from out of the ruins; and leaving the rest under shelter of a rock by the road-side to be taken care of as well as circumstances would admit---which the woman of "*the house*," (the man being absent) assured them should be kept as "*the apple of her eye*,"---they set forth to cross the country to Jerry Sullivan's, under the guidance of Darby Flanagan and the four

gallant greys, now to all appearance very peaceably-disposed personages.

Sir Henry meditated on the impossibility of arriving at Shanlinabracken Castle at the appointed time, and on the alarm and distress of his beautiful Florence at his not arriving (as in duty bound) *before* the hour. Horner meditated on robbers, murderers, whiteboys—heard the report of a pistol in the grunt of every pig, and transformed in imagination the plover's call into the signal whistle of some gang of desperadoes, ready to start from behind every rock or wall intersecting the wild tract of country which was stretched before them, unsheltered by a single tree, or even bush.

Darby and his coadjutor, a curly-headed urchin of about twelve years old, rode, or turned the horses over sundry dry stone fences, ycleped walls in that country; the light-footed, mettlesome little animals taking bounds of a description that appeared perfectly marvellous in the eyes of the two Englishmen, who had no idea of the activity and training of Irish horses (showing more bone than flesh) in crossing a country; horses to whom, and to their Irish riders also, bridles and saddles are useless encumbrances; and who could follow the bounds with far more ease and satisfaction to themselves and riders, totally divested of all such troublesome paraphernalia. But of the spirit and power of these individual horses, neither master nor man required any more convincing proof, than the one which had been already exhibited at their expense in the morning's exploit of the "four greys;" they therefore listened, in rather a sullen mood, to Darby's hoops and hurras of triumph, at every feat of activity performed by his hardy steeds; although, from the nature of the ground, and the quantity of scattered stones, it always appeared to be at the peril of his own neck, as well as of the horses' knees.

The four miles across the country seemed to extend to a space which appeared in the eyes of the weary Englishmen to amount to at least eight. At length, just as the sun was setting behind the distant hills, a few cabins, resembling the one which Sir Henry had mistaken for a peat stack covered with weeds, appeared in sight. Presently a cluster of a few more, somewhat more considerable, rejoicing in holes (stuffed with straw or old hats) denominated windows, and excrescences on the roofs, ycleped chimneys; and finally appeared Jerry Sullivan's *Hotel* with a "post chay" standing under the shelter of an adjoining shed.

Over the door was inscribed in capital letters,

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND HORSE.

And beneath, in smaller type,

Lycenced for Post horse's.

Sir Henry groaned in spirit; nevertheless he was too much

interested in the prospect which awaited him at the end of his journey to give himself up to despair; accordingly he ordered a relay of fresh horses, and a postchaise (such as it was) to be made ready with all possible expedition.

"Yes, shure, ye'er lordship's honour," cried the ready host. "Won't your lordship be plazed to stip into the room—wheel out the post chay directly, Barney—step in my lord. Get out of the way, ye grate lazy baste! (this was addressed to a large sow that lay across the door-way)—this way, sir. Betty a lanna, dhrive the childer and thim hens out iv the room, an dust down a chair for his lordship—wipe up thim slops, hussy—this a way, my lord."

Betty, the wife of the landlord, was a pretty dark-eyed slattern, with a child on one arm, and another hanging to the skirt of her gown: with her disengaged hand she took up her apron, and wiped, as desired, the chair and table; and no chair or table ever stood more in need of such a ceremony: then, curt-seying to his "lordship's honour," with a mingled expression between shyness and vanity,---a sort of consciousness of beauty and consciousness of dirt on her mind, and a doubt as to which might make the strongest impression on the "gentleman,"---the handsome slattern, having driven out the screaming cocks and hens, made good her retreat, dragging away the children, and leaving Sir Henry in undisturbed possession of an apartment such as he had never before entered, and such as he made a solemn vow never *voluntarily* to enter again.

The evening had set in for rain; nevertheless our traveller, preferring a wetting to continuing to breathe the air of the "*best inn's best room*," redolent of tobacco smoke and whisky punch, sallied forth to superintend in person the preparations for his onward journey. He found Darby and the gossoons extremely busy, dusting and brushing up the crazy worm-eaten vehicle in which, "*faute de mieux*," it was his destiny to proceed; and, to his great surprise, instead of the "*illigant cattle*" which he had been promised, he saw that they were preparing to attach to it the identical "*four greys*" from whose previous misconduct he had already suffered so much. On his vehement remonstrance against such a proceeding, he was informed by Darby:

"Och, shure, ye'er honour, the cattle is all turned out on the bog afther the day's work, an it mightn't be plazin to ye'er honour, seein ye'er in sich a hurry, to wait till them's cotched—bekase we wouldn't know where to look for them till the daylight—an thin they'll be afther comin in their own selves, the craturs, to go to the plough: and as to the "*greys*," why, they'll be quite (quiet) enuff—shure the *edge* was taken off thim," he added with a grin, "whin they knocked ye'er honour's English chay all to smithereens."

Anger or remonstrance was useless. The alternative of pass-

ing the night in such a place, even if his adored Florence had not been expecting his arrival, was not to be thought of. Sir Henry determined to go on at all hazards; and—although it appeared to Horner little less than an act of suicide, considering the description of the carriage, horses, and driver—to commit his life (and that of the said Horner) to the keeping of Jerry Sullivan's post chay, and the "four greys" under the guidance of Darby Flanagan.

The sun had set, and the moon had risen—obscured, however, by a drizzling rain, which threw a pleasing (or unpleasing, as the case might be) uncertainty over the objects in the turf bog and its environs, through which lay their destined road. Of the real dangers, in the shape of black chasms denominated bog drains and bog holes, surrounding them on every side, the forlorn travellers could, fortunately for their nerves, see but little; since the actual dimness of the prospect was rendered still more so to them, from the very small portion of the "chay" windows containing glass; and the said glass not being much whiter or clearer than that of which a wine-bottle is usually composed. Of imaginary perils, Horner, at least, had his full share; Sir Henry, of course, was too much occupied by the anticipated rapturous meeting with his beloved, to give a thought to such a sublunary matter as that of being robbed and murdered.

And yet the fair one need not to have been offended, or to consider her lover as indifferent, unkind, or selfish, if at that moment he thought little of her, and much of his own bones, of which the joints were in the most imminent danger of being dislocated by every jolt—numerous from the state of the roads, and nearly unendurable from the state of the springs, and also from another cause, hereafter to be mentioned. The shocks were tremendous; the carriage swayed from side to side, receiving the most extraordinary jerks as the horses proceeded with a zigzag movement resembling that which painters draw when they mean to delineate a flash of lightning; and with nearly as much rapidity as a real (not a painter's) flash.

They began to descend a very rugged hill—in such a style! Horner leaned back, shutting his teeth fast, and holding his breath and the side of the carriage; the vision of robbers and whiteboys disappeared from his eyes, to give place to the more probable expectation of another overturn, still more desperate in its consequences than the last. This time, however, his apprehensions were not exactly realized; the hill, although steep and rugged, was short: the "four greys" cleared it in two bounds, and having lodged the "chay" against a bank, turned sharp from it and commenced kicking with the same degree of activity and celerity as had marked all their former proceedings.

"Why now, be asy, Killall! Have done, Vixen! Won't yez be

quite, Terryalt an Peeler?—och, yez two could niver agree—have done wid yez all!” remonstrated Darby, tranquilly dismounting, and in defiance of threatening heels beginning to unyoke.

“What is the matter now?” exclaimed the unfortunate bridegroom. “I believe all the devils in hell are leagued together in the bodies of these horses to prevent my proceeding to-night.”

“Och, don’t be frightened ye’er honour,” said Darby, “*shure* we’ll get on directly.”

“But what *is* the matter?” reiterated Sir Henry.

“Nothin, sir, nothin at all—only that confounded hostler at Jerry Sullivan’s, that’s always forgettin the *poul*!”

“The pole?—good Heavens! and have we come thus far without a pole?”

“Och, ye’er honour, we’ll have it in no time—little Thady here’s jist goin to rin fur it, an he’ll be back afore the bastes have got their breath—rin Thady jewel, rin fur the bare life, make no delay at all, an jist bring me a new pipe; an light it, honey—this little crabbed rascal, Terry, ’s knocked the dudeen out iv my hand, an myself can’t find it ’mong the stones in the dark.”

Sir Henry sank back in the carriage, now completely in despair. And here we must leave him “to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,” whilst we convey the reader to Shanlinabracken Castle, to see how the fair Florence endured the protracted absence of her affianced husband.

Shanlinabracken Castle was a magnificent edifice, built in the olden time in one of the most commanding and picturesque sites in the county of Clare; the rock on which it was founded almost overhanging the wide Atlantic. This proud inheritance had fallen into the possession of the beautiful Florence O’Brien on the death of her father, which had taken place a few years before. Nature had made her a beauty, fortune had made her an heiress, and her guardian, Sir Phelim O’Driscoll, had but a troublesome time examining into the various claims of her numerous admirers, and determining as to who was the fittest to be put in possession of his ward’s fair hand, and fair heritage.

Sir Phelim was a very decided person: he never asked Florence *her* opinion on the subject, nor did she obtrude it unasked; but in one respect she was as decided as her guardian, and that *was* in declaring that she would not be married until the day when she should be of age. That day was now arrived; the previous winter she had passed in London, where Sir Henry Stavely, a young baronet of immense property, was amongst the many competitors for her favour. He wrote a statement of his affairs to Sir Phelim, and sent in his rent-roll. The prudent guardian examined and looked into every thing, and then fixed on Sir Henry as the properest person to be put in possession of the lady’s large fortune, because it was clear to the meanest capacity that he had quite enough of his own.

Florence thought---whatever she pleased; but, as we said before, her opinion was not asked, and she being then a minor, it was considered of no consequence.

The important day when she completed her twenty-first year had, we repeat, dawned; and that same day was destined to transfer Florence from the authority of a guardian to that of a husband. On that day Sir Henry was to arrive, and the wedding was to be celebrated.

Immense preparations were made; the castle was crowded with company; a bishop was to perform the ceremony in the state drawing-room—it was for plebeian folks to go to church to be married, the union of so much wealth was to be celebrated in a manner out of the common way. The whole was to conclude with a grand ball inside the castle, while outside bonfires were prepared, oxen were roasting whole, and all the male population ready to get very drunk.

Towards evening a superb equipage drove through the park, and was received by the tenantry with the most tremendous shouts of applause; a very handsome, dark-complexioned, soldier-like young man, cap in hand, and with a smiling countenance, returned the joyous salutations. He alighted at the castle gate, and hastily extricating himself from the congratulating crowd, flew up stairs to the principal reception-room, where the blushing and trembling bride stood, supported by two blooming bridesmaids.

"Dear Henry!" she murmured, as he passionately kissed her hand; "what terrors I have endured!—but I see *you* here at last, and my heart is at ease."

"*I am* here at last, and all is well, my own, own Florence," he returned, "and we will never part more:—you cannot guess how I have earned you, love," he added, with an expressive smile and in a very low whisper.

Florence presented her "beloved Henry" to the bowing Sir Phelim O'Driscoll;—the ceremony was performed; the vow, "I, Henry, take thee, Florence," and "I, Florence, take thee, Henry," was mutually plighted.

The feast went on, the ball went on, the bonfires blazed, the men got drunk:—all was conducted in the true spirit of an Irish wedding, and as was worthy of so beautiful and so wealthy an heiress.

Meanwhile travelling-carriage, servants, horses, outriders, all covered with white and silvered favours, appeared in due form at the castle-door. The bride, having taken leave of her friends, was handed in—the bridegroom placed himself at her side—the lady's-maids were in the rumble-seat behind—all was right and ready to start; when a ragged fellow, caubeen in hand, and mounted on a dusty, jaded-looking "grey horse," came gallop-

ing furiously up the approach, and waving his hat and huzzaing, hauled up his tired steed at the carriage-window.

"Hurra! hurra! long life to yez both—long life to the noble *Captain O'Brien* and his beautiful lady! Noble captain, shure yez won't forget Darby Flanagan, that did ye'er job for yez nately—och, shure didn't I lave the English gintleman, an his man to boot, at Cockshout this morning, lyin there beyant in a bog drain, fornint the ould haunted house; and Jerry Sullivan's ould chay in smithereens, as well as the illigant new English carriage afore—an themselves up to the neck in bog wather—an here I am sint on for *help*, captain, jewel!—hurra! hurra! long life to the noble Captain O'Brien and his darlint lady."

"Darby, my man," said Henry *O'Brien*, the cousin-german, and now husband to the lovely heiress;—"Darby, my hero," he continued, cordially shaking hands with our friend, Sir Henry Stavely's mad driver—"Henry O'Brien can never forget the services you have performed: you shall be rewarded far beyond your expectations; and your "four greys" shall never draw a hired carriage again; but your reward cannot equal my gratitude. You may go and release your prisoners from the bog-hole; they cannot harm us more; then follow to O'Brien House, where my Florence shall thank you herself."

THE LAST FEAT OF FRA DIAVOLO.

IN the summer of the year 18—, a carriage, in which was a young lady and her father, was attacked by banditti in passing through a narrow defile, within a few miles of Verona, to which city the travellers were proceeding.

The robbers, after searching the persons of their captives, and rummaging their trunks and other packages, finding the booty much more inconsiderable than they expected, began to mutter sanguinary threats of vengeance against the unfortunate travellers; threats which they would certainly have put in execution, had not the person who seemed to be their captain, or leader, opportunely suggested a means of arresting the impending catastrophe. This was, that the gentleman should give them a draft for 500 crowns on his banker in Verona—he having answered in the affirmative to a demand whether he had credit with any money-dealer in the city just named; and that he and his daughter should, in the meantime, be conducted to their retreat in the mountains, and remain prisoners until one of their number had proceeded to Verona, and obtained payment of the order; a mission which, as it was, for obvious

reasons, one of great peril, their captain announced that he himself was ready to undertake:—the further understanding being, that if the draft was paid the prisoners should be set at liberty: if not, that they should —: the remainder of the sentence was supplied by the action of one of the bandits, who drew his finger across his throat.

The required draft having been readily handed, the brigand chief, after giving some instructions to his men, and disguising himself with certain of the wearing apparel which had been found in the packages of the travellers, set out on his dangerous errand.

Immediately after his departure, the banditti, with their prisoners, and with what booty they thought sufficiently valuable to be worth carrying away, began their march towards their mountain retreat. After a tiresome and dangerous journey of about two hours, through lonely and unfrequented passes; now clambering over rocks so high and precipitous, that each had to assist the person immediately following him to gain the perilous elevation which he himself had attained; now fording rapid rivers with rugged and uneven bottoms, and immersed to the armpits in water, and now forcing their way through thick and tangled woods,—the banditti, with their captives, arrived on the skirts of a plain, overlooked on the opposite side by a range of bold and lofty hills. On the sides of these, and towards the base, a sight now suddenly presented itself which created the utmost surprise and alarm amongst the robbers. This was, a vast row of small separate lights or fires, (distinctly seen, as it was now dark) that burnt on the face of the hill directly opposite, and were every now and then momentarily eclipsed by dark objects passing to and fro between them and the spectators. Confounded and alarmed by this singular vision, the banditti called an immediate halt, to take the extraordinary appearance into consideration, a proceeding which was the more necessary as their route lay in the very direction in which it presented itself. Having gathered themselves together, the robbers proceeded to make their various remarks and conjectures on the unexpected sight which the front of the hill exhibited, and the result was a general conviction that the lights proceeded from a bivouac or encampment of the French army, which was then in the north of Italy. The brigands were aware that Massena, the commander of the army, was approaching that part of the country in which they were, but they had reckoned on his being yet many miles distant. Having, however, satisfied themselves that it was, indeed, the French army which they beheld, the next question was, how they were to pass their out-posts without being discovered; they having no choice of route which would permit of their keeping wide of

them, excepting by a circuitous march of many miles, which, if adopted, would expose them to the risk of being overtaken by day-light, and consequently to the chance of discovery and pursuit.

The shortest path of the brigands lay through a deep but narrow ravine, which opened on the face of the hill occupied by the French troops; and as their watch-fire-lights seemed to extend to the very brink of this hollow, it appeared next to impossible that it should be traversed without detection by their sentinels. This danger, however, imminent as it was, the robbers finally determined to incur, rather than extend their route.

"We may have a shot or two sent amongst us," said one of the gang, whose name was Bozzolo—a stout, thick-set fellow, to whom the command of the party had been deputed by their chief. "We may have a shot or two sent amongst us, but that'll be the worst of it. They don't know an inch of the ground; and will not, therefore, think of pursuing us in such a dark night as this. So lads," he continued, "I propose that we just take the old road, and run the risk of a random peppering. If ye take the round-about-way, ye'll have day-light upon ye, and a score of hussars at your heels. Gibbet, steel, and lead, all striving for the honour of your acquaintance."

The wit and reasoning of Bozzolo were triumphant, and the "short cut," with all its perils, was determined on.

In somewhat more than half an hour, the banditti had approached sufficiently near to the hill whereon the lights appeared, to have all their fears, or rather convictions, regarding their cause fully confirmed. They could now distinguish the cocked hats, and occasionally get a glance of the bayonets, of the French sentinels as they paced to and fro in front of the watch-fires. Alarmed every instant lest they should stumble on some of the out-posts of the army, (with whom they knew there would be no lights to point them out), the robbers quickened their pace, scarcely daring to breathe as they glided along, for fear of attracting the notice of some watchful sentinel; and in about quarter of an hour more they had fairly entered the narrow ravine, on the right bank of which the French army was encamped. Neither the darkness of the night, however, nor the cautiousness of their movements, could screen them from the vigilant eye of a sentinel who was parading backwards and forwards on the extreme edge of the ravine. This man discovered them; and in the next instant his loud and hoarse challenge was heard in the depth and stillness of the night. The brigands instantly paused, as if to await the result of the discovery, and crouched themselves low on the ground, compelling their prisoners to do so likewise. Determined, also, that these should not escape, even in the event of their being pursued, one of the ruffians flou-

rished a naked stiletto over the breast of the unhappy young lady, whilst another held a similar weapon within an inch of the body of her miserable father, both ready to employ them the moment they should find themselves compelled to take to flight.

In the meantime the challenge of the sentinel was, after the lapse of a few seconds, followed by the rapid flash and sharp report of a musket. The piece had been discharged at random, but chance had so well directed it that the bullet whizzed close over the heads of the brigands, and lodged in a precipitous bank that rose immediately above them.

"Touch and go, that," whispered Bozzolo to the bandit next him, when the bullet struck into the earth "A little lower down, and some of us would have tasted that pill. But we'll have a few more of them if I'm not mistaken." Bozzolo *was* not mistaken. The report of the sentinel's musket had brought a guard of eight or ten men to the spot, several of whom now also fired their pieces in the direction in which the bandits lay concealed. Many of these were wide of the mark, but there was one shot attended with eminent success. This fortunate bullet struck full on the forehead of the fellow who had taken upon himself the task of dispatching the female prisoner, and it was while he was in the act of hanging over her with his bared weapon in his hand, as already described, that the ruffian perished. On receiving the fatal shot he fell on his face upon the person of his intended victim, still firmly clenching the stiletto in his unconscious grasp.

"By St. Joseph, Marcario's pinned!" muttered Bozzolo, on seeing his comrade fall. "He's settling accounts with the devil by this time, and a tough job it will be for both of them."

In the meantime the fire of the French sentinels had dwindled down to a straggling shot or two discharged at random; they having evidently begun to attach less and less importance to the object of their suspicions, until, at length, perceiving no result of their firing, it was abandoned altogether. Availing themselves of this remissness on the part of their assailants, the banditti began again to creep onwards, and finally succeeded in reaching, without further interruption, their den in the mountains—a large cavern with a small opening, situated in a wild and romantic ravine. On their arriving at the mouth of the cave:—

"Snug at last, my lads," said Bozzolo, addressing his comrades, "and a devilish ugly night we have had of it. I would rather encounter a score of Sbirri than one of those rascally blue-coated, cock-hatted Frenchmen." Saying this, the deputy commander led the way, followed by the whole gang in Indian file, into the cavern. It was at this moment the unfortunate lady, for the first time since she had fallen into the hands of the banditti,

manifested any extraordinary emotion of terror. On perceiving that she was required to enter so dark and frightful a den, thus gaping hideously to receive her, she uttered a shriek of horror, and clung, in an agony of despair, to the knees of her no less miserable parent, who was standing beside her.

Regardless of her cries, two of the gang instantly seized the maiden, and forcibly dragged her through the aperture into the interior of the cave, which consisted of one large and spacious chamber, with a lofty roof, and walls of the living rock.

When the whole were assembled in this apartment, one of the banditti, after groping for some time in the dark, and muttering fearful oaths in his impatience at not being able to find instantly the object of his search, at length produced a tinder box, by means of which he lighted a torch. This done, the brigand stuck up the lurid smoky flambeau on one of the sides of the cavern, when the whole gang immediately proceeded to avail themselves of the light it afforded; some in unpacking the plunder which they had taken; others in collecting together, for a general repast, what wine and provisions were concealed in the cave; while others, again, employed themselves in stripping off cumbersome articles of dress, and preparing for a day of repose and enjoyment after the fatigues of the night.

In the meantime, at the earnest request of her father, two or three cloaks were thrown by some of the banditti into one of the corners of the den, to form a couch for the female captive. On these she now hastened to recline. Her father seated himself on the floor beside her, and thus situated they prepared to await with patience the arrival of the brigand who had gone to Verona.

Leaving them thus disposed of for a time, we shall proceed to trace the footsteps of the person just alluded to.

Having been successful in negotiating his draft, and in escaping unsuspected from the city, he arrived, on his return to his gang, just as night was beginning to fall, at a little village inn kept by one Girolamo del Gambo—a portly personage in a flaming red waistcoat. The domicile of mine host, Girolamo, was mean and excessively shabby-looking. Agreeably, however, to the custom of Italy, which increases the dignity of the names of its inns in exact proportion to their insignificance and general wretchedness, its squalid appearance was amply compensated by the splendour of its name---Girolamo, in the magnificence of his ideas, having baptized it "The Palace of the Sun," words which were emblazoned in large yellow characters over the door of the hostellerie.

"Ha! friend Girolamo, how dost?" said the bandit leader,

addressing mine host, who was standing at the door with his hands behind his back, as if on the look-out for customers. "How dost, old fellow? all quiet in the neighbourhood? No rats stirring?"

The landlord of "The Palace of the Sun," placed his forefinger on his mouth.

"There be rats, and dangerous rats too," he replied, in an under tone. "There's a party of French chasseurs in the village. Some of them are within there drinking now," he added, pointing backwards with the thumb of his left hand.

The information which Girolamo gave the bandit (who, we need hardly say, was well known to him), seemed to disconcert him a good deal.

"Unlucky enough," he said, after a pause of a second or two; "unlucky enough; but never mind, I will take my chance yet: I have been in more ticklish situations before now. The truth is, Girolamo, I am somewhat exhausted and fatigued, and must have a little refreshment, and a few hours rest, at whatever risk. So lead the way, if you please. I'll keep as quiet as a mill-stone; and, of course, mum's the word with you, you know."

Before stepping into the house, however, mine host of "The Palace of the Sun," seized his guest in a friendly way by the belt, and gently dragging him a pace or two aside:

"How did the thing do, Diavolo?" he whispered into the ear of his friend.

"Oh, pretty well, pretty well," replied the latter, who was no other than the celebrated Italian brigand, Fra Diavolo; "pretty well, as ye shall know, friend Girolamo, ere I leave you. I have wherewithal here," he continued—and he struck his hand on the spot where the money he had received at Verona was deposited—"to clear scores with you, and I mean to do so before I am an hour older."

Girolamo acknowledged this gratifying intelligence by a smile of satisfaction, and immediately led the way, followed by Diavolo, into the house.

"The Palace of the Sun" consisted of three apartments only; one was appropriated to the accommodation of the family, another to that of customers of an ordinary description, the third for travellers of high degree, whose aristocratic feelings were too sensitive to permit of their mingling with the common herd in the public room. Wretched, however, as all of these apartments were, each of them, on the same principle which had dictated the title of the inn, bore a mighty name. One was called "Louis le Grand;" another the "Pantheon of Agrippa;" and the third "William the Conqueror." The first was occupied, at the moment of which we are speaking, by the French

soldiers to whom mine host had alluded. The second was the family apartment; Diavolo was therefore ushered into that which rejoiced in the name of the great Norman warrior. A bottle of wine was speedily placed on the table before the brigand, and in a few minutes afterwards a dish of fried bacon and eggs. Having finished his repast, Diavolo requested his host, with a significant nod, to shut the door, and take a seat beside him. With this request the latter at once complied. When he had seated himself—

"Come, Girolamo," said Diavolo, smiling expressively, and filling up two tall capacious glasses with wine, "ere we proceed to business, let us drink success to *trade*."

"With all my heart," replied Girolamo, returning the look of his guest; "but trade is mighty flat these days. We can make nothing now, either by wine-cask or windfall."

"Not so bad as all that either, friend," said Diavolo, planting a bag of money energetically on the table. "There's a tolerably fair article now; such a windfall as is not brought by every breeze that blows, Girolamo."

"No, no, by St. Joseph!" said mine host of "The Palace of the Sun," rubbing his hands in ecstasy at the sight; and his eyes, as they dwelt on the treasure, absolutely melting in his head with rapture. "No, no, by St. Joseph, ten thousand hurricanes might sweep Italy from Cape Spartivento to Verona, without blowing any thing like that in at the door!"

"You say truly," exclaimed Diavolo, now employing himself in undoing the fastenings of his purse; "nevertheless, the last gale has blown something thy way, friend Girolamo," he added, plunging his hand amongst the coin which the leathern bag contained, and immediately thereafter bringing out a handful of its contents. "Thy information was correct," he went on, "and tolerably profitable, as thou mayest see; so hold thy hands, man; there's thy share of the earnings." Saying which, the bandit deposited in the ready palms of his host, the handful of crowns which he had abstracted from the purse.

The latter, in the joy of his heart, was in the act of weighing them for an instant in his hand, ere he passed them into a more secure depository, when a sudden elevation of voices in the apartment occupied by the soldiers compelled him to abridge his enjoyment, and to hasten the concealment of his newly-acquired wealth. Diavolo, not less alarmed than his host, hurriedly snatched his purse from the table, and buried it in the folds of his cloak. Both listened for a moment in breathless suspense, and gazed on each other the while with looks of intense anxiety—Diavolo almost unconsciously drawing a pistol from his belt, and holding it down by his side, in readiness to fire upon the very first appearance of an enemy.

Girolamo rose from the table, proceeded on tiptoe to the door, opened it cautiously, and thrust out his head to ascertain the cause of the uproar.

"Poh, poh!" he said, again shutting the door, and returning to his guest, "a false alarm: 'Tis but one of these drunken dogs of Frenchmen singing a *chanson à boire*."

"Well, well," replied Diavolo gruffly, and replacing his pistol in his belt. "'Tis well it is nothing worse. Let the fellows sing away there till their throats crack." Having said this, the bandit and his host resumed their conversation and their wine:—the former, however, was now conducted in a much lower key than it had been before.

"I say, friend, now" pursued Girolamo, addressing his guest, "what dost intend to do with the wench thou hast up the way yonder?"

"Why," replied the brigand, "I believe that she and her father will expect their liberty on my return, as I have received the value of the old boy's order; but I'm not prepared altogether for that, either. She's a devilish pretty girl, Girolamo; and between you and I, would make a choice companion for a gentleman of my profession. So I think, after all, I shall constitute her the soother of my cares and the solacer of my leisure hours—that is, I think, pretty near the phraseology in which your romance-writers would speak of such a connexion."

"Ha! ha! very well," replied mine host of the Sun, laughing. "You couldn't do better. She's certainly a very nice-looking wench, and I dare say well deserving the honour you intend her."

"I warrant she is," rejoined Diavolo: "as pretty and gentle a creature as you'll meet with any where!"

"She's French," interjected Girolamo.

"Why, I think she is," said his companion.

"Nay, I know it," added Girolamo; "and I know something more about her besides."

"Ah! when didst pick up that knowledge?"

"Why, when she and her father were here, you know they slept in my house on the night before you met them. Well, I was very civil to both, and the old fellow over a bottle of wine with me, after his daughter had retired to bed, blabbed it."

"Or rather thou didst pump it out of him," said Diavolo, laughing. "Thou'rt an admirable sucker of secrets, Girolamo. There is not thy match within a hundred miles. Well, but what of the wench and her father?"

"Why, he's a Frenchman, as I told you before, at least by implication:—the Baron de Metteville, a rich old fellow. Some two years since his daughter, the girl now with him, whose name is Emily, fell in love with a young gentleman of the name

of Francis Aubigny. Well, you see, the old boy didn't approve of this connexion; for, although the young fellow was of good family, good character, and handsome person, he was not rich. The old story you know in love matters, Diavolo.—Well, as he didn't approve of his daughter's marrying Francis, what does he do but whips her away to one of his distant country seats, and there shuts her up and watches her himself like a tiger: but he is tenderly attached to the wench for all this.—Well, you see, on the young lady being carried off, the poor lad, Francis, after making many fruitless attempts to open a correspondence with her, and some still vainer efforts to obtain an interview, what does he do in his despair, but list, list as a private soldier. Having done this, he marched off with his regiment, and was killed the other day at the battle of Austerlitz. But what was the consequence of the crossing of the young lady's love, think you? Why, she fell ill, has been ever since in a declining way, and had latterly grown so bad, that it was necessary she should have a change of air. Italy was recommended;—and so here they are—and so ends my story.”

“And a mighty pretty one it is,” said Diavolo; “but since the old fellow is so devilish rich, I'm sorry we didn't bleed him a little more freely. However, I suppose we must now be content. The devil a florin he has on him, and I shouldn't like to run the risk again, of cashing his drafts. As to this disconsolate lover, his daughter, I'll bring her round, I warrant ye. Leave me alone for managing broken-hearted maidens.—”

“And leave me alone for managing atrocious villains like you!” shouted out a young French soldier, leaping suddenly from a recess in the apartment, and at the same instant discharging a pistol at the bandit's head, which stretched him lifeless on the floor. It was Francis Aubigny; he was one of a party of chasseurs, who had arrived at Girolamo's about two hours before, and, exhausted with the fatigues of a long march, had, unknown to the latter, discovered and taken possession of a bed by which the recess alluded to was occupied, and which was concealed by a sliding panel—where he had overheard, with what interest, and with what amazement, we leave the reader to imagine—the conversation that had just passed between Girolamo and Diavolo, and which at once informed him of the vicinity of his Emily, and of the jeopardy she was in.

On Diavolo's falling, Francis seized Girolamo by the breast, and holding another pistol to *his* head—

“Knave,” he said, “you must be aware that I know of your villany, of your connexion with that ruffian,” pointing to the body of Diavolo, “in the robbery of the Baron de Metteville, and that I could, by a single word, have you hanged over your own door. Now, sir, I'll make a bargain with you. If you will

instantly conduct me to Diavolo's retreat, which you must know very well, I will not inform on you ; if you do not, I will."

"Well," replied Girolamo doggedly, although he could not altogether conceal the perturbation and amazement into which the suddenness of his predicament had thrown him : " You certainly have me at a disadvantage. I will conduct you to Diavolo's place of concealment. But you will keep faith with me as to your promise," he added, doubtfully.

"I swear it," replied Aubigny.

"Do you mean to go alone?" inquired Girolamo.

"Oh, ho, mine host, not such a young one as that, I warrant you. I'll get a dozen or so of my comrades to go along with me. I take it for granted there will be blows dealt.

"Why, I would not say that there will not," replied Girolamo; and added, "May I, without offence, ask who you are, sir?"

"Oh, surely you may," said Francis, "but the question methinks is rather superfluous. You may see that I am a soldier."

"True, sir," replied Girolamo, "but your name, if you please?"

Francis gave him the information he asked.

"What!" exclaimed Girolamo, in amazement, "Francis Aubigny? Not the lover of the Baron de Metteville's daughter, surely!"

"The same," replied Aubigny.

"Why this is astonishing," said Girolamo; "then you were not killed at Austerlitz, as the baron believes?"

"No, indeed," said Francis, smiling at the simplicity of the remark, "else I should scarce be now talking with you, mine host."

Little more of any particular interest passed on this occasion, between the young soldier and Girolamo. The former hastened to inform his comrades of the discovery and situation of his mistress, and to request their assistance in rescuing her from the hands of the brigands. A score of stout young fellows instantly volunteered their services, and, in less than an hour afterwards, the party, headed by Francis, and conducted by Girolamo, were on the march towards the retreat of the banditti.

Little dreaming of the impending visitation, Diavolo's gang were at this moment in the full career of enjoyment. The provisions whereon they had been regaling,—all choice edibles, which had by some felicitous touch of their profession been transferred from the larders of their owners into theirs,—having been removed, their place was supplied by several large flagons of wine, and already a degree of drunken insubordination had begun to exhibit itself. At this instant the whole of the gang were

either seated, or lying at length on the floor of the cavern; the place being wholly destitute of any thing resembling such conveniences as chairs or tables, or, indeed, of accommodations of any kind. The brigands were, therefore, now enjoying their wine; some seated *à la Turque*, others extended as described, and all with their mantles spread beneath them—the only attempt at comfort which was thought of.

Hitherto, none of the banditti had bestowed one momentary thought on their unfortunate captives. Neither their wants nor wishes were brought at all into calculation. From the moment they were first disposed of, they appeared to have been utterly forgotten. It is true, they were probably better forgotten than remembered, and certainly had no wish to attract the attention of their ferocious companions towards them; but this apparent oversight on the part of the latter did not save the miserable pair from the most agonizing terror, when they saw the naturally violent passions and ruthless dispositions of their associates gradually gaining force under the influence of the wine they were drinking. They every moment expected that the wild and uproarious mirth which now rung through the cavern, would terminate in some deadly quarrel; and that they themselves should certainly be sacrificed to the fury of one or other of the parties.

They expected, in truth, every instant to see one of the drunken ruffians reeling towards them with a naked stiletto in his hand; and, under this horrible impression, watched every movement amongst the revellers with the most intense and feverish anxiety. During this interval, the unhappy father of the young lady was sitting between his daughter and the brigands—a situation which he had, as it were, instinctively assumed, in order that he might first encounter any danger that might be directed towards his child. One of the hands of the unfortunate lady was held by her parent, who was affectionately caressing it, and from time to time whispering words of consolation in her ear. In this affecting attitude, then, the miserable pair awaited with patience, though not without fear and trembling, the issue of the terrible adventure in which they were involved.

In the mean time, the mirth and wild glee of the brigands was rapidly approaching a crisis,—when Bozzolo, whose face, flushed with the wine he had drunk, now displayed an expression of unnatural humour, infinitely more appalling and revolting than the stern ferocity of look that properly belonged to him, happened to cast his eyes in the direction of the prisoners. The sight seemed suddenly to recal him to a sense of their presence.

“Oh! oh!” he shouted with drunken vehemence, at the

same time stretching himself forward, and seizing on some fragments of food which still lay before him: "curse me, but I forgot you entirely! But the young lady," he went on, "she can live on love, I suppose; and you, old cock, you can live on suction, on air. A mighty fine fattening thing it is. Very light simple diet, indeed, old boy, isn't it, eh? But nevertheless," continued the ruffian, throwing a large bone towards the baron and his daughter, "you'll be none the worse for a bit of something a little more solid than either love or air." Having followed up this gift with some morsels of bread, bestowed in the same ungracious manner, the brigand again proceeded with his carousal.

Neither of the unhappy captives tasted of the food which had been thus supplied them; but, in order to avoid giving offence to the ferocious donor, by allowing it to lie where it had been thrown, the baron picked it up, and concealed it, a precaution however which was, after all, unnecessary, as Bozzolo took no further interest in the matter. Having supplied the provisions, he cared nothing whether or not they were consumed.

The unhallowed orgies of the brigands had now arrived at their height. Every one was speaking in a louder and fiercer tone than another. Full goblets were repeatedly overturned with drunken recklessness, and party brawls beginning to arise on all hands; sometimes between individuals, and sometimes between parties of three or four together. These were conducted with all the violence, both in language and gesture, which excess in wine may be supposed to produce on tempers and dispositions, naturally fierce and impatient. At length, however, all minor disputes merged into one of general and engrossing interest. The subject of this, unfortunately for the captives, was the plunder which the latter had afforded. As no division of the spoil, however, could take place until the return of Diavolo—an event which was now, of course, never to happen—the present quarrel, not the less fierce on this account, had arisen wholly from a disagreement as to the probable and prospective arrangements.

The parties were pretty equally divided as to numbers on the point at issue, and there was, in consequence, strong symptoms of a desire to bring the matter to the decision of pistol and stiletto. Several of the latter weapons, indeed, might already be seen glittering in the hands of the hostile pretenders. At length, getting more and more infuriated as the discussion proceeded, the whole gang, one after another, started to their feet to prepare for the worst. At this moment one of the drunken ruffians, whose attention had been attracted towards the captives by the subject whereon they had been debating, was in the act of staggering towards them with a drawn dagger in his hand,—for

the purpose, as the half intelligible threats which he muttered but too plainly indicated, of committing some act of violence,—when the torch by which the chamber was lighted was suddenly struck down from its place on the wall by an accidental blow, and almost immediately extinguished under the feet of the brawlers.

The savage who had meditated the murderous assault alluded to on the unfortunate captives, being thus providentially involved in sudden darkness, and being, besides, bewildered with the wine he had drank, missed the objects of his vengeance, and being soon after involved in the general fray which had now taken place, did not renew his attempts.

In the meantime the ruffians, though unable in the dark to distinguish friends from foes, were fighting it out stoutly, and many stabs had already been given and received, when a low whistle, proceeding from the sentinel on duty at the mouth of the cavern, announced the approach of some one,—and in the next instant a crowd of soldiers, several of whom carried torches in their hands, rushed into the place, when a brief but sanguinary struggle ensued with the brigands.

The latter, however, from the state of inebriety in which they were, could not offer much resistance; indeed, they fell rapidly, one after the other, beneath the sabres and bayonets of their assailants, until all were either killed or disabled. In the next moment Emily de Metteville found herself in the arms of her lover; that lover for whom she had been pining her existence away, and whom she believed to have been numbered with the dead.

The Baron, on recognising Francis, extended his hand towards him, and in the warmest terms expressed his sense of the great obligation which he had just conferred on himself and his daughter. "But great as that obligation is," he added, smiling, "I believe I have it in my power to repay it;" and he glanced towards his blushing daughter. "You shall have your reward, Aubigny; but we will talk of this hereafter."

On the third day after the occurrence of the events just recorded, Francis Aubigny and Emily were married, with the full consent of her father, who, out of gratitude to the former and compassion for the latter, now urged their union with as much eagerness as he had before opposed it.

Francis, through the interest of the Baron, immediately obtained his discharge, and returned with his bride and her father to his native country—one of the happiest fellows and luckiest dogs in Christendom!

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE,

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

EDITED BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"THERE is but one house in the village to be let, sir," said an elderly woman in reply to our inquiries, "and I do not know if you would like to take that."

"Is it clean and airy?" I asked.

"It is a neat little cottage, and was a very comfortable one; but many years have elapsed since any one has lived there."

"Can we see it?"

"Oh, yes, sir, it is about half a mile off the high road. I will show you the way, and we pass the Three Bells, so we can get the keys from Mr. Mills, for he has them."

The walk lay through a beautiful country. The village of D— was in a valley, at the distance of only a mile from the sea, but which was not visible from it; except the clergyman of the parish, and a wealthy brewer, none of the inhabitants were above the labouring class. The houses were of picturesque forms, the gables facing the street. The Three Bells was the only public-house, and it was a model for a village alehouse. As we approached, I observed two aged men sitting on benches in the porch, with pipes and foaming ale before them. Basking in the sun lay a large shaggy dog, and beside it was a beautiful child of about two years old, the granddaughter of the landlord, who stood at the door of his dwelling, contemplating her with evident delight. He was a portly man of bright smiling countenance, whose ruddy glow was evidently induced by health, and not by habits of intemperance. On being asked for the key of Morton's old farm, he begged us to enter his little parlour, and rest while he went to fetch it. It was a small low room, panelled with oak, and the ceiling intersected by huge beams; a polished corner-cupboard displayed a goodly store of old Indian china, among which a punch-bowl was conspicuous. A wood fire burnt upon the hearth for the purpose of boiling the kettle; on the high chimney-piece stood sundry mock shepherds and lambs, and above hung strings of birds' eggs. But I have left

to be last described, the most interesting of the contents of the little chamber. This was the landlord's mother, a venerable woman in her ninetieth year. She was employed in knitting, and chanted rather than sang a monotonous air.

To say she had complete possession of her faculties would be incorrect, but she retained her senses in a great degree. It has always appeared to me a most benevolent arrangement of Providence, that in childhood and in extreme age, afflictions are less keenly felt, and we are more easily amused than in the prime and vigour of life. Were sorrow to fall as acutely on the heart of the child and the grandsire, as on man in his prime, their feeble constitutions would sink beneath the blow. Afflictions purify, and make him who feels them bow to the Almighty hand which inflicts them. We oftener turn to God in our grief than in our joy. The child will play thoughtlessly till he is hurt; but no sooner does he feel the pain caused by his own folly, the spite of his playmates, or accident, than he remembers his mother, and seeks in her arms comfort and compassion.

Dame Mills, as I have said, retained considerable possession of her faculties. When we entered, she bowed and requested we would be seated — like all English people, high or low, remarked on the weather—and then, apparently oblivious of our presence, she recommenced her ditty. I longed to have a sketch of her, seated in her high-backed oak chair, in the panelled chamber, her silvery locks turned over a cushion on her forehead, surmounted by a plaited mob-cap, which sat closely to her cheeks. Her features were high, and she had evidently possessed considerable beauty. She wore a dark gray gown, with elbow-sleeves, over which the linen ones were turned up; a snow-white kerchief and apron completed her attire. Many moments had not elapsed, ere our host returned with the key of the house we purposed visiting: we thanked him, saluted the aged dame, and proceeded on our walk, still guided by our former conductress, whom we found was a Mrs. Martin, the wife of the Vulcan of D—

A gradual ascent, whence we had a fine view of the ocean, led us to the Old Farm, 'as we found it universally called. It was a low stone building, with numerous gables, each surmounted by a kind of spire. The windows were large, with stone mullions, filled with diamond-shaped panes of glass. Ivy and clematis overgrew the porch. The garden had evidently been long neglected. The tall chimneys emitted no smoke—no watch-dog barked as we approached. The only sound we heard was the cawing of some rooks, which had built their nests in the tall trees near the deserted dwelling. We walked on in silence, for there was something solemn in the stillness of the place which sealed our lips. The key grated in the lock from disuse, and

the rusty hinges turned with difficulty ; but at length the door yielded to our efforts, and we entered the kitchen. In the large open chimney daws had built, for years, undisturbed by smoke. Besides this, the house contained two other chambers, and a washhouse and dairy, on the ground floor ; above, were three more rooms.

" It is a charming old house," said I. " Do you know what rent is asked ?"

Mrs. Martin professed ignorance of the precise sum, but added, " The landlord would take very little, I believe, for there's few would like to live here."

" And why ?" I asked, in astonishment.

This led to an explanation, which the following pages will convey to the reader.

James Morton was a small farmer, cultivating about sixty acres of land. His wife was a hard-working, industrious woman, and an excellent manager ; and what greater treasure can any man of limited income possess than a thrifty, prudent helpmate ? Martha Morton had never borne but two children. The elder, Peggy, was, at the time my story commences, about eighteen. William, her brother, was two years younger. They were both healthy and well-looking—had been taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. Peggy was an excellent dairywoman, expert at her needle, and bade fair to make as good a wife as her mother.

But no family is without its cares and sorrows ; and James and Martha Morton lamented over the strange perversity of their son, who was resolutely bent on following a seafaring life, instead of remaining quietly at home, to assist his father in agriculture, now that his increasing strength made his services valuable. But William was an only son, doted on by both parents, and, moreover, a dutiful, affectionate lad. When he saw the grief which his inclination to tempt the deep caused to his father and mother, he declared his willingness to abandon his own wishes and accede to theirs ; but he looked so sad as he said this, that they agreed it was a pity to thwart him ; and accordingly William, full of dreams of glory, embarked for his first voyage on board a merchant-ship destined for —.

It was a sorrowful scene, the parting between the parents and their children, between Peggy and her beloved brother, her only one ;—the playmate of her infancy, the companion of her now almost womanly years, the confidant of her simple hopes and fears. " When we meet again, my Peggy," said William, " you will be married, and I an uncle."—" For shame, William," replied she, blushing ; but at the same time her smile showed that the ideas he raised did not displease her. " Pray, pray, my dear boy, be careful when you climb those rope-ladders," said the anxious mother, " and mind your prayers night and morn-

ing." "I wish you would bring me over a bull with a hump on his back," said the farmer, "and some of their foreign grain."—"And don't forget my parrot, William," said his sister. The boy was tenderly embraced by them all, brushed away a tear, and was soon on board the Thames, a fine vessel, which sailed that same day. Farmer Morton, his wife and daughter, returned home sad and silent. Months elapsed ere any tidings of the mariner reached the farm; but at length a letter was received, giving a pleasing account of all that had occurred. William was delighted with the sea, describing the captain as kind, and all his shipmates as gallant, noble fellows. Need I say that joy reigned in Farmer Morton's abode?

Some time after, a second letter, in the same joyous strain, reached them; and for nearly three years they received tidings from the beloved voyager twice or thrice in each twelve months. At the end of this time, a small gray parrot arrived.

"I have taught it my name, dear Peggy," wrote her brother, "and I do not think you will any of you like it the less for reminding you of me."—"Dear boy! Lord bless his kind heart!" cried the dame. "William! where's William?" said the parrot. The old woman and her daughter fairly melted into tears; the farmer walked to the door, but I am inclined to suspect it was to conceal a moistened eye.—The bird became a special favourite with the trio, and even the ploughboy seemed to feel pleasure in it; but perhaps it was because he found it gained him many kind looks and words from his employers.

From this time the Mortons never heard directly or indirectly of the absentee. At first they hoped from week to week that ere the next Sunday they *should* hear from him, but when the Rector after service would talk to his little congregation in the churchyard, the faces of the Mortons told too plainly that they were disappointed in their fond hopes, for it to be inquired if they had news of William. About two years afterwards, a sailor, who had returned to D——, brought intelligence that the Thames merchant-ship had been blown up in an engagement with a French vessel,—and now all his relations were convinced that William had perished in the engagement. So certain were they of this, that his father caused his name to be inserted on the stone which marked the family grave, and stated that he had perished at sea aged nineteen years. Time rolled on, and Peggy became the wife of Arthur Mills, a young man to whom she had been attached from childhood. On removing to her new home in the village, she left the parrot, William's gift, with her mother.

"Now that I am to lose you, Peggy," the old woman would say, "I need poor Polly more than ever."

"But I will often come and see you, dear mother, up at the old farm, and, however I may love Arthur, I will never forget my affection for you and father."

"You are a dear good child, and a comfort and a blessing to us, Peggy," said the old farmer; "and who is to be at the wedding, dear?"

"Susan, Arthur's sister, is to be bridesmaid, and Mary and Jane Collins, and Mary's intended, Tom Astell, and John Smithson, and—"

"William, where's William?" said the parrot.

Peggy was mute, large tears coursing each other down her cheeks; James Morton and the mother were likewise overcome, and glad to be left alone to give free vent to their feelings; the two women departed to their respective chambers for the night, while the farmer sat down for a short time in the chimney-corner, ere he followed their example.

Next morning the sun shone brightly on the bridal party, and the rector pronounced Arthur Mills and Margaret Morton man and wife. Subsequently he baptized five of their children, two girls and three boys; but on the day that the fifth was christened, it became an orphan. Arthur's health had long been in a declining state, yet he would attend his wife and infant to church. It was a cold winter's day, and during the baptismal ceremony, he was seized with shivering fits. Medical aid was unavailing, and that night Peggy became a widow.

Her grief was deep and lasting; but she had now five little ones dependant on her for support. Arthur and his wife had always borne high characters in D——, and many now stood forward to assist the widow and her young family. The rector had lately married a lady of large property, whose benevolent heart made her ready to second all his efforts for the good of his little flock. A day-school had long been a desideratum in the parish, and Peggy was installed as its mistress, two months after her loss, at a regular salary, in a neat cottage attached to the school-room, rent free. At first the task of instructing so many children was irksome to her, but her mind could hardly dwell on her sorrows when so employed, and in this, as in every other instance, occupation was a solace to the wounded spirit.

It is not only unwise, but sinful, to encourage sorrow for the death of those of whom it is the will of heaven to deprive us; "we should remember "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," and should learn to say "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" We should be more or less than human did we not feel, and often deeply feel, the loss of a beloved object; such grief is not forbidden us; but we are forbidden to "sorrow as without hope."

Peggy managed to rear and educate her five children re-

spectably though humbly ; but in the mean time her parents had sadly fallen in circumstances. The landlord under whom they had held their farm for many years died suddenly. His heir-at-law was a cousin, who had never even visited the county ; and who was now prevented by numerous commercial speculations in a distant part of the kingdom from inspecting the property to which he had become entitled. An agent was consequently appointed, who was to be paid by a per-centage out of the produce of the estate, and who immediately began by raising the rents, and increasing the size of the farms. This system forced many from the land which they had all their lives occupied ; but Morton, rather than quit his farm, had agreed to take an additional sixty acres. He had not the assistance of sons, as many of his neighbours had ; and he was now growing old : that he failed to pay punctually may be readily surmised, and Mr. Flint, the agent, accordingly gave him notice to quit.

Morton and his wife were one evening talking over their blighted prospects, and trying to form some plan for their future existence, when a low knock was heard at their door. The farmer rose to open it, and a man appeared in the porch.

"Can you give a traveller a night's lodging?" inquired the stranger.

"We shall soon be driven to seek a shelter for ourselves," replied the farmer, whose temper was soured by the previous conversation with his dame.

"I am sorry to hear it, good folks," returned the man ; "but I can pay for my bed and board, thank God!"

"Well, come in, come in," growled Morton ; "it's not much we can offer you."

The wayfarer approached the hearth, on which a log of wood burnt brightly.

"I could imagine myself at home," cried he.

"It will not long be *our* home, at any rate," was the farmer's rejoinder.

Supper was brought, and their guest eat heartily, but he could elicit very few words from Morton, whose wife scarcely spoke.

"William ! where's William?" uttered a voice.

The stranger started.

"Tis our Poll," said Martha, in reply to his inquiring gaze.

The conversation presently turned on the West Indies, where the young man stated he had been ; and he soon told his entertainers he had but lately landed with upwards of £200, which he was about to take to his aged parents.

"And they expect you?" asked the dame.

"No ; my arrival will surprise them beyond measure. It is probable they would not even recognise me were I to see and speak to them."

"Impossible, young man ! you know not a mother's heart, or you would feel sure she would immediately hail her son."

"Well, well," replied the stranger, "I hope to-morrow, ere this hour, to be folded to my parents' hearts."

He shortly after pleaded fatigue, and retired to the small chamber the hostess had prepared for him.

Earlier in the evening, Peggy's school had just broken up, and she was giving her younger children their supper of bread and milk, when Arthur, the eldest, rushed into the room, crying, "Mother, here is a stranger who wants to see you."—And at the same moment a dark and foreign-looking man entered the humble dwelling of the widow, and advanced rapidly towards her. He strove to embrace her ; but, quickly disengaging herself from him, she said,

"Sir, I am surprised that a gentleman of your appearance should insult a lone woman !"

The person addressed regarded her fixedly, and then said,

"Is it possible that my darling sister should have so entirely forgotten me ? Peggy, I am William !"

Peggy sank upon a chair, uttered an hysteric laugh, and then tears came to her relief.

"Can it be ? Oh ! William, for twelve long years we have mourned you as dead. But where are the shining locks and fair complexion of my brother ? Oh, for God's sake, do not deceive me ! If you are *not* my brother, what seek you here ? I with difficulty support my five orphans, and my aged father and mother are in almost hourly expectation of being driven from their home, to seek a refuge in the workhouse."

Fresh floods of tears, and stifling sobs, choked her utterance, and gave William an opportunity of reassuring her of his identity, though years of hardship beneath a burning sun had so changed his appearance, that even now she could scarcely believe it was he whom she beheld.

They talked long and earnestly of the various changes which had taken place since they parted.

"And so you are *my* namesake," said he, to a rosy boy of five years old. "And you ?" he inquired, turning to the eldest.

"He bears his father's name," replied Peggy, "and Baby is called after his grandfather."

"Yes, me Jemmy Mills," said the child ; "and here's Peggy and Mattie."

"And will you all love Uncle William ?"

"Oh yes, yes !" exclaimed they, embracing him.

"How fortunate it is," said William, "that I should have returned just now, when my dear parents so much need assistance ! I have not come home a beggar, Peggy. See here ; and he

exhibited a canvass bag, containing gold and notes to a large amount.

"I thank God you *are* come," said his sister; "and I would equally rejoice were you penniless."

"But I must go and see my father and mother," cried he. "I must tell them they shall *not* leave the old farm;" and he took his hat and rose from the seat.

"Pray, pray, wait till morning, and I will accompany you," interposed Peggy. "Our parents are now aged, and the surprise of seeing you might have an ill effect on them in their feeble state."

"Do you think they would know me, sister?" he asked.

"I am *sure* that they would not," returned Peggy. "Time has effected such a total alteration in your features, that I do not perceive even the slightest trace of your former self. Your voice, too, which was shrill and childish, is now deep-toned. No—they *could* not recognise you."

"In that case I will go and ask a night's lodging, which they will not, I am sure, refuse to any traveller; for see them to-night I must, the dear souls!"

"Well, since you are determined to go to the old farm, William, promise me, at all events, you will not reveal yourself to them to-night. I will be there to-morrow by seven in the morning, and do, I beg of you, let me have the pleasure of witnessing their delight at the restoration of the son over whose supposed death they and I have so often wept. Arthur and I used often to talk of you, William, and he would sometimes predict your return. Alas! he cannot hail the fulfilment of his hopes."

"Arthur was an honest-hearted, noble fellow," replied her brother, "and I hope his children may resemble him."

"Amen, amen!" cried the widowed matron, pressing her slumbering babe more closely to her bosom.

William left his sister's cottage to sleep, after years of absence, beneath the paternal roof; and I have already recorded his reception there.

Morning dawned, and the first rays of the sun found Peggy and her children risen from their beds. Arthur, with childlike eagerness, ran as soon as he was dressed to acquaint the neighbours with the fact that his uncle, his mother's brother, had returned from sea with loads of money; and the consequence was that her house was besieged with inquirers at an early hour—and all rejoiced in the happiness of the humble and kind-hearted Peggy. Two or three of her most intimate friends proposed to accompany her to the abode of Farmer Morton, and she gladly accepted their escort; for agitation and a sleepless night had made her so nervous and weak, she felt scarce equal to the task

of carrying her baby. It was not more than half-past six when the party reached the old farm. They were consequently surprised to find the old man and his wife astir, and the stone floor of the kitchen wet, having evidently undergone recent ablution.

Although the bright and smiling countenances of Peggy and her children, and the joyous conscious looks of her companions, might plainly show that no sorrowful errand brought them there, the old people asked hastily and in alarm what was the matter. Smiles were interchanged by the little group, and Peggy said, "Tell me, dear mother, did not a stranger come to you last night?"

Martha became deadly pale, and then replied, "No." The monosyllable was uttered with effort.

"No," said Morton, "we have seen no stranger."

"Good God! he said he would come here. 'Twas scarcely dark, and he could not have lost his way," cried Peggy.

"Who, what do you mean, Peggy? and you, neighbours, what brings you here by sunrise? I tell you no *stranger* has been here."

"Ah! I see, I see," cried Peggy; "he could not keep the secret, and told you who he was, or you discovered him."

"Yes, grandfather did not forget uncle William, though you did, mother," said one of the children. The old man gazed with fixed eyes upon the speaker, and muttered "William?"

"You found him out, did n't you, farmer?" asked one of Peggy's companions; but she received no reply. A noise was heard—they turned—and beheld Martha Morton extended on the floor, the blood gushing plentifully from her lips. "We have killed her! we have killed her!" screamed Peggy, rushing towards her mother. The old woman was raised and carried to her bed.

Peggy was too much agitated to notice it, but the neighbours observed the bed was undisturbed, as if it had not been occupied the previous night.—Presently the bleeding ceased, and the unfortunate woman appeared to sink into a state of insensibility. It was now remarked that the farmer had not followed the group into his wife's chamber; and, leaving one of the women to tend Martha, the two others proceeded with Peggy to the kitchen. The baby, Jemmy, sat on the floor, playing with a kitten, but no one else was there; at the same moment the four elder children entered the room.

"See here, see here!" cried one, "this is uncle William's stick, which he lent me last night to ride upon."

Peggy remembered it perfectly. It was a foreign cane which she had remarked the previous evening.

"Where is your grandfather?" she inquired: "I don't know, mother," replied each.

"Me know," said the little one, "him dip in water."

They flew to the pond, but saw nothing; the child however per-

sisted in his story. One of the women ran to D—, to fetch the doctor, and some neighbours. During her absence, every search was made for Morton, but not a trace of him discovered. Half an hour elapsed ere the messenger returned; but when she did, the men proceeded to drag the pond, and the medical man hastened to the assistance of Martha.

"She has ruptured a blood-vessel," said he, "and I cannot answer for her life. The slightest exertion or agitation must inevitably kill her."—Mr. King administered some restoratives, and in about twenty minutes, Dame Morton opened her eyes.

"Are you better, dear mother?" inquired the anxious Peggy. She gazed with a haggard look on her daughter, and strove to speak, but the words were unintelligible.

"William! where's William?" cried the parrot.

"Murdered, and by his parents!" shrieked Martha.

Peggy rose from the bed, on the side of which she had sat, and would have fallen, had not the surgeon caught her in his arms. The other woman opened the door, and what a sight presented itself! The men who had been dragging the pond, bore into the farm kitchen two bodies—that of the old man was still warm, but there was another only half dressed. A severe contusion darkened the brow, and a large wound appeared in the throat. Two bags of shot, and the weights of the clock, were tied to the feet and wrists, evidently with the intention of sinking the corpse.

All present gazed with horror and amazement on the dreadful spectacle, and the little Arthur screamed, "'Tis uncle William!"

All efforts to restore farmer Morton to animation proved futile; and Mr. King at length relinquished the hopeless task, and turned his attention to the wife, but ere night she too was dead. Concealed in various parts of the house were found the clothes which William had worn, and in the flour-chest lay the canvass bag which he had exhibited to his sister. For years after, Peggy was in a state of mental imbecility, and her children were placed in a charity-school,—all but Arthur, who was taken by a lady as her page. By his good conduct he so ingratiated himself in the family, that he at length rose to be their butler; and when death deprived him of his employers, the legacy they generously bequeathed to him, and his own savings, enabled him to set up the "Three Bells," in his native village. He took his mother home to live with him. "You saw her to-day, Ma'am," said our guide.

"What!" I cried, "was that venerable woman Peggy Mills?"

Her reply was in the affirmative.

We retraced our steps to D—, and gazed on the aged Peggy with increased interest; but the story we had heard was not such an one as to induce us to become tenants of "THE OLD FARM-HOUSE."

THE HEBREW BROTHERS.

THERE were two merchants living in Venice, who were reputed to be of immense wealth, and who had, consequently, a very considerable intercourse, as money-lenders, with the profligate noblemen of that abundantly "demoralized metropolis."

They were skilled in the markets of foreign countries: they had sent their ample ventures abroad upon the seas, and had seen themselves blessed with success: the winds of heaven, the inconstant winds—the agents of destruction to the fortunes of other men,—had wafted vast accumulations into the iron-bound coffers of the merchant-brothers. By one of those ordinances which are inscrutable in the eyes of men, these merchants had prospered in the amassing of vast wealth, whilst others, with as much honesty of intention, and who were certainly less rigorous in their dealings, had struggled through the endless labyrinths of adversity, and died in poverty and wretchedness, leaving widows to weep the tears of unavailing misery, and orphan children to shriek under the bitter privations of gnawing want, and to shriek in their agony unnoticed and unrelieved.

The brothers were not natives of Venice. They were of that once rejected and long-persecuted race whose fortune it has been to wander over every land: whose members, with apparently no abiding place, have gathered unto themselves gold and jewels, and by degrees become, as it were, necessary to the very existence of the countries upon which they were thrown.

Of the fourteen hundred Hebrews who inhabited the *Sestiera*, or quarter of the city set apart for the express residence of Jews, the brothers Zebulon and Jasaph were, beyond all calculation, the richest; and as they had no rivals in their wealth, neither had they any claimants on their kindred. They were in that large assembly without a relative, and, excepting the company of a waiting-woman named Leah, they lived in their large mansion alone. Now Leah herself was a legitimate descendant from the walkers of the wilderness, and she served her wealthy elders with a fidelity and devotion unexcelled even in the times of patriarchal simplicity.

Years of uninterrupted prosperity passed over the heads of the merchants, and they began at length to relax in their desire

of obtaining riches, in order that they might have leisure to indulge in the contemplation of what they had amassed. If, indeed, every recess of their hearts could have been minutely searched, I am not prepared to say that another and a simpler cause would not have been found: in other words, the season for adventure had waned with them, and the fear of losing any part of what they now had, set in with as strong a current as did formerly the desire, at every hazard, to gain more.

Whatever similarity there may incidentally appear between relative individuals in society, yet there are distinctive traits in every mind, which only require the pressure of circumstances for their development, and which, in their revelation, not unfrequently show a rugged disparity beneath, where, at the surface, all appeared as even as a polished mirror. Day by day did the brothers grow more intensely enamoured of their riches; but the elder, Zebulon, carried his passion to a degree which threatened the extinction of every other feeling. The gold in which he had formerly delighted, now became *necessary* to his existence—it was as the air he breathed—he lived but on its contemplation.

In the ample mansion of the merchants, there was one noble room set apart solely to the business of their traffic—a species of general counting-room, where the huge registers of their transactions were kept in a kind of ducal though dusty grandeur. This apartment was hung round with the gorgeous tapestry of the time, and presented, to ordinary examination, the appearance of a complete costly office for the accommodation of men wealthy and thriving like themselves. On one side of this apartment, and effectually screened by the ponderous folds of the crimson drapery, was a recess, skilfully constructed in the days of their dawning prosperity, in which lay concealed the mighty amount of their successful dealings. The door of this vast coffer, for it bore a resemblance to nothing else, was formed of triple iron, and secured by a spring bolt of exquisite contrivance—the workmanship of a foreign artisan, who was engaged expressly for its execution. This door could only be opened from without, and the device was resorted to in order that if, by some unforeseen accident, any one should discover the recess, they might be deprived of the means of returning, and so be detected in their unhallowed intrusion by the legitimate masters of the golden mine. The floor was covered with layer on layer of the thickest Venetian carpeting, so that no human foot might be heard to tread upon it. Around this inner chamber were ranged the dazzling proceeds of his life of enterprize, and here did Zebulon spend such hours of nameless ecstasy as human pen could never yet describe.

Now Jasaph followed in the footsteps of his elder brother; but not with equal alacrity: though passionately fond of his treasure, he found that there was yet a something which his heart desired, and which the possession of unnumbered riches could not well supply.

And what was the power which was striving for mastery with the fondness for gold in the heart of the Hebrew? It was LOVE! How feeble are the fortifications of the strongest heart when love assails the barriers! The current of Jasaph's blood had not yet become cold. His sight was not so fascinated by daily intercourse with the wealth of "furthest Ind," but he could discern that there was something else worth living for. The vagaries of love are manifold; and who can lay his hand upon his heart and say he is secure? Who can say, "here is an adamant barrier o'er which thou canst not pass!" Hath it not penetrated the marble bosoms of kings and tyrants? Hath not the heart of a warrior fluttered beneath his triple mail like that of a dove in the nest of her affection? And shall the gaberdine of a Hebrew merchant be proof against its power? The unpretending services of the waiting-woman, Leah, had found favour in the eyes of Jasaph, and, in the absence of more spirit-stirring occupations, he had dwelt upon them with an overweening admiration.

Leah, though quick to discern, was slow to acknowledge "by compliment extern," that she was aware of her progress in the Hebrew's affections. Still did she demean herself in all things plainly and humbly, as one who knew and felt that she was but a waiter in the house of the wealthy; and much did Jasaph marvel that the eyes of the Jewess should be so continually bent towards the ground, when he would have been well content to have them rivetted upon himself.

It is not, however, in the nature of woman to be wholly obdurate: after a time, Leah did seem aware of the Hebrew's partiality, which, as may naturally be inferred, occasioned all the sweet confusion that a female of the middle age may be supposed to feel in such a strange emergency. Now came into play the language which, either in old or young, was never yet spoken in vain,—when eye responds to eye, and says, however marked the gaze, "Look on for I feel no offence!" Kinder words at length were spoken, in a softer tone; directions, which were wont to be conveyed in solitary sentences, were now linked into lengthened conversations, the waiting-woman seemed gratified by the condescension of her amatory master, and he was overjoyed at his success in wooing. Thus throve they in their furtive loves; and Zebulon—the gold-dazzled Zebulon—wot not of the matter, until he beheld, even

as in the dim revelation of a dream, his brother Jasaph in earnest conversation with the waiting-woman, and leaning, as it seemed to Zebulon, for support upon her shoulder!

Now, hitherto, Jasaph had been able to support himself, or when he could not, his golden-headed staff would do him good service in that office; why, therefore, should he lean on Leah? and how became the conversation of so prolonged a nature that he should need her aid in its delivery? When a man asks questions of himself which he cannot answer, he does but administer to his own confusion; and so it was with Zebulon. He was perplexed by this accidental discovery, of which he could make nothing. The consequence was, that he determined to look less after his wealth, and more at his brother; for assuredly the time was come when Jasaph could not be allowed to play the fool, even in the house which was partly his own. With this determination Zebulon began to look about him; and no long time elapsed ere he enabled himself to become a partner in his brother's confidence.

Unseen and unsuspected, the wily Hebrew entered on his task. Seated on a velvet couch, he beheld his brother Jasaph and the woman of the household. They sat somewhat nearer than accorded with the watcher's ideas of necessity. He heard the low voice of Leah die away in a faint murmur, and to his consternation, Jasaph responded

"We are wealthy, Leah! we have amassed—"

"Hush!" said Leah, "tell me not of it, lest thou shouldst make me covetous."

"Covetous!" and he clasped her closer to him, "it shall be all thine own—thine own, Leah! This night will I pour a thousand golden pieces into thy lap, and it shall be for a token between thee and me—a love-token, Leah! shall it not be so?" And he leant his shrivelled cheek against that of the waiting-woman, who turned, as if impelled by some sudden impulse,—threw her dark arms round her hoary lover, and sealed the bond with a long, long kiss upon his withered lips.

Oh! how that sound shot through the palpitating heart of Zebulon! Light as it was in comparison, he beheld its ability to waft away one thousand golden pieces! Jasaph's enchantress resumed:

"Thy generous nature I can well believe; but—" and she lowered her voice as if in trepidation—"but what will Master Zebulon say of it?"

"Tush!" said the inamorato, "he shall know nothing thereof, Leah, nothing! Is it not mine own, and shall it not be thine?"

Stunned, and almost senseless, stood the trembling Zebulon. Could he believe his ears? The brother of his soul—the only

trusted partner of his heart in every hope—could he be so lost? so bewildered by the twinkle of a waiting-woman's eye, as to make an inroad upon that which was wont to be as dear to him as his heart's blood; and not that alone, but to rob *him*, his elder and his valued brother. Horrible—horrible! The afflicted Hebrew could endure no more; mournfully he bent his noiseless steps towards the solitude of his chamber.

In the mean time the shades of twilight, drawing slowly round, warned Leah that the evening repast was not yet prepared; and although Jasaph might live on love, she could not well expect that Zebulon would fare so slightly. With seeming reluctance she shrank from him, but not until a pledge had been given that, at the deep midnight, she should receive the golden "token."

When Jasaph found himself alone, he felt as one from whom the tempter has departed. The spell was relaxed; it did not press upon his senses with that forceful fascination which it exercised in the presence of the sybil. Slowly rising on his half-distracted mind, he beheld the semblance of the coffer he was to rifle. He started in dismay. "What!—golden pieces—were not those the words? A thousand, was not that the sum? Oh! Leah, Leah, thou hast possessed me with a demon!" he exclaimed; "I am distraught—I cannot!—no—I cannot!"

"Did master Jasaph call?" said the well-known voice of Leah, as she appeared at the door of the apartment; "I thought, as I was passing, that I heard my name."

Again was the Hebrew on the rack. In the brief space which had passed since their separation, Leah had adorned herself, and that too, with the skill of one who believes herself a partner in a game at which she has a chance to lose. She looked, in that dubious light, like to a Jewish maiden in her blossoming.

"I—I—did speak thy name, Leah—in raptures, to myself—to solace me because thou wert not nigh! Hush! I hear a step—at twelve, Leah! remember twelve!"

Leah glided like a shadow from his presence, but Jasaph was deceived; the only step he heard was in his own misgiving ear.

How passed the anxious hour with Zebulon? He retired to his chamber, and, after the manner of his countrymen, he rolled himself upon the floor in his agony. He clutched his venerable beard, and beat his aged temples, till the tears stood trembling in his eyes. What an abyss was before him! The knowledge that his veritable heart's drops were to be wrung from him day by day, would not have caused in him so intense a sorrow: but to know that the gold—the fine gold—the long-coveted, the anxiously sought, the hardly-earned, the unspeakably adored gold—was to be abstracted nightly to fee the

ministrations of a wanton ! Oh ! it was madness ! He arose and paced the floor, and, amid the throes of his anxiety, he communed with himself : " What if I were to reason with him ? Is he not even as a hair-brained youth, and might he not smite me ? And she ! the Jezabel ! might she not poison me ? Oh, my life is in danger, and my gold—more precious far than all the lives that have suffered since the dispersion of our tribes ! Ha ! shall I be robbed and murdered too, and with mine own consent ? No ! no ! "

He stood for a space motionless, his eyes intently fixed upon the ground ; then, suddenly starting, his stern features broke into the demoniac smile of one who has achieved some power of thought, of more than mortal malignancy ; and reaching forth his high cloth cap, he took his staff in his hand and left the apartment.

" Leah ! " said he, " stand by the door : I will but walk a minute's space, and straight return : stand by the-door. "

Leah stood by the door, and she looked into the street ; but her master turned an angle of the *Sestiera*, and even the light sharp shuffle of his feet was no longer audible. In a few minutes they were heard briskly re-approaching the mansion, and anon he himself entered, taking care to close the door behind him.

He proceeded at once to the secret chamber, and beheld that Jasaph was there before him. There was a brief greeting between them ; and Zebulon looked around with troubled eyes, as if to penetrate the precise quarter from which the thousand pieces had been taken.

" And whither went you, brother Zebulon ? " said Jasaph : " I would have gone *for* you at a word. "

The Hebrew started like a guilty thing at the voice of his brother's kindness. " I did but go to old Bartolo's for my lozenge drops ; my cough was troublesome last night and— and maybe that I shall not sleep well to-night. "

He laid some little stress on the word " well, " and as he did so he knocked down the lamp, which was immediately extinguished.

" See ! " said Jasaph, peevishly, " I protest thou hast overturned the lamp ! "

" I can re-light it, " was the reply : " lo ! I have the means. "

" But the oil ! "

" *You* will scarcely miss it ! "

The noise of a flint beating on a steel was heard, and Jasaph saw the sparks flying into the case which held the material for combustion. In a moment a broad flare of light burst suddenly upward, and clouds of silvery smoke whirled rapidly through the apartment. With a stifled yell of triumph Zebulon made



for the door, the handle of which he had scarcely touched, in his tremulous haste, ere the spring shot, and the door closed upon him. He fell backward, gasping for breath, and shouting, as he best could, for the assistance which was never to aid him!

When the massive silver time-piece of the housekeeper showed the hour of midnight, she took a small taper in her hand, and, habited as he had last seen her, sought the place of appointment with Jasaph.

Leah's sensations were by no means tumultuous: quite of another description was the current of ideas which floated calmly through the mind of the wily Jewess. She saw, dimly, indeed, by her feeble taper's light, the source of prosperity opening upon her; and, if she should use her wealth wisely, a sum of worldly happiness, of a description to which she had hitherto been an utter stranger, might be hers. What! and with the Hebrew, Jasaph? No, no! Like many in the world, Leah was but playing her own little game of artifice. While Kings and Princesses were contending for sway and splendour, Leah was spreading her lures for happiness and a husband; but she chose her means of happiness from one source, and her husband from another.

Few visitors had crossed the threshold of the wealthy merchants, save those who came, in effect, to augment the sum of their possessions; yet there was one, who had been ushered in under the guardian wing of Leah, who had not yet contributed to their riches, and whom they had never seen; yet had he found favour in the eyes of the Jewess, and for his sake was she now waiting, in meditative silence, the approaching foundation of a dower which would emancipate them both from the tyranny of servitude.

The favoured of Leah, by name Pietro Tomaso, was merely an artizan—a gay young fellow, who had caught the glance of Leah, in her loneliness, as he passed through the square in which the merchants resided. He was fond of company, but his poverty kept him alone: he had a taste for the indulgences of the table, but his means rendered him temperate: he was, in short, one to whom almost any change would prove a blessing, seeing that scarcely any description of variety could be for the worse.

Let us return to Leah. One—two—hours had rolled heavily away, yet not a sound was heard which indicated the approximation of the golden shower. The first current of ideas being dispelled, another succeeded, not to the full of so consolatory a character. What had befallen Jasaph? They never spent the whole night in the temple of their wealth, and wherefore should they on this occasion? Perplexity sometimes sharpens the wits

of a woman, and those of Leah rose superior to her bewilderment. Taking her taper suddenly in her hand, she rushed, in seeming alarm, to the counting-room, through which alone the temple could be entered, and in a wild tone she exclaimed, "Ho! master Zebulon! good master Jasaph!—help—help—thieves!—the Philistines are upon you—come forth—come forth and aid me!" and, like one overcome by the effects of fear, she fell with violence to the ground.

As Leah had in some degree anticipated, no master came to aid her in her well-feigned distress: with desperate energy she applied herself to the massive foldings of the velvet tapestry; she found the iron door, but to open it was beyond her power. She was satisfied that no common calamity had befallen the merchants; and she calmly took her taper and sought her own apartment.

The *Sestiera di Canale Regio* did not contain a brighter eye on the following morning than that which glanced, with the early light, from the door of the Hebrew merchants. But still Pietro came not past, and Leah looked again from door and lattice in her impatience to behold him. At length he came: by an upheld finger his progress was arrested on the spot; the door slowly opened, and Pietro was cautiously admitted. After a few generalities, scarcely fit to be set forth here, Leah confessed that she was embarrassed. She dreaded that something had befallen the merchants, and had only deemed it right to ask the counsel of a friend ere she called in the "public authorities." Now, Pietro was most fixedly of opinion that these "authorities" were a very officious overbearing class, and ought never to be called upon until matters were perfectly in extremity. He thought, whatever might have befallen the merchants, it were better that Leah and himself should ascertain it, lest they should make some awkward mistake in the representation of the matter. The Jewess saw that she was not mistaken in her estimate of Pietro; and having secured the outer door, she led the way to the treasure chamber.

The artizan, who was himself skilled in the fabrication of metallic articles, was not long in discovering the talisman by which the chamber was to be entered. With a knowing hand he touched the spring; but on pushing back the door, a volume of dense smoke rolled out, which made the Jewess and himself recoil in dismay, and at length drove them from the chamber. When the pestiferous vapour had dispersed itself, the impatient witnesses eagerly returned to the treasure-chamber. They found the Hebrews lying apart, and the overturned lamp between them. Jasaph appeared to have fallen down at once, and stirred no more. Zebulon was lying with his ghastly features turned upwards, his garments all disturbed, and his contorted

limbs betraying the last terrible struggles he had made, even in death, to redeem himself from the consequences of his fatal error.

Pietro was in ecstasies ! Never before had it been his fortune even to dream of the wealth by which he saw himself surrounded, and he clasped the confiding Leah again and again to his exulting bosom. Overcome by the full force of their emotions, they sank upon a seat, until their delirium should in some degree subside and they could contemplate with sober joy the fortune which had fallen upon them.

I know not to what phenomena in the human structure the ensuing incident can be referred ;—but whilst Pietro and Leah sat apart, discoursing of their coming happiness, a slight tremor came over the frame of Jasaph, the youngest of the aged victims : he stirred—and in the next moment sat upright on the thickly-carpeted floor !* He gazed around him with the hideous yet imbecile expression of an astounded idiot wakening from a fearful dream. He seemed to have no sense of by-gone things ; and scarcely a consciousness of present existence. Feebly and slowly, yet noiselessly, he arose—and fixing his eyes on the lovers, whose attention was too deeply engrossed to heed such a visitant, gradually approached them. He cleared the film from his eyes : “ Leah ! ” said he, in an accent tremulous and feeble as that of second childhood, “ Leah ! ”—and stretched his trembling hands towards her.

If a thunderbolt had rent the dome of Saint Mark’s, and strewed the scattered fragments at the feet of Pietro and his mate, they could not have been more effectually startled from their day-dream of delight : Leah shrieked aloud, and hid her face in the folds of her ample garment ; but the indignant Pietro, stung to desperation, hurled the apparition-like form of the Hebrew with tremendous violence against an iron coffer, at the opposite side of the chamber ; and the newly-resuscitated wretch died—almost as he had lived—crouching before the huge depository of his darling gold.

Whatever of indiscretion might have marked the conduct of the lovers hitherto, it was not stained with crime ; but now, like the first pair, a sense of desolation fell upon their souls, and they desired to comfort each other in their guilt. As the gloomy day rolled on, however, the sense of sin grew less heavy upon them. They resolved on the means of emancipation from their unwelcome companions : an appropriation of a por-

* I learn from a valuable work (the Cyclopædia of Dr. Rees) that “ there are several unquestionable facts, though rare, in every country, which show the possibility of recovery from sudden death, whether by apoplexy, suffocation by noxious vapours,” &c. And instances are recorded, during the progress of a late terrible epidemic, of appalling cases of recovery, even after inhumation had taken place.

tion of the spoil was planned : and they determined to leave Venice as suddenly and secretly as possible. They knew that inquiry would come, and in a fashion with which half-concerted measures would but ill accord.

Now, in the same square, and immediately opposite to the merchants, lived a Zingaro, as poor as his countrymen were rich. His skill in the future brought him but a sorry recompense for the present ; yet, with a light heart and a high hope, he still held on, promising "golden opportunities" to all applicants, which, for the credit of the Zingaro, we regret to add were fulfilled to none. Many a time had the Zingaro cast a wistful eye on the brothers, as he saw them march forth to the Rialto, in their ample gaberdines and high square caps of the finest Venetian texture ; and when he beheld their return, after realizing thousands, he sighed, and felt that a professed dealer in the gifts of fortune held far from the most fortunate of professions.

It chanced, that morning, that the Zingaro had risen early, in order to make himself master of some new degrees of divination. He observed the unusual solicitude of the waiting-woman ; he saw the signal given from the lattice ; he beheld the Venetian enter ; and his sagacious mind, accustomed to presages, came at once to the conclusion that there was something dark in the horoscope of the merchants.

With the lynx-eyed curiosity of his tribe, he immediately placed himself as a watch over the waiting-woman and her visitor ; and still, as the latter came not forth, more determined was the watcher to ascertain his egress. High noon passed, and the hour of siesta winged away, and yet the Venetian came not, neither were the merchants seen abroad—and even Leah did not cross the threshold.

The mystery now assumed an intense character ; and although the strained eye-balls of the Zingaro ached with very watchfulness, yet no relaxation did he allow them. At length, night came on in all her darkness—a gloom more profound never reigned over the precincts of the sea-born city. A thousand times did the Zingaro curse the atramentous pall which had been thrown upon his prospects, and five thousand times did he bewail his fate ; but still adapting himself to circumstances, he wrapped his person from head to foot in his huge mantello, and placed himself in the square directly opposite the object of his keen espionage.

Slowly, still, did the lingering hours depart, and midnight came as if reluctantly. The last tramp of the homeward masquer was with difficulty heard ; and the far-off chorus of the exulting reveller, as he reeled from the closed casino, came fainter and fainter on the ear, until it trembled into silence. Cold and

heart-sick, yet with unabated nerve, did the Zingaro maintain his post—when, hark! the bolts were slowly withdrawn, and, after a moment's lapse, a figure came forth as if to reconnoitre. A sound, like the faint moan of expiring winds, was heard, and a second figure came forth, apparently heavily burdened. It moved rapidly along the square to the verge of the canal, relieved itself, and returned.

"Ha!" muttered the wakeful Zingaro, "the Venetian is industrious!"

Again did the premonitory figure appear; again was that low and melancholy sound heard, and once more did the burdened Venetian appear. Rapidly, as before, he reached his destination, resigned his load to the waters, and returned.

"Ha!" muttered the Zingaro again, as the door closed upon the wary but watched Pietro; "a brief business; 'twere pity 'twere not followed by a rapid reckoning." The watcher possessed himself of the key of his habitation, and wended towards the great square of St. Mark's.

At this period the Inquisition of the State, or, as they were otherwise termed, the Tribunal of Three, were the conservators of the public weal in Venice. All offences against the person were submitted to their high arbitrement; and so scrupulously did they discharge their duties, that they were a terror alike to prince and subject, and as odious as they were formidable. From their decision there was no appeal; their executions and their judgments were equally expeditious and secret; and that no clamour might be raised against their severity, the victims were privately disposed of—drowned at midnight in the Lagune, or strangled in their cells, and buried in the precincts of the prison. Before this inquisition actual guilt was unnecessary. The testimony of two witnesses, probably emissaries of the court, was sufficient to ensure condemnation; and, as in countries aspiring to a higher degree of refinement, the wealth of the felon became the property of the state.

Pietro Tomaso, and Leah, the waiting-woman of the Hebrew Brothers, were cited before the Tribunal of Three,—charged, by secret information, with the murder of the merchants, and the intention of subsequently abstracting their vast wealth. Having been examined apart, they were confronted with the Zingaro, whose testimony was already lying in broad array before the court.

"What answer does the woman render to this most heavy charge?" demanded the Tribunal.

"There is no blood upon my hands," said Leah, firmly; "the Hebrews died of suffocation by themselves engendered."

"It is most true," said Pietro, "I can avouch"

"Silence!" said the Tribunal; "*It is decreed!*"

At the same moment an officer approached the prisoners from behind, and, throwing a mantle over each so as completely to envelope the upper part of the person—the dungeon door closed upon them for ever!

"Thy reward," said the officer, "was to be"—

"Five hundred zechini," said the Zingaro.

"They are there, well and truly told. Thou mayst depart!"

The Zingaro thought he heard the words "for the present," as he hastily quitted the court. Of this he could not be certain; but he never loved the vicinity of a secret tribunal, and, moreover, as he was one upon whom a hint is seldom bestowed in vain, he took an early opportunity of passing over to the Neapolitan states, where, by a new course of life, industry and economy, he acquired a handsome competence; and though, in after life, he was naturally fond of relating his adventures, he was never known to mention the midnight burial of the HEBREW BROTHERS.

MISS SMITH "AT HOME;"

OR,

MORE SMITHS!

BY W. H. WILLS, ESQ.

NAPOLEON described us as a nation of shopkeepers; a community of "Smiths" would have been a more appropriate designation; and, as at least a tithe of the king's subjects claim that title, one of the greatest misfortunes it is possible to be born with—except, perhaps, a taste for authorship—is to possess it.

To be a "Smith" in this "iron age" of rail-roads and steam-engines, is to form an integral fraction of one enormous whole—to be included in a general rule of which "Jones," "Williams" and "Thompson" are the exceptions—to have, in short, a distinction without a difference. The word ought to be struck off the list of nouns proper, for there is nothing substantive in it; it is an indefinite expression that symbolises no one individual, for it means quite a tenth of every body. If a place could be found of sufficient extent, a meeting of "Smiths" ought to be convened to petition for a change of name by letters patent; and the whole congregation, European and Colonial—white-Smiths and black-Smiths—might be gazetted under the denomination of Legion; for "of a truth they are many."

"Plurals," says Longinus, in the 19th chapter of his treatise on the sublime, "impart magnificence; and copiousness of number gives to the style emphasis and grace." What a "magnificent"—what a sublime theme for pen of poet or pencil of painter, must be the name of Smith!—too elevated, too overwhelming for *our* weak powers; so we must commit the palpable bathos of descending to the insignificant consideration of "one Smith."

Mr. Unit Smith was a man by himself. He eat by himself, slept by himself, and would have died by himself, but for an accidental marriage. He had been blessed with a father (a very lucky thing for a Smith) who left him "alone in his glory," with five hundred a year. With this he retired to a lonely house at Hammersmith, where his whole establishment consisted

of a buxom cook, whom he engaged without a character, because she described herself as a "lone woman."

A year had not elapsed before—to his consummate chagrin—he began to have neighbours. He was like the heroine in *Marmion*, who was bricked up in the recess of a convent; for people would persist in building close around him. But what was worse, these neighbours were uncommonly genteel folks, who had "retired" from the city, and having no business of their own, looked after the concerns of those about them. They were not a little scandalized to find that Mr. Unit Smith's habitual love of solitude and laziness had partially left him; for he had not only become a husband, but was on the eve of being a father also. Molly the cook having no great desire to retain her maiden name of "Scroggs" longer than she could help, was likely to add, besides herself, another being to the already overgrown list of "Smiths."

Poor Molly lived just long enough to present her new-wed spouse with a daughter. It is to be feared that the only impression the departure of his wife made upon Mr. Smith, was the necessity of guarding against accidents in future. He therefore engaged a man-servant, whose chief recommendations were deafness and taciturnity.

His new relation did not wean him from his desire for solitude. She was never at home, for from the nurse she passed to the school-mistress, and from school to the "private governess;" who, it was agreed, should finish her education on the continent.

The time at length arrived when Miss Julia Smith could remain no longer from her paternal roof.—The young lady had not sojourned in France and Italy without acquiring a taste for company; and having completely established a will of her own in her father's house, determined, with every regard for consistency, to celebrate her return from abroad by an "AT HOME."

She had no acquaintance but Mrs. Diggory Smith, whose daughter she had met in Paris; and who gave her a list of the names of *her* visiting acquaintances, to whom the indefatigable Julia issued cards of invitation.

Conceive Mr. Unit Smith's horror, on learning, from his man Jacob Post, the particulars of his daughter's proceedings! The thought that he, whose whole life was devoted to remaining a private—very private gentleman, should have his doors thrown open to the public, was perfectly terrifying! To prevent the catastrophe was impossible; for constitutional inactivity, and uncompromising gout, prevented his taking "active" measures of any kind. He was confined to his easy chair and footstool like a martyr tied to the stake—the flames were igniting around him, and he had no power to arrest their progress, for not all

his expostulation could alter one jot of Miss Julia's determination to "flare up!"

By an hyperbole quite pardonable in notes of invitation, the once lonely cottage was elevated to the dignity of a mansion; the trim but narrow entry was no longer a passage, but a hall; the closet, down three stairs at its extremity—hitherto sacred to pickle-pots and soft soap, was made a cloak-room; the parlours, deprived of their folding doors, enlarged to a grand *salon à manger*; and the drawing-rooms were to be furnished forth with all "appliances and means to boot" (chalked floors, fiddlers, &c.) for a *salon de danse*!

For some time before the eventful Monday evening divers charwomen were hired at an expense of eighteen-pence a day and their victuals; the greengrocer was called upon to redeem the pledge made upon a green board with gilt letters exhibited in his window, of "Music provided for balls, and evening parties attended;" while these arrangements were completed by the engagement of a lank personage, dressed in scratch wig, long white waistcoat, short black coat, and worsted tights—to "announce the names."

The day arrived; and to Miss Smith's great satisfaction all the preparations were consummated with astonishing exactness. The home-made jellies and *blanc-manges* "turned out beautiful;" not a single failure occurred in the custards; Julia's new white satin frock, turned up with blonde lace, fitted to a thread; and the chinaman was punctual with his "glass lent on hire." But what afforded the fair hostess most pleasure was the fact, that few of her "invites" had been negatived; and she confidently expected the entire *élite* of Hammersmith, the fashionables of Turnham Green, with a sprinkling of the *haut ton* of Old Brentford! A friend of a friend of Mrs. Diggory Smith,—no less a personage than the celebrated author of fifteen celebrated melodrames,—had consented to be *lionized*, and the *tiger* of Doctor Tweedum was promised, to keep "clear away" the supper.

Who can describe Miss Smith's feelings while dusting her father's best china? The appointed hour was at hand. She trembled, at the imminent risk of a family slop-basin, as if the crisis of her fate was approaching. Every vehicle that passed the house, from Rickett's Regulation to Cloud's 'Buss, stopped, she imagined, at her door. She hastened to the canterbury, and placed on her piano the songs and pieces—amounting in number to sixty odd—that were "inscribed to Miss SMITH," all which had been lent her by her neighbourly namesake, who had bought them up from the trade. Every thing was now ready,—even Mr. Unit Smith, whom his man Jacob wedged into a recess upon his easy chair, like a half recumbent statue in the

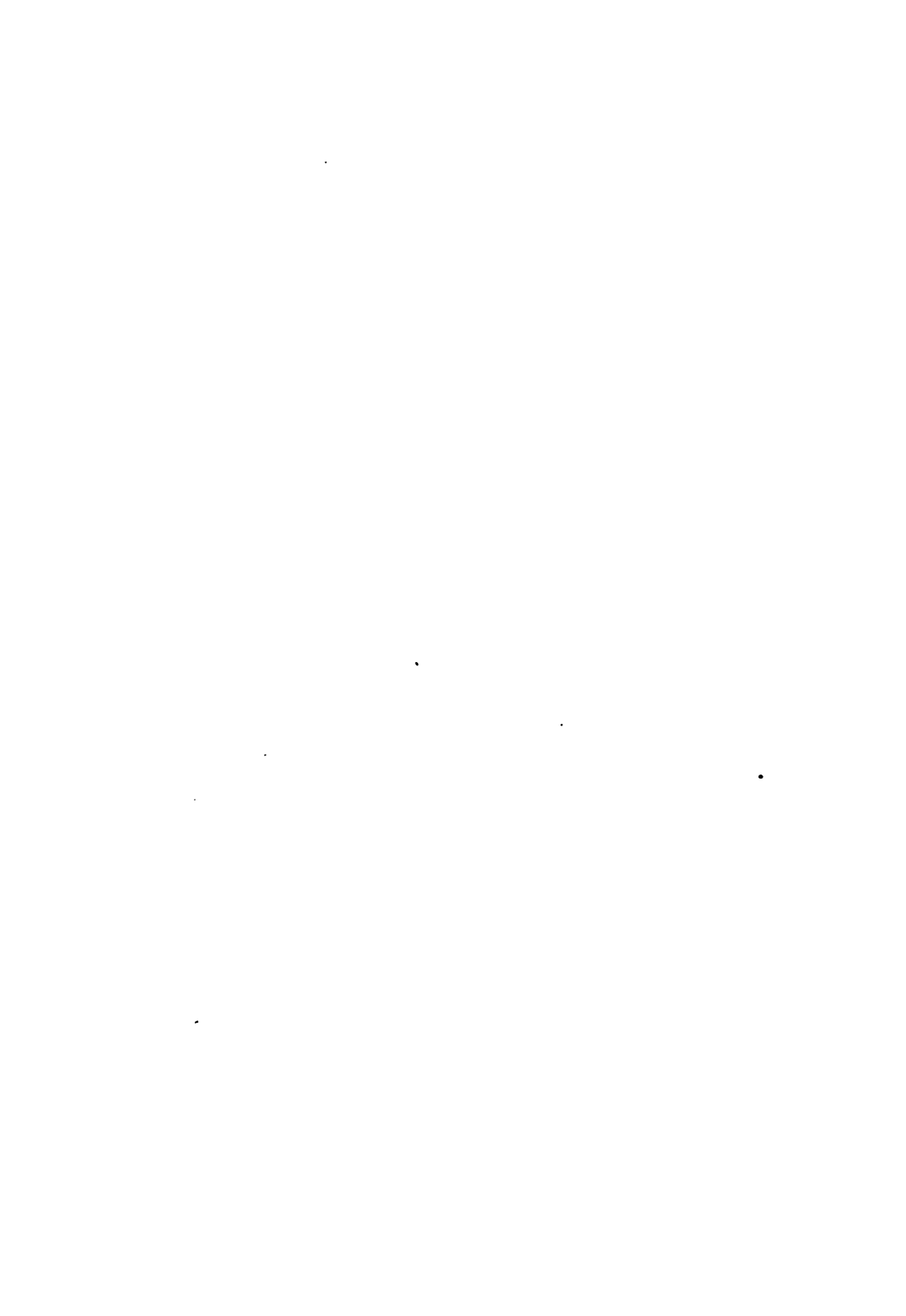
niche of a cathedral,—though his well-stuffed footstool, flannel-bound feet, and dissatisfied looks, gave him a much greater similitude to a cross old gentleman troubled with the gout.

To do our heroine justice, her travel and education had not been thrown away. She received her guests with the dignity of an experienced matron; and although she had never previously set eyes upon most of them, greeted all with the heartiness and apparent affection of long-tried friendship. Thus the *entrées* were managed to a miracle. One blunder certainly occurred. Mr. Socrates Snaps, the apothecary, being too much of a philosopher to deem the common usages of decent society worthy of his superlative *connoissance*, complained, on entering the room, of having been grossly insulted at the bottom of the stairs by a fellow in a long white waistcoat, whose impertinence went so far as to ask, without preface or preliminary, “What was my name?—An insolent rascal!”

“Mr. Gregory Jinks!” shouted he of the worsted tights; and, as if the unconscious lackey had uttered an irresistible piece of waggery, the whole room was convulsed with laughter!

Every coterie has its buffoon. Mr. Gregory Jinks was the *drôle* of Hammersmith. He could not open his mouth without exciting a degree of risibility amongst his particular friends, that would have made the fortune of a comedian. So completely had his imitations of the crowing of cocks, the frying of beef-steaks, and the sibilations of saw-pits, gained for him the character of a first-rate humourist, that no one could possibly suspect him of a moment’s gravity. He once “set the table in a roar,” by describing how an intimate friend got drowned in the Thames; and, on another occasion, related the particulars of having been himself run over by a coach and six, till the eyes of his auditory run over with laughter. His facetiousness was not confined to mere parts of speech, Mr. Jinks was also an extensive practical joker. He never “made one” of a water-party without providing himself with a gimlet;—administered cayenne pepper and Chili vinegar at pic-nics, and always kept a good stock of detonating balls and exploding cigars, for the use of his most esteemed friends:—in short, Mr. Gregory Jinks was, to the revels of Hammersmith, what Liston is to the Olympic games.

The assembled group had got to that part of such entertainments which always takes place after most of the company has arrived, and immediately before the coffee is brought in. This consists of an unbroken, embarrassing silence. The titter on Jinks’s entrance had subsided; many young ladies looked upon the carpet,—not, be it understood, to discern where it was most worn, but because they were afraid to look up. Old Smith gazed round the room with an expression of mute despair; and Mrs. Diggory Smith,





the voluminous dowager, was motioning her youngest daughter to pull her frock over her shoulders,—when the door silently opened, and a grave figure stalked into the apartment with the solemnity of an undertaker. He was habited in black; his black hair gracefully curled over the collar of his black coat *à la Paganini*; his black cane was ornamented with a huge black tassel, and his left hand, incased in a black glove, was adorned with a white pocket-handkerchief. This apparition looked mournfully at the pleasure-party, and seated himself on a vacant chair beside Mrs. Diggory Smith's second daughter, Miss Seraphine Cælia Smith.

The silence was soon broken,—not with a rude and sudden shock, but by a gradual progression, like the *crescendo* movements of Rossini's overtures—commencing with soft whispers, gaining volume in murmurs, and ending with unequivocal articulate sounds. The new visitor had evidently created a great sensation, which was developed in a general desire to know who the illustrious individual *could* be? The whole circle formed a chain of conversation and surmise. Each inquired of his neighbour; and whoever was neighbourless, catechised his opposite friend in expressive pantomime. The hostess was eagerly looked for, to satisfy this overwhelming curiosity, but she was in the kitchen supplying the coffee-cups with silver spoons, and giving out *the* silver salver.

Tea actually passed off without the name of the mysterious stranger transpiring. He was very attentive to his fair neighbour, who delighted in being called a "bluestocking," because she was in the habit of perpetrating songs and scribbling "fragments." Mrs. Diggory Smith looked benignantly on the enraptured pair; and, like a prudent mamma, left them to themselves.

Out of the forty-odd persons assembled at Miss Smith's "AT HOME," there was a due proportion of "Smiths:" for Mrs. Diggory Smith had a great many cousins and nephews, married and unmarried, who of course were among the guests,—and no small confusion was the consequence. When Miss Smith was asked to sing, a whole flight of nightingales attempted to perch upon the music-stool; and Miss Smith, Mrs. Diggory's eldest girl, possessing the greatest activity and the worst voice, inflicted the maximum of torture upon those present, who were learned in quavers and crotchets. Now Miss Julia Smith, the young hostess, really sang very agreeably; with some feeling, and without pretension. On one occasion she was fortunate enough to rescue her piano from the remorseless thumps of her rival and namesake. She warbled a ballad with such exquisite simplicity, and accompanied it with so much taste, as to make a

deep impression on the heart of Jack Johnstone, who happened to be in the close vicinity of Mrs. Diggory Smith—the piano-forte intervening to prevent his seeing the fair vocalist. “Who ~~is~~ that charming girl?” he asked of his friend Jinks.

“Why don’t you know?—Miss Smith to be sure!” replied the joker, as he tripped over to let off a Waterloo cracker under the nose of the sleeping Mr. Unit Smith.

Johnstone turned to Mrs. Diggory for further information. “Which lady was it who sang so sweetly?” he inquired.

Of course the dowager knew only of one lady who had sung sweetly, so she answered with conscious pride, “My daughter, sir!”

“What, Miss Smith?”

“Yes, sir, she is my eldest—but Seraph, my second girl—she, sir, she is the singer! I wish she was not so busy with that strange gentleman in black, or you should hear her—she is a real genius, sings her own songs, and plays her own music. Ah! sir, she is—

“The devil incarnate!” exclaimed old Smith, rubbing his nose with great violence. “Jacob,” he inquired of his man, whose orders were to keep behind his high chair, “who did it?”

Jacob Post pointed to Jinks.

“Knock him down!” continued the indignant old gentleman, quietly resuming his nap. Jacob did as he was bid!

Never did poor Gregory pay so dearly for one of his “good things:” he lay on the floor completely stunned. Some of the ladies fainted, others screamed, and all who had been lucky enough to get partners for the prospective dance, rushed, in the greatest alarm, to the ball-room, while Julia busied herself with great adroitness to make apologies. As such adventures were not new to the merry-andrew, he speedily recovered his senses and his good humour, and harmony was restored.

During the bustle which attended the settling of the elders to cards, it happened that Jack Johnstone, who was on the lookout for some fair one to escort to the dancing-room, encountered, among the maze of chairs, sofas, and card-tables, the “full face” of Julia Smith. An instantaneous recognition ensued on both sides. The lady blushed deeply: the gentleman stammered, and kicked over a footstool.

“Bless me!” exclaimed Julia, in a half whisper. “Good heavens, *she* here!” thought Johnstone; but suddenly recollecting himself, he thrust out his elbow with a precipitancy quite fatal to poor Julia’s side. He did not knock her down, to be sure, thanks to the door-post for supporting her. “Will you allow me the honour?” he stuttered, undismayed by his awkwardness. Julia mechanically took his arm. She trembled.

"A very close evening, miss," remarked Johnstone, sighing.

"We shall find the drawing-rooms much cooler," replied the lady, with simplicity.

Her almost demented companion looked round, and, to his astonishment, discovered that he had so utterly lost his senses, as to have brought Julia into the confines of the cloak closet, instead of conducting her to the dancing-room. Suddenly his temporary insanity took a new turn. He dropped on one knee.

"Julia!" he ejaculated, passionately kissing her hand, "I can retain this mask of ceremony no longer. Tell me how, why, do I meet you here! I am bewildered with the unexpected delight of beholding you again.

Miss Smith broke away from her detainer.

"Stay! stay! I implore you," he continued. "I never dared to express the deep love I have felt for you from the first moment! When I might have done so, I felt that it would have been presuming on a short acquaintance. You granted me permission to commence a correspondence. You seemed to take an interest in the event of my law-suit, which makes or beggars me for ever; grateful for such kindness, I——

"Mr. Johnstone," interrupted Julia, "you *must* not detain me. If you would refer to the folly we were—I mean that *I was* guilty of at Paris, I would wish to forget it. *You* evidently have done so long since!"

"Never as I hope for mercy! I wrote——

"Wrote?"

"My letter was unanswered!"

"Wrote? To me?"

"To you."

All further explanation was impracticable. The plaintive voice of the romantic Seraphine Cælia Smith was heard near the door, pouring into the mysterious stranger's ear the balm of consolation.

"Why not hope for the best?" she whispered.

"Hope? Hope and Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort are strangers. I have struggled up the steep Parnassus of fame—have reached its summit—can look down from its envied eminence—and say, I have written as many dramas as the immortal bard of Avon; yet one other ambition have I to satisfy!"

"And that——?" breathed the expectant Cælia, eagerly.

"Is for you," answered Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort; "deign but to hear those vows repeated, I so fervently uttered during our first meeting in Kensington Gardens——"

"Nay, nay, that cannot be," answered Seraphine, returning her lover's ardent grasp.

"I swear by all the——but hush, that noise——"

Johnstone, during the agitation of his "closet scene," had

murdered—not a Polonius—but a bran new beaver, by knocking it down and treading thereon. The noise scared the romantic pair into the parlour. Julia and *her* lover soon followed.

“Ah! Seraph, my dear, here you are at last,” said Mrs. Diggory, “we are all dying to hear you sing.

“Indeed, mamma, I am not in spirits.”

“That beautiful “farewell” you composed the other day after your walk in Kensington Gardens, do try that.”

“It will be useless, indeed, ma’; without the “fragment” no one would understand it.”

“Well, but I dare say you can remember that too, child: I’m sure Dr. Tweezum will be charmed to hear it.”

“Delighted,” answered the doctor, with a look of thunder.

Having collected a tolerably large auditory, Miss Cælia very deliberately pulled a paper out of her reticule, and, despite the continual thumping over-head, which proved that “the votaries of Terpsichore” were tripping it on the “light fantastic toe,” commenced:

MISS SERAPHINE CÆLIA SMITH’S MS.

“’Twas evening. The moon shed her resplendent lustre;—a congeries of brilliant constellations illumined the blue vault of heaven. He came—his brow was darkened with a frown—a mighty hurricane of tempestuous sensations swept over his manly bosom. There was a sound—a female form appeared—a cry of joy succeeded; and, in another instant, the lovely Juliana Marianna Montmorency was in the arms of her affianced lover! O! what a simple, original, indivisible gush of pure delight electrified their tender hearts! They wept for joy; but short his happiness was—evanescent as the summer cloud—durationless, as the winter sun. The rival of Julien St. Clair sprang like a tiger from his hiding place; he tore the enraptured pair asunder. The lover drew his weapon. They fought—the conflict was long and desperate—and—fatal night!—the grass received the lifeless form of the devoted Julien. His rival approached the terrified Juliana. Detested as he was, he did not fail to pour a heterogeneous homily of amorous amalgamations into her unwilling ear. She fled—her destroyer would have pursued—she reached the halls of her father, and pouring forth her woes in a strain of impassioned poetry, sank into the neighbouring brook “to rise no more.” She expired like Ophelia, and “died in song.” These were her warblings:

" ' Farewell ye purling ponds and brooks,
 Ye buttercups and daisies :
 Farewell ye stately oaks, and rooks
 That caw within your mazes.
 Ye doves and singing birds adieu,
 The nightingale and linnet ;
 Farewell, O ! mead of grassy hue,
 And all the cattle in it.

Farewell ye flowers of the streams,
 Ye lilies and bullrushes ;
 Farewell my garden fair, that teems
 With scent, and roses' blushes ;
 Adieu, my home, and loved alcoves,
 My native soil and air,
 Adieu ye walks and shady groves,
 And Julien St. Clair."

When the auditory had recovered the effects of this poetic composition, the whole party emigrated from the parlours to the drawing-room, to give time for the people below to "lay the supper things." Johnstone took a favourable opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Diggory Smith, who happened to be seated alone in one corner of the room.

"Madam!" he began with evident confusion ; "I trust you will excuse my addressing you on a subject of some delicacy : but your daughter, ma'am——"

"Which, sir?" inquired the old lady, edging up to Johnstone with the anxious smile of an angler who has just felt a most promising nibble.

"The young lady whom I met in Paris; the same, as I understood you, who sang the song I inquired about."

"Indeed, sir! Then you are the gentleman who wrote the romantic letter from Lyons. Why, sir, you must have fallen in love with her at first sight!"

"Not quite so suddenly, madam," answered Johnstone, smiling ; "I certainly had not the pleasure of seeing her very often ; yet, madam, she made an impression which I now feel can never leave me."

"But Mr. —a—a—"

"John Johnstone, Ma'am."

"Yes, Mr. Johnstone, she read your letter to me and wondered who it could come from. But really, sir, you'll excuse her. My girls have so many admirers that, poor things, they can't always call to mind those who may be most worthy their remembrance."

Johnstone began to think it was barely possible that she, "his bright particular star," might turn out an arrant coquette.

"All the influence a mother possesses, Mr. Johnstone, shall be yours. I think your letter stated something relative to a family estate you were at law about," progressed the dowager,

taking her companion by the hand with all the affection of a mother-in-law.

"Yes, ma'am, the case will be decided on Thursday ; and I am happy to add, with every prospect of success for myself. The villain who has for so long deprived me of my family rights absconded, and in my endeavours to overtake him I had the happiness of meeting Miss Smith. The rascal it, I am sorry to add, a namesake."

"Our's is not a *very* uncommon name, but he can be no relation, I can assure you."

"Indeed, madam, I could never suspect that a man, base enough to forge the codicil of a will, could claim kith or kin with a person so lovely, so innocent, so virtuous as your daughter."

"I will speak to her at once on your behalf, Mr. Johnstone ;" and with the utmost impatience did the husband-hunting dame hasten to seek her daughter.

Mrs. Diggory found "Bella" in most lover-like propinquity to the philosophical Snaps. What passed between the mother and daughter, may be gathered from the fact of poor Socrates being most remorselessly cut for the rest of the evening, by her to whom he had only five minutes previously proposed, and by whom he was just two minutes before unequivocally accepted.

Johnstone was greatly perplexed to find a reason for Miss Smith's apparent denial of the receipt of his epistle, when her mother (as he imagined,) informed him that she had not only received it, but was guilty of the deceit of pretending to wonder by whom it was written. His cogitations were cut short by the announcement of supper.

At the table, Johnstone's friend Jinks might be in his glory. There "all appliances and means to boot" for the perpetration of his jokes—practical and verbal—were before him. On this occasion he was, however, unusually unhappy ; his sallies were nipped, like a frost-bitten rose, in the bud. A glance at the head of the table, where sat the cross-looking host with his powerful shadow in the person of Jacob Post stationed behind his chair, never failed to congeal the glowing fancies of his facetious brain. He helped the ladies to tongue, without his accustomed joke concerning the garrulity of the fair sex—saw several persons take wine, without inquiring, like Pierre—"what *whin*-ing monk art thou?" and when he asked for porter forgot to make the usual allusion to his *bier*. The brawny fist of Jacob had knocked his best hits out of his head ; he was, to use a favourite expression of his own—"dumb as an oyster."

This Hammersmith *symposium*—unlike each of those described by Xenophon—passed over in a manner that quite reconciled Mr. Unit Smith to the rest of the evening : scarcely a word was

spoken. The only approach to a sensation was produced by Dr. Tweezum, who being blessed with a pleasing obliquity and a pair of spectacles—solicited, without apparent reference to any individual lady "the honour of taking wine with Miss Smith." Never was heard such a jingling of goblets and gurgling of wine since the marriage feast "in Cana of Galilee." Every Miss Smith at the table thought herself especially happy in being singled out for the compliment of one who wrote himself L.L.D. "in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation." The mistake was not easily rectified, and a great many Miss Smiths thought themselves ill used, and spoke to their brothers.

As for Mr. Socrates Snaps, his thoughts were sufficiently occupied by the extraordinary alteration of his "ladye-love's" sentiments towards him. His philosophy was unable to solve the problem. A little light, however, entered his unhappy mind by noticing the attentions paid her by Johnstone. The fact was, when our hero (Johnstone is our hero, although we forgot to give him a formal introduction) was in Paris, he frequently met Miss Julia Smith and her namesake together, and naturally concluded they were sisters. He was not undeceived on that subject; for his private interviews with his fair enslaver in France were few, on account of the terribly sharp eyes of Julia's governess. When he got Jinks's invitation to join him in a *bourgeois* entertainment, he little imagined with whom he should meet. Vexed and dissatisfied at Julia's implied denial of the receipt of his epistle, he determined to seek revenge in the most violent attentions to the daughter of Mrs. Diggory Smith, whom he imagined to be Julia's sister.

The old lady looked round with the utmost satisfaction; her dear Seraphine Cœlia and Mr. Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort, were sighing, and ogling, and nudging each other with delightful perseverance; while the "young man with the family estate," and "her eldest," were getting on charmingly. Snaps noticed Johnstone's preliminary civilities undismayed; the whisper, soft as it was, and tender as it seemed to be, did not alarm him much; but when his rival proceeded to the extremity of detaining his fair one's willing hand to give it a perfectly *visible* squeeze, the mind of Mr. Socrates Snaps was made up!

By a "singular coincidence," the fair hostess at the same moment abruptly gave the signal for the general exit of her lady visitors, by leaving the table. Mr. Socrates Snaps buttoned his coat with the utmost vehemence, and retired also.

When he was fairly out of hearing, Jinks rose, with a gravity he knew very well how to assume, and proposed the health of "Mr. Snaps and the *rest* of the ladies." As this was meant for a *jeu d'esprit* on the chop-fallen innamorato's ill-timed retreat, an uproarious three-times-three was the consequence.

Poor old Unit Smith was in a perfect agony; he could not in conscience require his man Jacob to knock down Jinks a second time, as he was only *particeps criminis* in the uproar, and to play at skittles with the whole company would be impossible; so putting both hands to both ears, he hobbled out of the room with the utmost haste. His departure was hailed with "one cheer more," proposed by Jinks, the vent-peg of whose *facetie* seemed to fly out with the host: for, after *he* had left the room, Gegory's wit "flowed fast and furious."

The next toast was the health of "Mr. John Johnstone, accompanied with a hope of success in the forthcoming trial. In returning thanks, Johnstone trusted that the good wishes of his friends might be realised, as much for his own sake as for exposing the villanies of one of the greatest scamps that ever disgraced the profession—Mr. Samuel Smith! Johnstone then sat down.

"Mr. Samuel Smith!" echoed Dr. Tweezum, "my most intimate friend."

"Mr. S. Smith?" iterated Mr. Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort, "the most talented—'first robber'—in the profession."

"Mr. Samuel Smith!" reiterated another Mr. Smith, "my brother, the conveyancer."

Glad to escape from the fumes of ill-made punch; or, possibly, overpowered by the corruscations of Jinks's brandy-and-water seasoned wit—Johnstone retired to muse over the wayward fate that brought him so near success in his temporal, or rather, legal matters, and gave so severe a disappointment to him in his love affair; for, to do him justice, the image of Julia had, since his adventure in Paris, been present in his thoughts while contemplating the possibility of obtaining his fortune. It was indeed always his intention to seek out the lady, and declare himself, immediately the issue of his cause was determined.

When at the foot of the stairs, he observed that a garden-door stood invitingly open; and, as a little fresh air was not to be refused, he soon found himself among the shrubs, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies." He was not long in discovering, between the trees, the flutterings of a white dress, and a nearer view convinced him that its wearer was Julia Smith.

Women are, to a man, (as a *reporting friend* once observed) great casuists. Their curiosity is so restless, that if they cannot account for effects by any real data, they set to work and build up *facts* of their own, out of their imaginations. By this process did Julia believe—although we will not be answerable for the precise phraseology in which the thought presented itself to her delicate mind—she concluded, that some "d—d good-natured friend" had informed her lover of the low origin of *her mamma*; hence his sudden, unequivocal, and somewhat *uncalled-for* display of attention to her rival, and change of

manner towards herself. These were her thoughts, when the subject of them presented himself.

Again did the lady tremble; but the gentleman's embarrassment had entirely left him; his demeanour was cold and constrained, and formed a bitter contrast to his passionate manner in the closet.

"I trust, Miss Smith, you will excuse my seizing so favourable an opportunity of again adverting to our former *friendship*," began Johnstone, in a tone that seemed to strike a chill to poor Julia's heart: "when I asked permission to be allowed to write to you, it was no idle request. I availed myself of it the moment I imagined you had arrived in England, and were free from the *surveillance* of your governess.

"Your letter was never received, sir," answered Julia, with the least possible betrayal of her great anxiety.

"I dare not say to a lady one word that would bear the construction of a direct contradiction," was the reply: "but really, Miss Smith, the only principal member of your family I have yet had the honour of knowing, has actually repeated a portion of the contents of my epistle."

"I cannot understand this; my father would, I am sure, never open my letters, and—"

"Possibly your *father* would not; but there is, I am sorry to add, another obstacle to your proving the non-receipt of my communication."

"Another obstacle?"

"Another bar which prevents me from renewing those vows I so lately made, in the person of—"

"Whom?" exclaimed the almost breathless girl.

"Your mother, madam!" answered Johnstone, bitterly.

Julia instantly burst into tears, and would have inevitably fallen, had not her companion promptly supported her. Johnstone conducted the nearly insensible girl into the house, where a not very coherent story, about having found her overcome with the fatigues of the evening in the hall, lulled all suspicion of what had passed in the garden.

The indisposition of the hostess caused a general "break up." Johnstone, with the proverbial ill-temper of a gentleman crossed in love, left the house with the utmost haste, to the utter consternation of Mrs. Diggory Smith, who had not had an opportunity of giving him her address. Jinks took such good care of the bottle as to become totally unable to take care of himself, and vociferated for the recreant Johnstone with might and main. Mr. Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort dropped a word or two into the delighted ear of Miss Seraphine Cœlia Smith, about the "sweet sorrow" of parting, and Dr. Tweezum shook all the powder out of his wig in "fie, fieing" the excesses of divers

gentlemen who laboured wofully under the influences of certain evil, though excisable spirits.

The next morning found Johnstone at his chambers, ruminating, over a cup of coffee, upon the least troublesome method of committing suicide. After coming to the determination of deferring the "rash act" until his cause was tried, he found, on opening a letter which his laundress had just brought, that the writer, Mr. Socrates Snaps, would in all probability save him unnecessary trouble. The note ran thus :—

"Sir,—Having been informed by Mr. Gregory Jinks of your address, I lose no time in acquainting you of my engagements with Miss Smith, of Hammersmith; and unless you withdraw the pretensions to that lady, which I am told you advanced last evening, I shall require that satisfaction usually expected from one gentleman by another.

"Your's, &c.

"SOCRATES SNAPS."

"So," thought Johnstone, on laying down the epistle, "Julia's conduct is easily accounted for; she would not acknowledge me or my letter, on account of her *penchant* for this rascally surgeon. I shall just present my compliments to Mr. Snaps, and tell him he is in error; my pretensions are already withdrawn."

This was no sooner said than done; and the messenger, who waited, was speedily dispatched with an answer.

Another letter made its appearance. Its contents were ;—

"102, Basement, Lincoln's Inn.

"Sir,—My brother informs me that last evening, in the presence of several persons, you characterised me 'as one of the greatest scamps in the profession.' If you do not retract these words by five and twenty minutes to three this afternoon, I shall commence an action for slander forthwith.

"Yours, &c.

"SAMUEL SMITH."

"Another letter—twopence, please sir," exclaimed the laundress, before poor Johnstone had quite finished reading the above.

"Theatre-royal, Adelphi.

"Sir,—Understanding from my friend, Julien St. Cyril de Mountfort, Esq., author of 'The Murdered Murderer, or the Fatal Bill-hook,' and several popular dramatic compositions, that you spoke of me as 'one of the greatest scamps in the profession,' I beg to acquaint you, that although I have been playing the first business in the robber and villain line for the last ten

years, such an imputation was never cast upon me before ; and I can take nothing less than a public apology in the newspapers for so great and unfounded a calumny.

" Yours,

" SMITH.

" Please to direct to the stage-door."

When the paper-beleagured Johnstone had quite done laughing at the ridiculous mistakes the name of " Smith" entailed, not only upon its owners, but those unlucky enough to know them, he heard his risibility echoed by the well-known cachinnation of his friend Jinks,---five minutes conversation with whom converted him from the most miserable to the happiest of men. His friend gave him the whole history of the Smith's of Hammersmith, accompanied with imitations of the peculiarities of each member of each family. Johnstone remembered that he had directed his love letter to Julia " to Miss Smith, Hammersmith ;" and as it came before her arrival in town, of course it was taken to the house of Mrs. Diggory Smith.

In a month Johnstone completed his happiness : he won a wife and a law suit during that time, which last completely cleared up the mistakes of the injured conveyancer and the indignant actor.

The last time Miss Seraphine Cælia Smith was seen, it was in a strolling company, in which she acted under the name of Mrs. Julien St. Cyril De Mountfort. As for her sister, she, in spite of Mr. Socrates Snaps, remains a spinster, and her mamma particularly wishes us to intimate, to any young gentleman with a " family estate" in perspective, that *that* " Miss Smith" is always to be found AT HOME.

THE IMAGE-MAN.

OF the entire coast of England (which almost every tourist is familiar with) there is perhaps no part strewed with so many pretty objects and delightful watering-places, as the south; and especially the shores of Sussex, which, however, long previous to their being celebrated as the landing-place of that bold king, William the Conqueror, were often made the scenes of savage warfare between the more barbarous nations of the period. Amongst these spots of ancient renown, there is one worthy of every visiter's attention.

In a valley between two of the most lofty ranges of cliffs which skirt these shores for miles,—and so near the sea that the very thresholds of the houses are, in spring tides, washed by it,—lies the secluded little town of S——. Like many other places, it has felt the change of time and taste; for, a few years since it was not only a borough of some importance, but a bathing-place much frequented. Now, however, it is deprived of its parliamentary privilege, and visitors seem to prefer to its extensive beach and sands, the more lively shores of Brighton and Eastbourne, within a morning's drive of either of which it is situated. In approaching S—— from the fragrant and velvety downs, that, rising behind, shelter it from the north, there are several objects of interest; which from their being considered as the *lions* of the place, it is scarcely fair to pass over without notice.

First, the straggling and now almost tenantless village of B——, with its solitary sign of the Ploughshare, where entertainment might be had “for man and beast,” and an honest old landlady met with in the person of Widow Walls. Poor old dame! it was in her neat parlour, over a dish of Sussex sausages, and a glass of Newhaven ale (so celebrated in the annals of John Barley-corn) that the materials of this story were collected. Perhaps the walls had often echoed with it before, for the widow seemed to have it all at her finger's end, and had known the *dramatis personæ*, from having occasionally accommodated their friends with a bed. Nor did she forget to tell you she had taken tea more than once in the oak-panelled room, whereinto the reader is shortly to be introduced. The road hence to S——, lies through

the churchyard of that place, where the vast number of tombstones would, at first sight, bespeak the spot unhealthy, and of great mortality. But whilst listening to the murmuring ocean at the foot almost of the spectator, he will soon resolve the sad enigma; or should his eye perchance roam to a distant corner of the burial-ground, it will fix upon one hillock larger than the rest. This is headed by a small slab, bearing the following melancholy inscription:—"Here lie interred the bodies of forty brave sailors, who in the night of the 22d of March 17—, in a heavy storm off this town, were shipwrecked on board the brig *Ellen*, when it is believed all hands perished."—And leaving the consecrated spot, to enter the town,—by the side of the road, in a small shrubbery of evergreens, which, with a row of lofty elms, shelters it from the rude gaze of strangers, stands a comfortable though old-looking manor-house. It is one of the best mansions in the place; and its gray smoke curling upwards to lose itself in the evening sky, with its latticed windows reflecting the golden light of sunset, serve the shepherds as a landmark, when, having penned up their flocks for the night, they come from the hills to take their evening meal in the bosom of their contented and industrious families.

This dwelling is now inhabited by a wealthy grazier; but twenty years ago it belonged to a middle-aged lady, who, with an only daughter and two attached domestics, after having spent the greater part of her life in the heart of the city of London, retired thither, to end her declining days in seclusion and peace.—But it was not so ordained.

It was on a lovely summer's night in June (from which our tale commences) that Mrs. and Miss Graham sat near the open window of a large oak-room up stairs (which had been fitted up as a drawing-room), listening to the faithful tide, and enjoying the breeze, which, from their vicinity to the sea, might be felt to freshen and cool the sultry air.

"Will you not finish your charming tale, my love? You know how delighted we were with it, and I long to hear its conclusion."

Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas* was in Emily's hand, half closed, and she raised it to her eyes as if to read; but she remained silent, looking towards the sea, and the book fell listlessly into her lap.

"Why, my child, my Emily—you have lost the page;—but let me see—I can find it—and *I* will read to *you*." With this the old lady took up the book, at the same time kissing her child's pale forehead. Happily, she saw not the tear stealing down Emily's cheek; happily!—for she had watched the glad gambols of her childhood, she had seen her ripen into womanhood without a cloud upon her brow, or a tear within her blue

eyes, save when she spoke of him who was snatched from her just as her fond childish heart began to know and love a father.

"Emily, dear, why, what can be the matter? where are your spirits to-night? I must not see you thus. You walked too far on the beach to-day, and have tired yourself."

Emily was still silent, and seemed unconscious of her mother's solicitude, as, with strained eyes, she appeared to be watching some speck upon the sea. The sun was fast sinking below the watery horizon; and, by its golden light, in the distant offing, in a few seconds, an object could more plainly be perceived.

There was a ship riding at anchor; and Emily watched it with such anxiety, that her mother's curiosity was directed to the same quarter; but being unable to make it out without a telescope, she went to her boudoir for the glass, with which she at once obtained a clear view of the ship.

In an instant there was a flash. The vessel had fired a gun; and the report not only startled them, but Emily turned deathly pale; and, uttering a faint shriek, would have fallen from her chair, had not her mother, agitated as she herself was, been near to support her. Poor Emily's was, however, but a momentary unconsciousness, and a little water sprinkled on her face speedily recovered her. As Mrs. Graham was leading her from the window, she saw her eyes turned once more to the sea, and at that instant a boat put from the shore, which was soon lost sight of in the mist now gathering upon the water.

In crossing the room to the sofa, a letter fell from Emily's bosom. There was no agitation on her part to recover it, although it could not have escaped her mother's notice, nor could the blush which dyed Emily's face and neck do other than betray her. With eyes fixed on the ground, she saw her mother pick up the letter; and as she returned it to her daughter, suspicion for the first time flashed across the matron's mind.

It is impossible for any who have spent both infancy and childhood at home—who have looked up to and revered but one, and that one a parent—to disguise those feelings and emotions of the heart which once, and only once, in life can fix there.

It was even so with Emily Graham;—for to her nature dissimulation was a stranger; and that nature betrayed itself, as, looking in her mother's face, in a fond and faltering voice she begged her to take again the letter—to read it—to destroy it, if she wished—but to forgive her.

An appeal to such a mother as Mrs. Graham could not be in vain; who folding the trembling girl in her arms, all was for the moment forgotten. Shortly after this they parted for the night, and each sought her sleepless pillow.

When Mrs. Graham entered the breakfast-room next morning,

she found Emily already there, and occupied on the balcony with her flowers. Her earliest amusement was generally to take the telescope, and watch the little fishing-vessels bearing to land, laden with their funny treasures. On this morning, however, she had not used the glass, nor once had dared to look towards the sea. But her heart had told her the worst; for at intervals throughout the tedious night she had dreamt, that object was no longer to be seen; and as the sails bore its proud bow through the distant waters, she felt hopeless and forsaken.

The morning's salutation from mother to child was as affectionate as ever; and if Mrs. Graham's manner was at all altered, it had only become more sorrowful, for she could not entertain towards Emily the feelings of displeasure. She had in fact a true parent's heart, near which the devotion of her daughter had, like the ivy round the oak, been twining its earliest shoots; and but for the event of yesterday, the widow would indeed have felt happy. But, the letter, the *unhappy* letter—which she had read over and over again with the deepest regret—had thrown a cloud over poor Emily's prospects—and the mother feared, sooner or later, it might destroy them.

The next few days passed away but heavily at — House; and with the hope that, by leaving S—— for a short time, it would again appear more cheerful, Mrs. Graham proposed to Emily to pay a visit to a relation at Brighton.

Miss Oldham, the person alluded to, received them most gladly, nor would she suffer them to go back without their promising to return and remain with her through the autumn. With this view, arrangements were soon made at — House, which Mrs. Graham readily intrusted, with all its little valuables and comforts, to the care of her old gardener and his wife—their only, but faithful domestics.

Brighton, however, and its thousand gaieties, did but little towards dissipating Emily Graham's sadness. Her aunt, whose circle of acquaintance was of the most attractive kind, neglected no opportunity of taking her into society; nor could she feel otherwise than disappointed, when she saw her solicitude on this point useless. Emily was ever by her side (for Mrs. Graham seldom accompanied them), and when compelled to leave it, as she sometimes was for the gay dance or to take her share in the musical performance of the night, Miss Oldham saw how painful such scenes were to her. To wean her heart from what it had intently fixed itself on, seemed impossible and cruel; and rather than weary her spirits longer with their present mode of life, Mrs. Graham at once took Emily back to S——; for those familiar objects around our homes can often restore the fading spirits, when gay and brighter scenes tend only to depress them. Autumn had now fled, and winter came and passed away.

But neither time, nor home, brought to Emily what her mother prayed for. To her, alas! both night and day were tedious; till "hope deferred" cankered the bud of health, and sickened for ever the too confiding heart.

Throughout this period, there was one whose name was held sacred—and that name, written by *his* hand, would have been to her a fresh existence—a proof that he yet lived.

But it came not—and day after day, month after month, did she turn from her window, where she had stood to watch the trusty postman on his rounds, in tears and disappointment. By the following spring, Emily Graham was so altered a creature, that none but those around her could have at first sight recognised her person. While nature had played upon her cheek, without the poison of neglected affection to mingle there its ashy hues, all was bright and beautiful; but now she lived a sick and broken-hearted girl. The head practitioner of S——— tried his skill in vain; and consoling poor Mrs. Graham with an assurance that her daughter was not consumptive, he advised her removal to Town, where other authorities might be consulted. This step was of course immediately adopted. By easy journeys, Mrs. and Miss Graham arrived in London, and very shortly afterwards took up their residence in Spring Gardens.—There, reader, must we for the present leave them. Your wish, no doubt, will be, that the life of poor Emily Graham may have had its charm renewed, and that her only parent may be blessed and comforted, by one whose love alone can sweeten her declining years.

Time, that faithful monitor of man, has kept upon the wing through ten of his chill winters, and it is on a fine evening in the early autumn of 1825, when our tale resumes itself.

But the scene is altogether changed. There is no expanse of ocean for the eye to roam over;—no beetling cliffs, nor lofty downs, to enhance the grandeur of our present scene. No, there will be found simply the fair and cultivated face of nature, studded here and there with a few cottages and modern villas, inhabited principally by retired tradesmen.

The house we are about to enter may be briefly described. It stands removed about fifty yards from the high western road, within twelve miles of Town, and is remarkable for its appearance of neatness and seclusion. It may, however, be more intimately recognised by a plain whitewashed front, with only four extremely narrow windows, like those found in almshouses; and by a good-sized flower-garden with lawn, between it and the road, from which it is greatly hidden by a row of tall and regular poplars.

It was on the evening just mentioned, when two elderly

females were sitting at the parlour-window busied with their work; and in an old-fashioned chair, in a retired part of the room, a third figure might also be perceived, principally by her snow-white dress. But the features of this party could scarcely be distinguished, as it was nearly twilight.

The lady nearest the window appeared to be watching the garden-gate, which a servant, who had gone down to the adjacent village, had very carelessly left half open; but her attention seemed most awakened by some small white figures, peeping at the moment above it. The curiosity of this lady was changed to fear, as she heard heavy footsteps on the path; but especially so when the tall figure of a man presented himself directly in front of the window.

Her alarm, however, after a while subsided; for the stranger seemed only one of those harmless and wandering foreigners who earn a scanty pittance by hawking their images from place to place. After a few words, uttered with a deep voice, he lowered the heavy tray of casts from his head, to place it on a bench near the window; and, pointing to several of the busts, such as Milton's, Shakspeare's, &c., he begged the ladies, in the most beseeching manner, to purchase one of them.

The distinct, though melancholy tone, in which he pronounced the names of his earthy treasures, proved at once, that if an Italian, he had acquired a pure English accent; nor did his appearance altogether stamp the foreigner. His figure was unusually tall, and, in spite of the dirty and almost ragged suit he wore, commanding. A large leathern cap, stuck sideways on his head, showed a high and swarthy forehead, and from beneath it escaped a profusion of light hair, curling loosely down each side of his sun-burnt face. Although youth and health had fled his furrowed cheek, his full grey eyes gave to the whole a pleasing yet sorrowful expression.

So earnestly did the man endeavour to obtain custom, that the old ladies at length took compassion on him; and whilst one of them threw up the casement to select a cast, the other left the room, and returned immediately with a large horn of beer, and a plate full of cold meat and bread.

The man's eyes thanked her eloquently for her hospitality. He took the cup and hastily emptied it; for his parched and darkened lips betrayed his thirst.

The draught evidently revived him, and after partaking of the eatables, he inquired how far it was to London?

"My good man," answered one of the ladies, as she took a half-crown from her pocket to pay for a bust of Milton she had selected, "you are nearly twelve miles from London: it is now eight o'clock, and getting dark; you cannot walk so far to-night. Had you not better stop and sleep at the small

inn at the end of the village? The old woman who keeps it will charge you very little for a bed; besides, here is an extra shilling to pay for it."

The itinerant leaned against the window-sill; and as he took the money, his chest heaved heavily, and he drew his thin and yellow hand across his eyes, for tears stood in them.

The ladies felt for him, and listened.

"I had once strength in these limbs," said he, "and a heart that feared nothing. But now I am quite weary! I am indeed unable to go much further, for I have walked to day more than thirty miles, with this load upon my head, destitute of refreshment. Oh! a curse on my unhappy fate!—but it was my own seeking. Why did I first leave my home?"

This language of the stranger betrayed him. He evidently belonged not to those wandering tribes who come yearly to England for their bread, nor had he been always used to suffering and hardship.

Here he would have departed:—he was stooping for his load; but the compassion of his hearers had been won, and their interest so much excited that they questioned him further.

"Had he no friends in England, none who could protect him from want?"—He answered rather haughtily, and without disguise:

"Whilst my father lived, I wanted nothing. I was his only son, and he doated on me too much to embitter any moment of my life. But I became a wretch—yes, a wretch! While but a youth, heedless of his prayers and entreaties, I dashed so madly into the path of dissipation, that ere I learnt to reflect, it was too late!—my prospects were all ruined, and I was homeless and a wanderer."

Having uttered this, the stranger's agony betrayed its truth; and he abruptly paused.

"But your friends cannot all be lost to you!" exclaimed the elder of the two ladies, as she concealed her aged and tearful eyes with her handkerchief.

"Yes, they must all be dead, and *she*—" here his voice faltered, "she must be dead also: she, whom I nightly prayed for, is lost, lost to me for ever.—Yes, there was one, whose voice and image were once always with me, and I worshipped them! Our lives were so connected, from the first moment of meeting, that unless we breathed the same air, and watched the sun rise and set together, our days were lonely, and our nights wretched. At last, a sudden impulse of my temper separated us, and I fled from England's happy shores and from her—but still with a promise to return.

"I found myself shortly afterwards in Paris. Its gaieties consumed all my means, and I conceived that fatal passion

which has brought me to what I am—*gambling*. In indulging it, I found myself eternally disgraced, and under that disgrace I tried to stifle what I felt. I prayed, I swore, to think of her no more! The oath itself made me faithless, and I deserted her!

"After two miserable years spent wholly in the haunts of dissipation, I came back to my native land. Here, though I deserved it not, fortune awaited me; and oh! how wickedly did I squander it!"

"But did you not still love the poor girl you had deserted?"

The man answered not.

"Go to her; ask *her* forgiveness, at least. Perhaps she yet lives; and it would make her happy to forgive you."

"Oh, no, madam—that cannot be. I had no sooner landed in England, than with hurried steps I sought out the spot we had once called our own, thinking to see her walking there alone—for I heard that her love for me still continued, although I was worthless of it—but she was *not there*. In the suspense of such an hour, I paced the few streets of the town which was so well known to me. But amongst the many strangers there (for my long absence had made them such), I searched for *her* in vain. At length I reached her home, the doors of which I had never entered, for our meetings had been all clandestine; but I had watched *her* enter them, and every object was dearly familiar to me. Whilst I stood there a carriage stopped at the gate; the door opened, and I saw—oh, heavens! not her—but one belonging to her, in the deepest mourning. She wore the black dress of sorrow, as I, with a sickly fancy concluded, for a child whom I had sacrificed. That thought, that conviction, went to my brain; upon the earth I sank senseless; and when I dared to raise myself from it, I fixed for a moment my swimming eyes upon the house—upon the window—*her* window—and from the spot I rushed into the dreary distance, and never saw it more. Oh! had she been spared but to have heard me ask forgiveness; though my presence must have poisoned the pure air about her, it would have been one of the most blessed moments of my life!"

"And where, my poor man, did you then bend your steps?"

"To London, madam—to that sink of infamy. The victim of sorrow and despair, the black clouds of fate hung so densely around me, that I could not penetrate them. My old passion of gaming sprang up with tenfold violence; and enabled to feed it still further, by the considerable fortune left me by my poor father (whose eyes death had closed, whilst I was rioting in other lands), I plunged at once into its deepest gulph. This fortune was indeed to me a bane; for it led me into the society of men of fashion, who associated with me on account of it alone; and whilst my gold lasted, they made me the toast;

the god of their midnight revels. But the flattery and hollowness of my depraved associates, instead of gratifying me, made me hate myself the more; and this hatred I tried to foster by intoxication into revenge."

"Unfortunate man," exclaimed one of the ladies, "who could deserve your revenge?"

"Myself! no other than myself. Oftentimes, in a phrenzied state from drinking, as I watched the lamps of mirth burn down into their sockets, I have vowed to *have* that revenge—by my own hand—by suicide."

A sigh of pity here escaped the lips of those who listened.

"But (continued he) the guilty are but cowards—for as often as I advanced a few steps nearer my end, have I shrunk back from it, appalled."

"How long did you continue such a life?"

"So long as the last shilling of my fortune remained—although, in those scenes of guilt, the film has fallen at moments from my eyes, that I might see once more her fading image—her wraith—her warning wraith—beckoning me away! But what did I see? the same bright face and form?—Its appearance haunts me still! Her figure was the same—her features were the same—and she moved as a thing of life. But—oh, horrible to tell!—reason had fled that noble mind. She stood before me in my visions a *maniac*!"

The agitated man again paused, and passed his feverish hand over his brow, whilst his hearers sat trembling and silent.

He shortly resumed.

"But my revelry at length was at an end. Her spectre had not scared me from those scenes; for I sought them till *they* vanished from *me* and left me to starve.

"So used was I to misery, that I bore against it long—very long—until nature grew importunate; and to satisfy her I begged—though it almost choked me—first of my midnight *friends*. But they, all of them, were poor, they said, and could not give:—then in the open streets of London did I ask for bread; whilst, through many a winter's night, have I wanted shelter from the benumbing cold and snow, and, worn to the last thread of strength, sunk senseless at a door, where I have slept till some pitying stranger has awakened and relieved me.

"One morning I was furnished with a warm and plentiful meal; and the kind man who fed me urged me to seek some plan of earning my bread. I did so. I seized on the first, though the most wretched means of life which offered—my present vocation.

"Through every part of England have I travelled with this heavy tray; and the mere toil I could have well endured with *her* bright smile to cheer me on—but she is lost to me for ever, and

I am hopeless ! One day, well I remember it ! on my way back to Town to procure more images from an Italian who made them there, I came accidentally on a large house, and having but one figure left, I knocked recklessly at the door—for I was hungry, and would have parted with it for a slice of bread, having that day tasted nothing. The servant who answered my unwelcome summons, abused me for my impudence, and tried to thrust me away, threatening to set his mastiff on me if I remained there longer. I stood in anger, and could have struck him to the earth, as a recollection of the past flashed on my mind. The house, whose doors were closed against me—the servant, who had thrust me from them—and the dog that might have torn these wearied limbs—were all—but a few short years since—my father's ; and would have been his son's, but for the accursed passion which had robbed him of them.

“ With hasty paces, for my eyes could not bear its recognition, I left that painful spot ; and as I passed the silver stream, and the green wood, which had been the chosen haunts of my boyhood, I felt, what peace it would have been to end my galled life near them.”

The wretched man's history was now told ; and, sinking on the seat near the window, he buried his face within his freckled hands, and gave free vent to long-suppressed tears. But a further trial yet awaited him ; the greatest and the saddest of them all ; how little dreamt he of it !

The night by this had closed in, and the dews fell chill and heavily, as the image-man rose suddenly from his seat, anxious, for that night at least, to procure some place of rest. With this view he tried to raise the load upon his head, but so feeble was he that he was obliged to rest it some moments on his arm. Ere he left the spot, his look was turned in gratitude towards his benefactors, who could now be distinctly seen by the lights which the servant at that instant brought into the room.—The stranger's eyes seemed fixed : some indistinct words fell from his lips ; he would have spoken, but the effort was too mighty for him. Nought could have moved him from the spot—he stood there as it were spell-bound. What had so arrested his glance ? Something as colourless and speechless as a statue. As it moved unconsciously towards the light, a full glare fell upon it.—The man at length instinctively approached a glass-door that opened into the parlour. He unclosed it---one foot was already in the room : he would have sprung forward, and touched the uplifted hand of that figure, which seemed scarce earthly, but for a shriek that pierced his very soul---so loud, so appalling was it, as it burst from the broken heart of this realization of

the wanderer's vision. Yes, it was *she*—now a poor maniac—but once the loved, the deserted Emily Graham.

In that sad moment have they met again. Reason, that had taken flight from her fast-withering form, returned for one instant, whilst she uttered, for the last time on this side her grave, the branded yet still loved name of HENRY MONTAGUE.

Where is the stranger now? Is he bending over that drooping flower, which had wanted but his cherishing, to bloom on in happiness? Is he chafing her stony hands till the ebb of life reflows?—till those eyes have lost their glassy stare, and behold him once again?

No—he is lost in the darkness of the night.---There lie his broken images---but *he* has fled.

Did you ever, reader,—in passing up that lane of bustle and banking-houses, Lombard-street, notice,---near the centre of it, a church?---its name you may easily make out by a London Guide. If so, let the tale you have just perused, induce you to worship your Creator there next Sunday. And as you bend your humble knee, remember that you are in the house of death,---that numbers are entombed beneath your feet, some of whom, perhaps, you have known and spoken with.

There are, however, two graves, side by side, in the middle aisle of the church, that may perhaps arrest your eye. The step of man has worn away some of the letters; but with a little care you may readily make out the name of the two Emily Grahams, mother and child. The younger, through the mercy of heaven, was carried to the tomb first; and the mouldering hand of time could have destroyed but little of the lineaments of the child, when, by the same mercy, the mother followed.



